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BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

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IT is the pious custom of good Americans to bestow, somewhat in the Chinese fashion, a kind of posthumous nobility upon their ancestors; to transform the farmers and small tradesmen from whom they are almost all descended into gentlemen of aristocratic birth and the scions of historic English houses. This innocent exercise of the fancy produces a good deal of blameless satisfaction, since there is indeed, I believe, a richer and more abiding sense of noble birth to be derived from false than from authentic pedigrees; and plebeian blood flows with a more consciously aristocratic thrill through the veins of those who have dyed it in the azure of their own imaginations.

It is not for me, at least, to reprobate such delusions, for was I not nourished in my youth upon them? Had not certain elderly and imaginative members of my family succeeded, after long meditation, in adorning the mediocrity of their circumstances with at least one escutcheon — in tracing one portion of their line to aristocratic sources?

Of the plebeian lineage and name of Smith they could indeed make little; the Smiths were only too plainly a race of

Yorkshire yeoman farmers, who, becoming Quakers, had emigrated to New Jersey in the time of William Penn, and settling in the quiet town of Burlington on the Delaware, and building themselves houses of bricks imported from England, had engaged in commerce with the West Indies, watching the broad river for the arrival of small brigantines or 'snows,' which sailed thither, laden with the products of the South. But one of them in the eighteenth century, my grandfather's grandfather, with the respectable name of John Smith, had married a daughter of the secretary whom William Penn had brought to Pennsylvania and left there as his representative.

This secretary, James Logan, was, so history says, the son of a linen draper in Dublin, and he himself claimed no nobler derivation; in the creative imagination of his descendants he became, however, a descendant of a noble Scottish family, the Logans of Restalrig and owners of that Fast Castle which was described by Scott in *The Bride of Lammermoor* as the castle of Ravenswood. One of the Logans had gone to Palestine as a Crusader, to convey thither the heart of Robert Bruce, and another had been hanged, centuries

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later, for his participation in the Gowrie Conspiracy.

This background of crusades and crimes, with imaginary castles and gallows in the distance, shed a kind of glamour on the lives of these mild Quakers, who, in spite of the Quaker ban on worldly fiction, must, it appears, have been reading *Waverley Novels* on the sly. And was it not for them all perfectly authentic? Had not one of them crossed the Atlantic and made a special pilgrimage to Scotland, and there, on the spot, when visiting the estate of this family, been overcome by a profound conviction of its truth? What genealogist could demand, what documents, the family felt, could provide, more convincing evidence than that?

This imaginary glory rather obscured in the eyes of his descendants their ancestor's real distinction, for William Penn's secretary had been an author and a man of science, and had made an important contribution to the theory of the sexuality of plants. He was a classical scholar too, and had translated into English Cicero's *De Senectute*, which translation had been appropriated by Benjamin Franklin (of whom he was one of the earliest patrons) and printed by Franklin at his Philadelphia press, with a preface in which that great man expressed a hope that 'this first translation of a classic in the Western world might be a happy omen that Philadelphia shall become the seat of the Muses.' This hope, I may note in passing, has not been yet fulfilled, though my ancestor did his best to prepare for the advent of the Nine to the Quaker city, by bequeathing his large collection of the classics (he was one of the first of American book collectors) to the Philadelphia Library which Benjamin Franklin founded there — a collection containing two thousand volumes of the Latin classics, as well as one hundred folios in Greek.

In the meantime his son-in-law, the John Smith I have mentioned, occupied himself in a prosperous commerce with

the West Indies, exchanging grain, lumber, and other products of the North with sugar, rum, and molasses from the South. These were transported in his own vessels, built in his own shipyard at Burlington, and sailing from the wharf there which he owned. After publishing in Philadelphia, where he dwelt, a pamphlet in defense of the pacifist principles of the Quakers, he had retired to the family home at Burlington, up the river, and spent the rest of his life in reading, and as his grandson, my grandfather, put it, in 'copying into commonplace books those sentiments and sententious remarks of favorite authors which he approved.' This taste for copying things out was shared by his family and his descendants; his brother, Samuel Smith, compiled from many documents a history of New Jersey which is still, I believe, cited by those who are interested in that subject; his son, who inherited the name of John Smith, inherited this taste also, and filled several volumes with the lives and memorable sayings of New Jersey Quakers; his grandson, who was my grandfather, published many colonial documents, and I too, with the various documents and anthologies I have published, have not failed in carrying on this family tradition.

I like to think of that lot of quiet and bookish old forbears, among whom was at least one minor poet, settled on the banks of the Delaware among the wigwams and papooses of the Indians, thinking their mild Quaker thoughts in their meetinghouses, or listening to the preaching of John Woolman, who also lived at Burlington, and was their friend and neighbor. They seem to have been content to spend their lives in this Quaker Arcadia, fishing in the broad river which flowed past their farms, or reading the books which trickled over to them across the Atlantic, and copying out sententious extracts from those eighteenth-century volumes.

My grandfather, however, John Jay Smith, left Burlington as a boy, and

sailing down the Delaware to Philadelphia, establishing himself there first as a chemist's assistant, soon began to engage in other activities. Among the stipulations which James Logan had made in bequeathing his books to the Philadelphia Library was one to the effect that any descendant of his who might desire it should be its librarian, if his tastes and qualifications rendered him fit for the position. To my grandfather this appointment was given; he occupied it many years, and was succeeded in it by one of my uncles. James Logan's will was, I believe, invalid; the position thus dubiously bequeathed was a modest one; but since it was held for so long a period by members of our family, our claim to this humble librarianship came to be regarded, at least by ourselves, as conferring a kind of dim distinction, and it was originally intended that I should succeed my uncle, who had no son, in this, as we imaginatively designated it, the only hereditary office in America.

It was from this old Philadelphia Library, an eighteenth-century building in the neighborhood of Independence Square, with its air of venerable antiquity, — for the few old buildings found in a new country seem to possess a more antique aspect than anything in Europe, — it was in this old library, long since destroyed, with its dim interior and old folios and bewigged portraits, that I received my first bookish impressions, being often taken there as a little boy, and given a book to read by my uncle who presided over the silence of that unfrequented institution. Thus in my earliest years I became familiar with the atmosphere of old libraries, and the dim light that dwells in them, and fell under the spell which they cast upon those who haunt their precincts — that quietness, that hush of the spirit in the ghostly presence of their own immortality, stored up in rows of ancient volumes and great folios of the classics.

But I anticipate, perhaps, my more romantic impressions of this kind; it was

in this library at least that, encouraged by my librarian uncle, I first formed the habit of reading. What that habit might grow into was impressed upon me by my occasional visits to the aged ex-librarian, my grandfather, at the house to which he had retired in the Quaker suburb of Germantown, where he lived to a great old age, spending his days in his study upstairs, with his gouty toe on a cushion, reading and reading all day long. 'I believe it may be safely said,' my grandfather wrote of himself towards the end of his life, 'that for forty years, eight hours of every day, or nearly so, have been employed in reading of the most miscellaneous character, often the best books, but too often the lighter kind.' When I happened, not long ago, upon this sentence in my grandfather's *Recollections*, I was struck by the accurate description it gave of my own existence, which for the last forty years or so has been spent, like his, in miscellaneous reading, and often too, like his, 'of the lighter kind.' The analogy was a curious one — indeed, I found it more curious than pleasing, for recalling my visits to that old gentleman upstairs, and remembering what he looked like then, I turned my eyes on myself, where I sat reading upstairs, and saw myself for a disconcerting moment — and then I went on reading.

II

The life of the Quakers in Philadelphia, where we lived as children, was that of a secluded community, carefully entrenched and guarded from all contact with what we called the 'World' — that dangerous world of temptations and wickedness which, we vaguely knew, lay all about us. With that world and its guilty splendors we had no contact; of the fashionable American aristocracy (and every population has its aristocracy and fashion) we were not members; and I can make no claim, as Americans abroad are apt to claim, that I belong to one of what are called America's first

families. With members of this greater world, like Edith Wharton and Mrs. Winthrop Chanler, I became acquainted only after I came to live in Europe.

No, we spent our youth amid the evangelical plainness and the simple ways of living of the stricter Philadelphia Friends. And yet, those richly carved and velvet-covered chairs which adorned my grandfather's drawing-room at Germantown, those antlers which hung on the walls of his suburban residence — these seemed to tell a tale of richer experience, and tinged for me with gayer colors the past history and the European expeditions of the old gentleman who sat reading upstairs.

The theme of the American abroad has given rise to a considerable literature in recent years; its earlier documents are less well known, and it was with a good deal of interest that I recently read my grandfather's account of his experiences in Europe, and the authentic history of those trophies which had so impressed me as a boy. In my grandfather a tendency which he bequeathed to his descendants manifested itself at an early date: to make 'jaunts,' as he called them, to Europe; and in 1845 he had gone to England on a sailing packet, accompanied by my father. On his return he published in two volumes, under the title of *A Summer's Jaunt across the Waters*, an account of this journey. To boast of the distinguished acquaintances they have made abroad is one of the most legitimate satisfactions of returned Americans, and this was plainly one of the motives which inspired the composition of my grandfather's volumes.

The Philadelphia Quakers had always kept up a connection with the members of their sect in England, and this connection was frequently renewed by the visits of English Friends on holy missions. Some of these visiting preachers belonged to the highest sphere of the Quaker world — for all religious communities, however holy, are stratified in social layers of increasing splendor —

and the impressiveness of their doctrine was much augmented by a sense of the plain yet brilliant world in which they lived, a world of Barclays and Gurneys and other rich English Quaker families which, like a Quaker Versailles, holy and yet splendid, shone for us across the Atlantic with a kind of glory — a glory which, to tell the truth, has never completely faded from my eyes.

My grandfather, though indifferent to their doctrines, was by no means indifferent to the country houses and opulent tables of these English Quakers; he tells of dining with Samuel Gurney at Ham House, of meeting Elizabeth Fry, of hearing her, in her feeble but honored old age, make a beautiful prayer from her large mahogany armchair in the meeting she attended. He tells also of being welcomed among a company of English Friends by a fellow Philadelphian and youthful acquaintance, Eliza P. Kirkbride, who had married the eminent and opulent Joseph John Gurney, as his third wife.

But the great glory of this jaunt abroad of my grandfather was his visit to Stoke Park, then the residence of Granville Penn, William Penn's great-grandson and heir. Granville Penn, learning, according to my grandfather's account, — and I dare say by a note from my grandfather himself, — that a descendant of William Penn's secretary had come from Pennsylvania to England, sent him an invitation to Stoke Poges, which was accepted with alacrity. He relates how an elegant family carriage with liveried servants met him at the station; how he was conducted to the noble family mansion of the Penn family, where he spent some days, and in whose deer park he shot the buck of which the antlers afterwards adorned his suburban home; how his host drove him about the neighborhood in a coach with four horses, and took him to Oxford, where they dined at a raised table in the hall of Christ Church, and where, he tells with undisguised elation, all the guests

except Mr. Penn and himself were lords.

These were indeed rich experiences; encouraged by them, my grandfather, five years after his return to America, started out on a still more glorious jaunt abroad. The great Crystal Palace Exhibition was then in preparation, and he had the happy idea of traveling to Europe as a sort of self-appointed and unofficial envoy to arrange, if possible, for the transport of this exhibition, or a portion of it, across the Atlantic after it had run its course in England. His purpose, as he states in his memoirs, was in part at least the utility to America of this plan, but his main intention, as he frankly admits, was to gain by this means 'an introduction to men of mark abroad, and a sight of foreign life behind the scenes.' Though the public part of his scheme came to no fruition, his private aim was brilliantly successful. Procuring a letter of recommendation from the Secretary of State at Washington, he proceeded to London, where he was received by Lord Granville and made the acquaintance of a certain General Gray, whom he describes as 'a most elegant and portly gentleman.' In London also he was privileged to witness the Duchess of Sutherland purchase a rug. He sat at tables, he tells his descendants, 'of the most *recherché* character'; and once when the royal box at the Opera had been lent to someone of his acquaintance, and he was invited to share it, he had reason to believe, he tells us, that he was mistaken by some of the operagoers for a foreign prince who was then on a visit to England.

Most 'gratifying' of all his experiences ('gratifying' and 'elegant' are favorite words in his vocabulary) was his reception by Queen Victoria's uncle, King Leopold, in Belgium. The King of the Belgians, who was much interested in the proposed London Exhibition, wished to discuss the project of its transference to America; but that thrifty monarch seems on this occasion to have

done a good bit of business on his own account, since he induced my grandfather to purchase from a workshop of his own two expensive and elaborately carved chairs, facsimiles of the chair in which the King was wont to seat his own royal person. These splendid chairs, reeking with the bad taste of the Louis-Philippe period, my grandfather conveyed home with him in great triumph on the new steamer, the *Atlantic*, on which steamer one of the fellow passengers was the singer Jenny Lind, who 'was most affable, and danced and sang the whole trip, the weather being admirable.'

The echo of these glories, the sight of these antlers and royal chairs, must have seemed evidences of a 'gayness' they could not but deplore to the stricter Quakers of Philadelphia, to whom my mother's family belonged, and among whom my sisters and I spent our childish years. But into the hearts of these most unspotted of the chosen people the spirit of the world had found an entrance, though unsuspected by themselves. No dreams, indeed, of dining with lords, of opera boxes, or of being mistaken for foreign princes, troubled, I am sure, their meditations in their silent meetings; but when some opulent Friend from England came to preach the gospel to them, was not the impressiveness of his or her doctrine tinged and deepened by a sense of the sanctified splendor of such English Friends? Had they not indeed among them a living representative of that splendor in the Eliza Kirkbride who had reigned at Earlham, and with whom my grandfather had dined in England, and who, after the decease of her husband, — that eminent evangelist, Joseph John Gurney, — had returned to her native city, where, preaching with great acceptance, she now reigned as a kind of Quaker queen, with many courtiers to listen to her holy boastings? Among these courtiers, one of the most assiduous was my mother's mother, Friend Mary Whitall, who was in our childhood always holding up

before us the figure of Friend Gurney as the glass of Quaker fashion, and the very mould of form among the stricter Friends.

Thus into my boyish heart the spirit of the World found its entrance in various disguises, and intimations were also not wanting of those other enemies of our souls, the Flesh and the Devil.

It has become of late the fashion to speak with great frankness on sex matters, and many eminent authors dwell with especial emphasis on the first awakenings in them of a consciousness of this kind, so why should I not follow their example? These awakenings often come to innocent youth in troubled ways, and my first awareness of the allurements of what we call the Flesh was derived from circumstances of an unusual nature. Barnum's Circus came to Philadelphia in my boyhood, rousing considerable excitement in the youth of that quiet city; and among the Quakers the question was much debated whether their children should be allowed to witness this entertainment. While it was admitted on the one hand that the sight of the elephants and the other exotic animals would help to enhance their conception of the wonders of creation, there were grave fears on the other hand that the spectacle of the scantily clad female acrobats on the tightropes might sully the innocence of their childish minds. The compromise finally arrived at, at least in our family, was that the children should be taken to the circus and allowed to see the animals, but should sit with closed eyes while the acrobats were performing.

So there we sat, a row of Quaker children, staring with all our eyes at the performing elephants, but with our organs of vision closed and our hands before them during the less seemly interludes. But one little Quaker boy — no other, in fact, than the writer of these pages — permitted himself a guilty peep through his fingers, and gazed on a show of muscular limbs moving, slowly mov-

ing in pink tights. What he was gazing at was, he knew, the spectacle of Sin, and so striking was the impression that his concept of that word when he read or heard it afterwards was colored in his imagination for a long time with the pinkness of those slowly moving legs. It was only long afterwards that he came to understand why he had been forbidden to gaze upon them, and the grave danger he had thereby incurred.

III

My grandfather had married a Rachel Pearsall, of a Quaker family in Long Island, and my father, Robert Pearsall Smith, was, by his marriage in 1851 to my mother, Hannah Whitall, introduced into surroundings and circumstances different from those of his own family. His wife's father, John Whitall, was descended from another more pious and less bookish line of New Jersey Quakers, being the grandson of that rather terrific Ann Whitall, of whose old religious journal I have written elsewhere. He had run away to sea as a boy, and, sailing before the mast on East Indian voyages, had become the captain of a merchantman at the age of twenty-four. On retiring from the sea he purchased a glass factory in New Jersey, and founded a manufacturing business which, owing to the admirable output of glass bottles, had prospered with the years, and indeed still prospers. My father, after several unsuccessful business adventures, had, owing to his marriage to my mother, been given a partnership in this firm.

He was a man of fine presence, and a sanguine enthusiastic temperament, too impulsive to manage his own affairs by himself; however, being restrained by the caution of his cautious partners, his gifts of imagination were made to contribute to the firm's prosperity. He was, above all, a magnificent salesman; and traveling all over the United States, and offering the firm's wares to the chemists of the rapidly expanding Republic, he

exercised upon those apothecaries the gifts of persuasion and blandishment, almost of hypnotization, which were destined later, in European and more exalted spheres, to produce such startling results. However, before he undertook these journeys, he had been placed for some years in charge of the glass factories in New Jersey; and it was in a small New Jersey town, with the romantic name of Millville, that I was born in 1865.

My earliest recollections are tinged with the gleam of those great fiery furnaces which I used to gaze at from a distance. To my infant apprehensions the whole alarming picture, with the half-naked glass-blowers moving like devils among the flames, presented a vivid image of what I believed might very likely be my future fate. For partly owing to the more serious religious tone of my mother's family, but still more (for the darker aspects of Christian doctrine were not much dwelt on by good Quakers) to the lava stream of evangelical revivalism into which my parents were swept away, the notion of Hell formed, as it were, a fiery background to my childish thoughts; I was always expecting, half in terror, half in thrilled anticipation, to hear the blast of the last trumpet, to see the earth and heavens collapse and the sinners led off to their abodes of eternal torment.

The old doctrines of the corruption of man and his inevitable doom unless he found salvation in the conviction of sin, the gift of grace, and a sudden catastrophic, miraculous conversion — this evangelical theology, though I was nourished on it in my youth, and tasted its joys and terrors, has now become utterly alien and strange to me. I cannot reconstruct in imagination that melodramatic world of hopes and terrors. I know, of course, that this body of beliefs has an important place in religious history, and that, as a scheme of salvation, millions have fervently believed in it.

My parents, dissatisfied with what they considered the spiritual deadness of Quaker doctrine, welcomed the new out-

burst in America of revivalism, into which they plunged with high enthusiasm, as into a great flood of life-giving water; and their evangelical activities formed for many years the absorbing interest of their lives. They went to revivalist meetings, they preached, they both wrote innumerable tracts, they converted souls, they lived in constant expectation of the Day of Judgment; and this highly colored world, with the heights of Heaven above them and the abysses of Hell beneath — this, and not their commonplace and commercial surroundings, formed the environment in which they lived with such feverish excitement. We children naturally caught the infection of this excitement; we were unwisely encouraged to embark in our tender years upon these spiritual adventures, and my elder sister, who is now the wife of Bernard Berenson, began at the age of six the career of an evangelist, and I, who was then a little boy of four, was the first object of her zeal.

One day she and a like-minded little evangelical maiden, named Fanny Potts, led me to our bathroom, and there they prayed and wrestled with my carnal nature till I felt, or thought I felt, the conviction of Sin and the consciousness of Grace, and the miracle of conversion was, or seemed to be, accomplished in me. The little girls rushed out to announce the glad news of my salvation, which my delighted father immediately embodied in a tract (for, as I have said, he was a writer of innumerable tracts) in which he told the world the story of my conversion. This tract had, I believe, an unusually large circulation, and, penetrating to the Western districts of America, made a powerful impression on the yet remaining tribes of Red Indians, who were converted by it in their thousands. Such, at least, was our family legend; and I remember the pride I took in the conversions thus accomplished; and believing, as I then believed, that each of us should wear as stars in our diadems in Heaven the souls which we had saved

on earth, I took a holy delight in the prospect of shining in the courts of Heaven in the radiance of these rubies of the West.

IV

Not long after the memorable event of my conversion, our family went to Europe. My father's health had been affected by his combined mercantile and evangelical exertions; a period of rest and change was recommended by his doctors and it was thought that this rest and change could be best procured in England. So in 1872 we embarked, my sisters and I, with our handsome florid father and our beautiful straightforward Quaker mother.

Both our parents were quite without any anticipation of the extraordinary experiences which awaited them. It is not my purpose to tell in any detail the story of these experiences. Let it suffice to say that news had already reached England of my father's gifts and successes as an evangelist; my mother's fame had also spread abroad, and when they arrived in London they were received with an interest which soon became enthusiasm, and finally almost a frenzy, in that strange world of evangelicals which was once so important, but which has now almost disappeared. It was a world, as I remember it, of large, opulent, ruddy aristocrats, living in great London mansions or country houses, and much given to immense collations and extempore prayers and the propagation of innumerable children. These personages often drove up to the house my father rented at Stoke Newington in the London suburbs, and my sisters and I would peep out through the windows at their fine carriages and horses, and would sometimes be presented to some large, friendly, red-faced man or woman whom we would be summoned to meet in the drawing-room. Often too, while our parents were rapt away to earnest conferences, we would be deposited in some country house, either with the Barclays

at Monkham's in Essex (Mrs. Barclay was by birth one of the Gurneys of Earls-ham, and we thus became acquainted with the world of which we had heard so much from Friend Gurney in Philadelphia), or else at Broadlands in Hampshire, the home of our parents' friends, the Cowper Temples.

When our parents had first arrived in England, they had been invited to a drawing-room meeting of leading evangelists, which was summoned to judge whether their doctrine was perfectly sound according to the strictest standards. All was well save on one point, about which there were dark and dreadful whispers. From something my mother had said or written, it had come to be suspected that she was not altogether sound on the doctrine of Eternal Torment.

Hell, it was known, she believed in, but did she hold that its torments were destined to endure forever? As a matter of fact, she did n't; and although my father and her friends beseeched her to conceal this heresy, when the crisis came and the question was put plainly to her in that London drawing-room, with that large company gravely waiting for her answer, a sudden impulse came upon her to tell the truth. She knew that her own and perhaps her husband's career as expositors of the gospel might be ruined by this avowal; she had agreed that it would be wiser to give evasive answers on this point; but when questioned she suddenly felt that if she was questioned she must say what she thought, whatever might be the consequences; and if she had been capable of using such a profane expression she would have told herself that she did n't care a damn.

She could not, she avowed to the assembled company, believe that the God she worshiped as a God of love was capable of such awful cruelty; sinners, of course, He punished, but that He had decreed that their torments should be unending was to her a horrible

belief. Her auditors were inexpressibly dismayed by this declaration, the myrtle, in Keats's phrase, 'sickened in a thousand wreaths'; the company was on the point of breaking up in confusion when from the depths of that great drawing-room there floated forward, swathed in rich Victorian draperies and laces, a tall and stately lady, who embraced my mother, saying, 'My dear, I don't believe it either.'

This dramatic moment was, perhaps, a turning point in my life, since, if it had not occurred, our family would no doubt have soon returned to America, and the ties and friendships which drew us all back again to England would never have been formed. For this lady who thus intervened and took my mother under her protection was, as it were, the queen of evangelical Christians; and her acceptance, afterwards confirmed by that of her husband, William Cowper Temple, silenced all opposition and no further objections were suggested.

The Cowper Temples, owing to their great wealth and high position, were by far the most important people in the world in which my parents were, so to speak, on trial. Cowper Temple was in law the son of Earl Cowper, but in fact the son of Lord Palmerston, who had long been Lady Cowper's lover, and who married her when Lord Cowper died. Their son had inherited Lord Palmerston's estates and great house at Broadlands; and the problem of this double paternity, if I may put it so, which was the gossip of the time (gossip which sounded strange in our Philadelphian ears), had been successfully regulated by the young William Cowper's adding Lord Palmerston's family name of Temple to that of Cowper in a double appellation. After acting as secretary to his authentic father, he served in several posts in the governments of the time and was raised to the peerage as Lord Mount Temple in 1880. His wife, who had corroborated my mother's view of Hell, is known in the history of art as the friend of the

Pre-Raphaelites, and above all as the Egeria of Ruskin.

Her friendship with my mother lasted till her death in extreme old age. She became a beautiful old saint, in whose character my mother could find only one flaw, if flaw it could indeed be called. Lady Mount Temple could never grasp the difference between right and wrong when no cruelty was involved; she could n't see why people should not do what they liked. My mother would try to explain moral distinctions to her, and though Lady Mount Temple would say at the moment that she understood them, they soon faded from her mind.

When Oscar Wilde was out on bail between his two trials, she wrote him a friendly letter, inviting him to pay her a visit, by which letter, Oscar Wilde tells us, he was greatly touched. Her family, the Tollemaches, were a wild family, much given to misbehavior, and when one or another got in disgrace she would invite the offender to her home and would often send for my mother, as one familiar with what was right or wrong, to come and help the erring one back to the righteous path. I remember my mother telling of one occasion when a Tollemache, married to a foreign prince, had run away from him with a lover, and then had been placed under Lady Mount Temple's roof to be made to realize the impropriety of her conduct. My mother was as usual summoned, and arrived in her Quaker garb and with her Bible, to help in this work of moral reformation. The Bible was read, there were prayers and exhortations, and all seemed to be going on in a most satisfactory manner, till one day, entering the old lady's writing room, my mother noticed that she was trying to conceal a piece of paper, and, when questioned, confessed that she was composing a telegram for the lover of the erring lady to come and join them, since, as she put it, she felt that Matilda was feeling so lonely without him.

But all this happened years after the occasion of which I have been writing,

on which occasion we were promptly invited to come to Broadlands, whither we soon proceeded, my mother, my father, my two sisters and myself. Broadlands became thenceforward almost our home in England, and in its ample halls were gathered innumerable guests, to listen to the glad tidings of salvation which had reached the shores of England from across the Atlantic Ocean.

My mother and father had more than once attended camp meetings in America, where, amid primeval forests or by the shore of some mountain lake, evangelicals had been accustomed to gather for holy jubilations (not always unaccompanied by hysterical outbursts in which the Chosen People would scream and dance and roll upon the earth), and as they often described to their hosts these outpourings of the spirit it occurred to the good Cowper Temples to inaugurate a series of such meetings in their park upon the banks of the Test in England, and this project was successfully carried out. My father was an acceptable preacher at these meetings, but my sincere simple-minded mother, beautiful in her Quaker dress, with her candid gaze and golden hair, was given the name of 'the Angel of the Churches,' and her expositions of the Gospels, delivered in the great beautiful eighteenth-century orangery in the Park at Broadlands, attracted the largest audiences, and made those gatherings famous in the religious world. They were unattended, however, by any of the wilder phenomena of the American camp meetings, with which my mother had no sympathy, and I cannot recall the spectacle of any English aristocrats foaming at the mouth or rolling in holy ecstasy upon those Hampshire lawns.

My mother paid little attention to all the unaccustomed circumstances in which she found herself at Broadlands; those to whom she preached were in her eyes no more than souls she hoped she could help to a true knowledge of the

gospel truths; but my father, being more worldly-minded, was immensely delighted by his sanctified success among the great ones of this earth. If his head was turned by it, one can hardly blame him; though a little worldly wisdom (but what chance had he ever had of acquiring worldly wisdom?) might have given him some notion of the fantastic character of this adventure. Even the presence at Broadlands of a large black evangelical Negress from America, named Amanda Smith, who would also expound the Scriptures to the earnest but indiscriminating ears of the assembled company — even the concurrence of this holy Negress (whom my mother came to like and made a friend of) and the necessity of sharing his triumphs with this dusky rival, though no doubt extremely repugnant to him, did not in the least impress upon my father the sandy basis upon which his fairy castle was being built. Indeed, as its airy pinnacles rose higher and higher in the sky, he became incapable of listening to the warnings my mother gave him of the risks he ran.

How could he listen? Ruddy, handsome, with the fine whiskers so admired at that date, rich from the proceeds of the bottle factory at home, and, unlike other evangelists, paying his own way in a lordly fashion, he became, as his fame spread from Broadlands, more or less the rage in religious circles. His photograph adorned the windows of the London shops; immense crowds flocked to his ministrations; his thrilling voice held audiences of thousands in rapt attention. Soon his reputation as a preacher crossed the Channel; he was invited to Paris, where he held many meetings; the wives of monarchs in Belgium and Holland welcomed him to those countries, and discussed the state of their royal souls with him in private interviews. But it was in Germany that he obtained his greatest triumphs; he was received by the Empress Augusta; he held forth to immense audiences in Berlin, where his fervor, his persuasive, almost hypnotic power,

stirred, even through the cold medium of translation, the Teutonic hearts to such depths of emotion that his ministrations resulted in the formation of an evangelical sect which numbered many adherents, and still, I believe, exists, if Hitler has not suppressed it. He returned to England intoxicated with his success abroad, and my sensible and undeluded mother came to be really alarmed by certain aspects of his conduct.

The life of emotional excitement which evangelical preachers live, the incense of adoration which they breathe, the tender relations they form with those converted by them — all this makes them liable to certain temptations to which they are very apt to succumb, and this was what happened to my father. The pious ladies who crowded round him formed a band of enthusiastic disciples, and sat at his feet, and even, it was darkly whispered, on his knees. This led to the end of his career as an evangelist in England. One female disciple who had become jealous of another told other evangelists of his sanctified flirtations; these preachers, jealous perhaps of his success, made the gossip public, and my father found it wise to cease his ministrations and return to America. To the Cowper Temples, I think, — certainly to Mrs. Cowper Temple, — all this fuss seemed incomprehensible and silly. If these good people wanted to kiss each other, what, she wondered, could be the harm in that?

In sackcloth and ashes he recrossed the Atlantic, not, like my grandfather, with song and dancing; no staghorns, no royal chairs were among his luggage. However, — and these coincidences are perhaps worth noting, — my mother brought with her a haunch of venison from Dunrobin Castle, where she had been on a visit, which haunch, given her by the Duke of Sutherland, was consumed immediately on our return to Philadelphia by ourselves and our relations with more snobbish than gastronomical delight.

The toughness, the lack of savor, of this ducal haunch still linger on my palate, as my first taste — there have been others — of the vanity and insipidity of worldly things.

V

Then we settled down again in our Philadelphia suburb. My father, feeling that the divine power had somehow let him down, and voices which seemed to come from Heaven had led him to his fall, became more sympathetic to my grandfather's want of faith; and this feeling was much increased by the daily companionship of his brother Lloyd, with whom he used to drive every morning behind a fine pair of horses (my father had a passion for fine horses) to the not distant city of Philadelphia.

My father had begun to lose his faith in the whole scheme of Salvation which he had so fervently advocated, and by means of which he had converted so many thousands of earnest souls. His situation was thus an awkward one; he had still a reputation in the religious world, he still possessed the hypnotic power of swaying great audiences, and many calls were made upon him to address meetings and administer religious instruction to souls in trouble. Invitations to preach he could avoid on the grounds of health, but the religious inquirers who called at the house, coming sometimes as far as from Russia, were the source of greater embarrassment; and I remember how desperately he would try to keep one or the other of his children in the room to avoid the necessity of a spiritual dialogue, and how quite heartlessly we would escape from it, leaving him to grapple alone with these spiritual inquirers. This we thought great fun.

Perhaps unconsciously affected by my father's loss of faith, or because the good seed in my case had fallen on extremely shallow ground, my early religious feelings began before long to fade away. They had remained with me for some years after my conversion, which had

transformed me into an infant evangelist who would distribute religious tracts in the Philadelphia horse-trams, and who, profoundly impressed by the necessity of doing something each day before the sun went down to save some human soul, would often hurry out towards evening to perform this godly task before it was too late. This zeal was maintained during our sojourn in England, and indeed increased by the holy excitement of that period; and I recall in especial one hot summer day, when, driving with my parents across the Isle of Wight, I was filled with an ineffable consciousness of sanctification and exemption from the fear of Hell and the fate of others, which filled my little heart with a sensation of felicitous vanity more exquisite than almost any sensation I have experienced since. The scent and taste of ripe peaches plucked from a sunny wall in August? No, I have felt nothing in my life which I can compare with that holy joy.

Leslie Stephen, in his essay on Jonathan Edwards, mentions the story, so similar to my own, of the redemption of little Phebe Bartlet, of Northampton, Massachusetts, who was, like me, converted at the age of four, and made subsequent efforts to save the souls of others. The account of Phebe he describes as 'the grotesque story of this detestable infant,' or words to that effect. Such a detestable infant I must have been, no doubt; yet I was, after all, no Phebe Bartlet, but a healthy schoolboy, and the usual schoolboy interests and occupations began to fill my mind with more seasonable thoughts. Finally, one Sunday afternoon in June, when I was up in a cherry tree picking cherries, the whole supernatural scheme of things seemed to fade away into the blue sky, never to return.

Our summer holidays from school came more and more to be spent, as we

grew older, in camping expeditions, first in the Adirondacks, or the Maine forests, and then amid the Rocky or the Californian mountains, and these delightful fishing and shooting trips, though they stored my mind with infinite forest and mountain memories which are still vivid and delightful, aroused in me a passion for wild life in the open air which obliterated not only my religious sentiments, but also my early taste for reading, and retarded whatever tendency there was in me towards the development of my mind. I became in my school days nothing more than an ordinary healthy boy, fond of games and sports, and above all of camping trips and fishing and shooting among wild lakes and mountains.

When we were not on camping expeditions, we often went to Newport — not to the fashionable part of that fashionable watering place, but to the old town on the harbor, where my uncle, James Whitall, and several Philadelphia Quakers owned old-fashioned houses, in which their summers were quietly spent; and memories of these happy sojourns amid a band of happy cousins often return to me now, and fill the background of my mind — the sailing in little boats, the sounds of guitars and youthful voices, the wind on starlit nights and the splash of the dark waters; the sight of the great steamers that passed like furnaces of light, and my departure at last in one of these steamers, watching with tears and smiles the lanterns waved by cousins and friends from my uncle's wharf. To tuck a happy childhood under a child's jacket was the principle which my mother's kindly father often preached as the best preparation for happiness in future years, and such a childhood was certainly the provision which was made for us, adding greatly to the future felicity of our lives.

(To be continued)

OPEN YOUR PURSE AND SHUT YOUR EYES

BY MARGARET DANA

I

GIDEON WADE had a notion of trust that seems to me both shrewd and straight. Gideon used to peddle fruit and vegetables to the villagers near his farm, and he also supplied most of the cordwood for the village stoves. That he had a rather peculiar method of doing business must be admitted; the descendants of his neighbors still tell about it as a bit of American humor. They say that when Mrs. Jones, for instance, wanted a cord of wood, Gideon would appear promptly with a wagonload of good seasoned well-cut wood and pile it neatly in cord formation within Mrs. Jones's woodshed. That finished, he would step to her kitchen door and call, 'Mis' Jones, I've corded ye up some wood. If ye'd just kindly step out here now and see if it suits . . .'

And Mis' Jones would step out, with Gideon watching her sharply. If she measured his pile roughly by eye and hand length, he was pleased. If she called him to terms for being short a stick or two, or over the cord by a little, he would cheerfully correct the amount and Mis' Jones had gained his respect and unfailing service. If, on the other hand, she casually looked at his woodpile and said carelessly that she guessed it was all right, Gideon would turn without a word and grimly begin to load his wood back on to his old wagon bed again. Mis' Jones might argue as long as she had breath, but she did n't get Gideon's

wood. And it would be a long time, perhaps years, before he was willing to give her a second trial as a customer. When his neighbors chided Gideon for a business policy bound to lose him money, he had one never-varying reply; he might, he'd say, lose some money that way, but certain sure he licked the old devil a-sitting on his shoulder. As a matter of fact, Gideon died a prosperous man.

I should not like to be misunderstood as belittling in any way the quality of real trust between human beings; it is assuredly our most precious medium of exchange. But I do mean to suggest that trust not founded upon information and complete understanding is simply not trust at all. It is, instead, a form of lazy inadequacy, making the seller appear dishonest and the buyer a fool.

We have admittedly become a nation of blindly trusting people. It is our tendency to trust anyone and everyone with something to sell, politically, economically, or over a counter. This tendency appears in an exaggerated form when we buy our consumer goods — and it is one of the most subtly dangerous and subversive factors in our national life.

Consider briefly, from the consumer's angle, the trust which exists between retailer and customer. Its simple origin, of course, must lie at that far point when members of a community found that some of their individuals were better at

the job of making pottery, furniture, or clothing than were the others. They knew this because they had seen it done. They had *seen* it. This is a point of enormous importance in understanding this story. And, too, it should be remembered that there was neither secret nor mystery about what went into the product in raw materials, labor, or cost, since every family originally made for itself whatever it needed, and a common knowledge of such homely manufacture was general. The only difference between one man's product and his neighbor's was a matter of skill, ingenuity, or imagination. No consumer need take this difference on trust, since it was easy to watch the work in progress. No farther back than in our own colonial history you will see this gradual transfer of manufacture to those who had the most skill, the greatest aptitude for it.

Imagine if you will the two groups, makers and users, sitting around a conference table, with the users speaking plainly their requirements and the makers demonstrating their compliance. While there were no written agreements, no literal specifications, still such specifications were persistently taken for granted by the consumer group, and for a remarkably long time by the producers. This is the root of the trust which laymen have until recently felt for the professional manufacturer and retailer. Moreover, because the two functions were closely related for so long, we find consumers for generations stubbornly believing that the responsibilities were interchangeable, believing subconsciously that the producer and the seller were one in their service.

Thus experience built up a firm confidence between makers and users, a confidence which lasted for years, as this country has good reason to know. But lately a strange fervor amounting almost to a crusading hysteria has infected many consumer gatherings, causing manufacturers and retailers a good deal of puzzled

anxiety. What new form of selling must be evolved to quiet this murmuring consumer unrest, and to prevent the bitterness of rebellion from destroying our traditional trust?

Two points indicate the nature of the solution. One is the fact that consumers no longer *see* their merchandise made, and must arbitrarily take it on trust of some sort. The other is the frequently unrecognized fact that there is no longer any such thing as a 'best' in any generic field of production — a 'best' at each price level, perhaps, but no dead-centre, static, definable 'best' for all.

If this seems unbelievable, consider what is really meant by the term 'grades' or 'qualities.' Everything that is made, from kitchen stoves to baby clothes, is the result of an assembly of many factors in varying proportions. A producer takes these factors — raw materials, labor, style, beauty, wearability, cost — and combines them according to his own particular formula, so much cost in ratio to so much beauty, style, strength, and so on, and produces, let us say, a chair at a certain price to the consumer. Then he or another manufacturer takes the *same* factors but in *different* proportions and also turns out a chair, perhaps at a quite different cost. Now each of these chairs has presumably been designed to offer satisfaction to some consumer. But *which* consumer will be most satisfied with *which* chair is a question that by the immutable laws of human psychology only the ultimate consumer is qualified to decide.

No retailer can select for any consumer the 'best' for him, since a purchase only becomes the 'best' when it fits squarely the individual consumer's purposes. The buyer who needs a good sturdy commonplace safety pin will be better satisfied with his own choice of a good sturdy safety pin than with the handsomest platinum clip which may be offered as the 'best,' or a straight pin which in all its insecurity is offered as the 'cheapest.' There may be an almost infinite variety

of grades, each of them satisfactory under certain conditions, but a purchase which fails to fit adequately the individual's purposes and expectations is no better than a pair of shoes two sizes too small.

The consumer of to-day is presented with an amazing number, not only of new products, but of different grades of those products. How, then, do people buy? What are their guides, their bases for decision? The plain fact is that with the exception of a few major purchases of a lifetime — a home, a car, a sable coat, or a diamond tiara (if any) — the average consumer buys according to three things: sight, touch, and price, against a background of *an inherited and unthinking trust of the producer and seller*. This trust may take the form of 'going to a good store,' or buying 'a brand you know,' but it is indeed a far deeper, more essential matter than that. It is the projection of a remarkably matter-of-fact trust which has made consumers assume it safe to buy what pleased their eyes, their touch, and their pocketbook, made them assume for long, long years that beneath each purchase — even at a bargain sale — was an *implied guaranteed minimum of worth*. The exploitation of this prime factor in our commercial life goes far to explain that strange abstract often called the American 'sucker.' But consumers are not 'suckers,' contrary to Mr. Barnum and all his latter-day disciples; they are victims, sadly enough, of a great trust that has lost its reason for being.

II

There are many people, I am well aware, who resent being told they do not know what they buy — and many who do not believe it. And that brings up the question of the reliability of those three guides, sight, touch, and price. It is fair to ask if these are not, after all, decently reliable, useful, and indicative of value. The answer depends upon what

a buyer expects or requires of his purchases. For sight and touch can only inform a consumer as to the outward qualities of a product — style, beauty, fit, comfort, and so on. Price can tell one literally nothing except that the purchase can or cannot be afforded — and then only if first cost be the final consideration! According to every important technician in the country, when it comes to the unseen qualities of a product, the things which ultimately make for performance, the least reliable guides in the world are these familiar three — sight, touch, and price. Just where does that leave the layman buyer who is not blessed with infinite time, means, and patience to sample by the trial-and-error method all the products with which he is daily confronted? It leaves him dependent on one buying guide alone — his blind and inherited trust of the seller.

Let me try to illustrate this insecurity of choice in a random selection of merchandise.

With the approach of winter weather, millions of consumers will again be concerned with the purchase of coats, suits, dresses, blankets, whose chief purpose is to keep the human body warm. Certainly style, beauty, and price will enter into the buying, but warmth is the urgent necessity. And how does one judge warmth? By sight? Many fabrics which *look* warm have virtually no warmth at all. For instance, rayon fibre may be spun and woven to look exactly like wool, and it is common knowledge in the trade that an increasingly vast yardage of fabrics for men's, women's, and children's clothing often sold as 'all wool' actually contains from 40 per cent to 80 per cent rayon. Yet how much has rayon of wool's generic warmth properties? By touch, then? But many soft, heavy, and woolly fabrics have little real warmth. By price? But a recent laboratory test of coat linings, for instance, showed that certain linings which had the greatest warmth were also the cheap-

est, although they were also the heaviest. On the other hand, camel hair in its finest, handsomest, and costliest grade is also the warmest and lightest. Its wearability, however, is below the inferior qualities, which, while heavy, are not warm.

Observe these many factors; remembering what is meant by a 'grade,' consider whether any consumer actually does know how warm is warmth, and how much of it he receives for his investment in relation to other factors. Yet an efficient testing laboratory can measure every one of these factors in definite understandable terms. Warmth — technically called thermal resistance — can be reduced to a figure, as can the factors of weight and wearability, so that they may be studied in their comparative values by any consumer. But can you remember ever seeing this information given at the point of sale?

Next consider that homely necessity, bath towels. Anyone with half an eye can determine the style, beauty, and color of a towel; the hand may sense its softness, a yardstick will find its size, the label will tell its price. But what about the unseen factors? You buy towels for their faculty of soaking up water freely and rapidly — in other words, absorbency. You want a towel that will wear a reasonable length of time, a color which will stay its best. But here are two towels with their recorded laboratory tests for the hidden factors. One of these towels is widely advertised as the 'best buy'; one costs less than the other; one is two inches longer than the other. But neither has been so labeled and described in terms of those hidden qualities that a consumer may decide for herself which is really the best buy for *her*.

Here is the record of a test applied to washable wallpapers by a fine laboratory. Two samples were tested, each made by a 'good' company, each called 'washable.' Under the wet abrasion tests of the laboratory, however, one

sample was found to have a breaking point of an average 59, the other of 5000+. No technical knowledge and no involved explanation are needed to convince a layman that one of these wallpapers is much less deserving of the term 'washable' than the other. Certainly the less washable paper may have compensating qualities in greater style, beauty, or lower price, but the *unseen* factor, its *washability*, is featured by manufacturer and retailer. Does the consumer, then, truly know what he is buying, and does he rely safely on his inherited trust of the seller?

Finally, let me tell you as briefly as possible the story of shrinkage, which like that other story, fibre identification, touches all human life, whatever the age, sex, or income. Perhaps it sounds a very humdrum, inconsequential affair, but in fact it costs this country every year many millions of dollars in economic loss, and no one pays that bill but the plain consumer. To begin with, all woven fabrics are born to shrink. Every process of their creation holds them under constant and extreme tension, stretching their fibres nearly to the limit of their capacity. This tension first really relaxes when the fabric meets moisture by immersion, steam, or atmosphere. Part of the finishing process of some fabrics, notably cotton and linen types, performs some of this relaxing function, shrinking the fibres back toward their original length. But the fibres do not necessarily go *all* the way back to that normal condition at the first meeting with moisture. They may shrink more at the second, third, or fourth immersion.

Now in the trade certain terms are used to indicate that these fibres have received some degree of relaxation — shrinkage, in short. Consumers are familiar with these terms; scarcely a woman but will recognize such words as 'pre-shrunk,' 'shrunk,' 'shrinkproof,' 'full-shrunk,' and 'washable.' But what, exactly, do they mean to the average consumer?

A few weeks ago I put that very question to a group of intelligent, thrifty women, members of a society I had been asked to address on consumer-buying information. In every case the answer indicated that these women understood all of the terms to mean that the fabrics would shrink no further when washed. The subsequent expressions on their faces as I explained the real meaning of these words were illuminating.

For actually none of these terms has a commonly accepted and definite meaning. The words 'full-shrunk' and 'shrinkproof' are usually, to put it most kindly, examples of wishful thinking, for a full-shrunk fabric rarely exists. 'Shrunk' and 'pre-shrunk' at their best mean only that the fabrics have been shrunk *some* before the consumer purchases them; at their not uncommon worst they mean less than nothing. How much more a fabric will shrink is one of those unseen performance factors we have mentioned. Some manufacturers put a limit of 2 per cent on the further shrinkage to be expected of a fabric marked 'pre-shrunk.' Others limit it to 3, 4, or 5 per cent, and I have even seen 'pre-shrunk' materials that shrank 8 per cent. This perhaps will explain why I say the terms have no real meaning.

As for the term 'washable'—this prankish word is the most treacherous of all, for in bitter fact it frequently means only that the fabric can be passed through water without disintegrating like paper. As one eminent technician remarked, 'The label adopted by the wash-dress industry furnishes washing instructions incapable of removing honest soil from any wash dress.'

Not long since, a greatly irritated gentleman stalked into my office and tossed a freshly laundered but rumpled man's shirt on to my desk. With a look of last-straw exasperation he said, 'If that's honesty, then this country's come to a pretty pass. That shirt carries a label that says in plain English "pre-shrunk." Yet by actual measurement

its collar band shrank more than a quarter of an inch the first time it was laundered. How long has this kind of double-crossing been going on?'

Sympathetic as I was with the gentleman's irritation, I could only reply that 'this kind of thing' had been going on for a very long time, and the wonder was not that he had discovered it, but that he had not discovered it before. One can only assume that the wash lady and the commercial laundries have borne the burden of many a complaint not rightfully theirs.

A recent hearing before the Federal Trade Commission on the shrinkage problems for cotton yard goods entered upon the record some remarkable facts presumably only for trade knowledge. Consumers will find some of them interesting if maddening. The New York Board of Trade has had a committee studying the cotton-goods shrinkage situation for four years. The committee eventually proposed to the Commission that all cotton piece goods be marked with the percentage they might be expected to shrink. Consumers will find this rational, and certainly not asking too much. Nevertheless the converters who are the fabric middlemen, and the finishers who create the surface textures and finishes, sprang to battle. Admittedly it was a fine idea, said their spokesman, and they would gladly co-operate, but the thing was clearly impossible. Too many variables entered into the complicated business to make it fair to ask a finisher to guarantee the percentage a cloth would shrink, and if the finishers could not guarantee it the converters, of course, were helpless, since they depended upon the finishers for *their* guarantee.

Before you feel a little sorry for the finishers and converters, however, let me mention that there is a shrinkage process known as Sanforizing which may be used on cotton, linen, or rayon fabrics and which definitely predetermines the amount of shrinkage of such fabrics—

a process which any finisher may be licensed to employ. And this is why various witnesses at the shrinkage hearing asked somewhat dryly how it happens that, if a finisher is asked to do a *Sanforizing* job on goods, he can not only pre-shrink them accurately but also offer a guarantee that no more than three quarters of 1 per cent further shrinkage will occur, and yet virtuously insist that he could not offer a guarantee of 2 per cent, 5 per cent, or whatever was necessary under other shrinkage processes.

But of course cotton goods are not the only fabrics affected by this shrinkage factor. Silk, linen, rayon, and wool also must contend with the condition. I have here a bulletin from the National Better Business Bureau which states that about 50 per cent of the woollen and worsted yarn goods made into women's and children's clothing is not pre-shrunk to any degree at all. This is estimated to represent 13,000,000 garments annually, and dry cleaners say that consumer complaints on woollens and worsteds amount to some six million dollars' worth of claims a year, of which 75 per cent are due to shrinkage. If you add to this the amount of goods returned to dress departments of stores, half of which is because of fabric faults, and 20 per cent of that half because of shrinkage, and if you realize that this comes to many millions of dollars a year, you will perhaps conceive the extent of the waste I have mentioned. That this might be avoided is indicated by the determined drive being made currently by the Texurity Guild, an association of refinishers of woollens and worsteds, in which they undertake to set a maximum of 2 per cent for wool fabric shrinkage — a limit arbitrarily set from experimental testing.

III

With even so slight an excursion into the 'no consumer's land' behind the scenes of retailing, it must be plain that

there is an utter lack of a concerted attempt on the part of the modern producer-seller combine to replace the general information of the older simple buying period when products were few, materials familiar, techniques limited, and consumer needs and specifications commonly understood. Something is clearly needed to bridge the gap opened by the flood of new things — to bridge the distance between the consumer and the actual manufacture of such goods. What should the 'something' be?

Well, when the Federal Government buys, it buys according to specifications which state both the construction and performance to be expected of the product. It buys, in short, on a written statement which tells of *what* the product is made, *how* it is made, and what it will *do* in use. The Federal Bureau of Standards determines by tests what standards shall be the guides for these specifications, and Federal buyers purchase not the handsomest, longest-wearing, or most expensive items, but those which, according to their specifications, give the most of the desired qualities for the money allowed for the purchase. This seems rational and clear. Government standards are not necessarily consumer standards, but the principle is identical. Moreover, scarcely a manufacturer in the country but bases his own buying on the same sort of specifications — construction and performance. This, too, appears to be ordinary common sense. And retailers also buy with at least an understood specification in mind, written or not, so that they have, or may have if they wish, a definite idea as to what they are getting. Only the consumer must apparently buy blind, must open his purse and shut his eyes.

Surely what a consumer wants and needs is no more or less than what the professional buyer demands — specific information in terms mutually understood and authoritative. There are an infinite number of terms open to as infinite a number of interpretations; there

are 'special pleaders' in industry who have reason to prefer one interpretation, though aware that consumers assume another. Specifications wipe out such Jekyll-and-Hyde words.

Many explanations are proffered as to why such simple practical information is not supplied consumers. Some say it is because manufacturers working in a fluctuating market for raw materials dislike to be pinned down to specifications which will be handed on to the consumer and prevent the substitution of cheaper elements when the market pushes the price of a specified element too high — too high, that is, for the margin of profit a store buyer needs for his department. Again, they say that manufacturers hesitate to set up standards for their products because of the costly burden involved in properly policing all stages of the work to produce accurate results. That the Bureau of Standards and various associations and laboratories have proved repeatedly that standards, once installed, actually cut the cost of production is usually ignored. And indeed there are those who believe with some resignation that inertia, habit, and a worship of the 'let well enough alone' policy are responsible for much of the manufacturer's reluctance to set up consumer specifications in a form to carry through the point of sale.

These reasons may very well be accurate; but, just as I have tried to show in an earlier article¹ that the real main-spring of to-day's retailing mistakes is a fundamentally mistaken public-relations policy, so it seems to me that as direct results of that policy there are other and equally mistaken psychological factors much more responsible for this current plague of 'buying blind.'

Of these surely the most extraordinary is what I can only call the double standard of ethics which exists among many of those who make or sell consumer goods, particularly evident among re-

tailers, less often discovered among producers considerably removed from the point of sale. It is a curious and shocking kind of rationalization of dishonesty which permits a man of the highest personal integrity to compromise complacently with definitely dishonest merchandising practices under the blanket cover of 'good business.' This is an unpleasant fact usually never even whispered in public, but often admitted behind closed doors and off the record. That there are conspicuous exceptions to this rule would be silly to deny; there are manufacturers, 'middlemen,' and retailers who have business ideals as fine as their personal standards, but under the present conditions not only are they apt to be penalized by unfair competition, but also they are so few as to be unable to balance the scales in the consumer mind against the trend toward distrust.

As in the case of the testimony in the shrinkage hearing, trade leaders will offer a thousand and one reasons why consumer information is not practical; these specious reasons run the gamut of assertions from the familiar one that consumers do not want facts to the naïvely egotistical statement that such and such an industry is too technical, too complicated for the layman — much less the laywoman — to understand. There are those who sincerely believe that such information must of its nature be so profound and mystic that consumers could not utilize it. And there are those who make the gesture of providing information by deliberately *making* it so profound and mystic that it cannot be used.

To say that honest, understandable construction and performance specifications cannot be given every buyer at the point of sale is to show either an ignorance of or an unwillingness to recognize what has already been accomplished by a few admirable organizations. For instance, although rug makers insist that theirs is a uniquely technical and in-

¹ 'Fear the Facts and Fool the Women,' in the April 1937 *Atlantic*. — EDITOR

volved profession, so complicated that to mark any of their products intelligibly for the consumer would require a label the size of a book or terminology so obscure no layman could understand it, one pioneering manufacturer of fine rugs has managed to create a label of remarkably small and handy size which is attached to his rugs — so long as the retailer permits it — and presents all the necessary facts clearly and simply. The hosiery industry, too, is another 'highly complicated' business which for long has been utterly chaotic in its own manufacturing standards and its consumer promotion. Nevertheless of its own accord this industry has been putting its house in order, and has developed not only construction standards for its producers to follow, but grade labels which it proposes to stamp on all grades below those which carry brand names and are presumed to be arbitrarily the most nearly flawless.

There are other isolated cases in which manufacturers have boldly broken with current custom and supplied consumer specifications with their products. And certain of the large mail-order houses are admittedly giving their customers a better break than metropolitan retailers have ever attempted. I asked the chief technician of a mail-order laboratory the other day how she explained the fact that local retailers lag so far behind those who sell by mail in giving their customers usable buying data, and her answer was perhaps more illuminating than she realized. 'Well, you know,' she said, 'we mail-order people after all are engaged in interstate commerce, and are necessarily under the direct supervision of the Federal Trade Commission. Local stores are n't, you see.'

The thing that awakening consumers do not quite realize is that this discussion is not new. Nothing about it is unique, radical, or startling. For many years conventions of all sorts of trade associations have been lightly tossing about the subject of the consumer and his growing

restlessness without ever reaching any agreed conclusion that develops more than word power. Speaking at a recent consumer-retailer session, Miss Ruth O'Brien, chief of the Division of Textiles and Clothing of the United States Bureau of Home Economics, said: 'When are we going to get action on standards and labels for consumer goods? For fifteen years I have been coming to these meetings, and for fifteen years we have talked about information for the consumer, but up to now the action that has been taken could be counted on the fingers of my two hands.' Even that is a rather generous estimate if one eliminates imitation efforts and gestures to the grandstand.

It is difficult in a situation where words have for so long taken the place of action, where conferences and commissions bog down by their own weight and pomposity, to gauge accurately the sincerity of any new move toward constructive solution of the problem. So many red herrings are daily dragged across the trail that it is not surprising the target is lost in the confusion. Such ridiculous controversies as the current feverish one concerning whether such terms as 'crepe,' 'print,' 'taffeta,' and 'pure dye' belong to the silk industry, or the rayon industry, or any other trade, simply delay the ultimate objective. After all, the simple solvent of all these complexities is just the one question, 'Does this correctly inform the consumer or not?'

Nevertheless, in spite of the record of futility chalked up against retailing leaders, there seems now to be for the first time in the era real hope of the consumer's eventually receiving the general and specific data he needs. Within the National Retail Dry Goods Association is a group of leaders headed by men who appear both sincere and determined in their effort to alter the situation. Their published programme insists that there must be construction and performance specifications supplied by the producers of goods, and that there must be a dic-

tionary of terms developed to pull together the fantastic jumble now distorting the language of selling. In other words, they admit that the consumer has the right to know, in definite terms of standards and comparison, just how fine, how strong, and how absorbent a 'fine, strong, and fully absorbent' towel may be.

How far this organized retail activity will go, only time can tell — particularly as two dangers have recently arisen with the quickening restlessness of consumers and the publicity given the situation. One is the possibility that retailers and manufacturers, in a desire to utilize facts in their sales promotion, may hasten the setting of standards before they have been properly defined and tested. The other and far graver peril is the possibility that facts may become part of a new American racket, that the abuse of the words 'tested and approved' may become just one more promotion trick.

Concerning the first danger, all responsible technicians are seriously anxious. Products to be safely offered consumers on the competitive ground of construction and performance should have not only formal laboratory testing, but also the homely trials of active service under the conditions they must meet in consumer use. Otherwise trouble is apt to follow. For instance, there is the story of aluminum foil as an insulating material. According to laboratory tests, this product proved to have extraordinary insulating qualities, and it was hailed and sold as ideal for wall insulation in house construction. It was advertised and promoted against a background of these laboratory findings, and was received enthusiastically by consumers. After some time, however, the burden of complaints from consumers became voluminous; the material appeared to have stopped insulating. An investigation was made, and no one was more sadly shocked than its makers when it was discovered that some of the alumi-

num foil had vanished into space. Only then was it learned that aluminum foil in the presence of lime, as in wall plaster, may disintegrate into a gas, leaving the insulation conspicuous by its absence. But understand, there was here no intent to deceive the public or withhold information — only the result of incomplete and inadequate tests.

The second danger I mentioned is sufficiently grave to warrant the attention of every responsible member of society. For if there is anything more treacherous than withholding necessary information, it is exploiting a human being's hunger for information.

There is a steadily growing tendency to make use of the words 'tested and approved' or their implication in advertising and promotion, particularly of the retail type. Too often the words are both the beginning and the end of all the testing which has been done. Not only should the consumer be told who did the testing, how it was done, and what the results mean in terms of comparative performance, but there should definitely be some manner of licensing testing laboratories, so that the consumer may know they have official standing and credited efficiency. Nor, it seems to me, should a store be permitted to call its own testing department a 'Bureau of Standards'; for there should be but one such in this country, and that in Washington, where it belongs.

There are many organizations these days attempting to evaluate products for consumers. Some are sincere in their desire to be of service, but are so limited in funds that their tests are both inadequate and dangerous. And there are many organizations that see in the demand for information no more than an opportunity to cash in on the well-known credulity of the general public. Let me quote a few sentences from a market letter I received a few weeks ago, written by an organization which does a good deal of manufacturer-retailer merchandising: —

Considerable interest is being shown currently by retailers in movement among consumers for more detailed and more accurate information. Various consumer groups are forming special committees to accelerate trend. National Retail Dry Goods Association is considering formation of group to be known as 'Consumer-Retailer Council.' No doubt that this apparent demand of consumers for better guidance in buying is claiming more and more of retailers' attention. Formation of such organizations as Consumers' Emergency Council and possibility that Federal Government may establish special division to further trend cannot be ignored. However, we feel that immediate importance of this program to manufacturers may be seriously questioned. No doubt that a vociferous minority is interested. On the other hand, we believe that vast majority of consumers are totally uninterested in so-called merchandise standards and will remain that way for a long time to come. *We see promotional benefits to manufacturers tying up with the movement*, but we feel that in general its significance can be and has already been considerably inflated.

The italics in this remarkable statement are mine. Its implications I leave to your common sense.

Somewhere near the beginning of this story I said that there was a solution to this critical problem so simple and so plain that it was consistently overlooked by both retailers and consumer crusaders.

That solution is nothing more spectacular or original than a return — or an advance — to common honesty. Not lip-service honesty, not a double-standard honesty, not a sleight-of-hand book-keeping honesty, but the clean and literal honesty once taught us as the bedrock of human decency. That consumers have a vital obligation to meet such honesty with intelligence and appreciation is true, but stubbornly to disregard the signs of consumer rebellion is to invite disaster. Yet, if a renewal of common honesty is to come, it should arrive not through fear of the Federal Trade Commission or any other 'goblins that'll get you if you don't watch out.' It should come rather in recognition of the profound truth that the greatest insurance of industrial probity and prosperity is an informed and discriminating consumer public.

LÉON BLUM

BY RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

I

LÉON BLUM is a man of the past, of the present, of the future. Last June he resigned as Premier of the Popular Front Government, but his personal prestige as the most influential political figure that France has known since Briand remains unimpaired.

He now occupies the position of Vice President in the Chautemps Popular Front Cabinet, exerting the same active influence as he did when he first came to power over a year ago. He must be reckoned with as one of the few statesmen who direct the course of world affairs to-day.

M. Blum's year in power has been morally healthy for France. It has restored the mental balance of a great many people who were beginning to believe that, because a few nations had gone mad, there was no other solution than to follow their example.

Léon Blum is an idealist and a logician, a poet and a critic, a diplomat and a revolutionary, a politician and a gentleman. He is a Frenchman and a Jew. Complex, subtle, eclectic, he presents a problem which baffles his admirers as much as it irritates his enemies. It is difficult to place him in any category of men. He is an intellectual, but he is also a man of action. He is exceedingly sensitive, and so sincere that some of his speeches sound like public confessions; yet he is not a blind fanatic. He is thoroughly faithful to the doctrine which he defends, but remains critical of himself as of others. He is a discreet messiah.

His qualities sometimes complement his defects and sometimes lead him into apparent or real contradictions which he tries to mitigate by a constant effort of rationalization. As a reformer he thinks in terms of the future, but as a scholar and an erudite he is more than an equal match for any practical realist. He has no false humility; neither does he seem personally ambitious. He knows how to retreat and how to compromise. When he sidestepped last June to save the Popular Front, experts agreed that as a piece of political manœuvring his fall was a graceful one.

Compared with other modern leaders, especially those of the dictator type, he is unbearably civilized. Judged by the standards of the Nazi or Fascist creeds, or by those of many Frenchmen who are neither Fascists nor Nazis, he is a superb example of liberal democratic decadence. The sanguine type usually dislikes him violently, not so much for his political ideas as for the refinements of his logic and his repugnance for any form of grossness, either in speech or otherwise.

A friend of mine, who is sanguine, said to me that he granted every quality of the statesman to M. Blum, including energy and prudence, but that it was impossible to call him a statesman because he lacked the necessary weight for his size — both physically and intellectually.

Yet Léon Blum is solid — and this solidity lies in his intelligence, in the precision of his dialectics, which are over-

powering. Whether he speaks in the *Chambre* for three hours on the most complicated subject without consulting any notes, or addresses thirty thousand people on the state of the nation, his method never varies. It is not to the emotions that he appeals, but to the power of logic. This, more than anything else, is what distinguishes him from other national leaders at the moment.

I recall the speech he made last September before a huge crowd at Luna Park in Paris to justify his nonintervention policy in the Spanish civil war. The crowd was hostile; it was profoundly anti-Fascist and could not understand why France had refused help to a friendly government. Blum was greeted by the slogan of 'Planes for Spain!' He spoke for an hour, handicapped as usual by the fact that his voice does not carry well, and at the beginning of his speech he had difficulty in obtaining enough silence to be heard. The arguments he used were purely rational. He demonstrated that French intervention, however justifiable from the point of view of international law, would inevitably encourage the Germans and the Italians to give assistance openly to the other side, an act that might lead to war. The crowd went on shouting, 'Planes for Spain!' But gradually, as his demonstration of ideas progressed, the shouts subsided. Finally applause broke out. The excited audience had been won over to peace when it wanted war — and that through the sheer force of persuasion of a man who apparently still believes in reason and says so.

Whether Léon Blum is sound in his philosophy and in his political conceptions is a matter of personal judgment. But it is probable that few men in these days have tried with such earnestness to explain what they were driving at. If his 'experience' is considered a failure — as it is by many — he has nevertheless demonstrated a fact which in the present state of the world seems to me important: that the huge popular audiences

which react elsewhere so blindly to the demagogic appeals made to their collective stupidity are able to listen to a leader who addresses them, not as if they were a dumb horde, but as intelligent human beings.

II

Before M. Blum became the head of the government, over a year ago, my ideas about him were rather hazy. I had lunched with him several years before at the house of friends. He was then the head of the Socialist Party, and my very definite impression after this luncheon was that if this party was ever to accede to power in France it would not be under the leadership of this affable but apparently undynamic gentleman.

M. Blum spoke very pleasantly and interestingly of whatever may have been the topics of the day. Like many others at that time, I went by the legend that he was a millionaire collector of works of art, and in seeing him it was much easier indeed to picture him surrounded with rare books and precious china than standing on a platform preaching the Revolution to the proletariat. Quite tall and thin, he gave an impression of frailty. His features were definitely those of a man devoted to the spiritual side of life. He himself has remarked that he does not look like a Jew, which is true. All his attitudes were those of ease and even nonchalance. When he spoke, he placed his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, crossed his long legs, leaned backwards in his chair. His voice was that of a cultured man, but soft and curiously pitched — one of those voices which one may imagine might charm women and not men; no mannerism of speech, but a perfectly precise choice of words and faultless diction, as is used by only a limited number of Frenchmen among the thoroughly learned.

He was very well dressed, but not overdressed. He wore spats, which in France is as much a sign of upper-class

smugness as carrying a cane in New York. When he went out, however, he put on a wide-brimmed black felt hat, which is another kind of symbol: it means either radicalism in politics or artistic leanings, like long hair thirty years ago.

I thought that art rather than politics explained that hat of M. Blum's. A man whose manners were so obviously aristocratic was hard to identify as the authentic heir of the great Socialist leader, Jean Jaurès, who had a thick neck, a beard, a powerful accent of the Midi, and who spat in his handkerchief.

In fact I associated M. Blum with only one of the groups to which he did indeed belong, at least in his youth: the intelligentsia of the Proust-Gide-Valéry variety. And for this reason I made a serious mistake: I pigeonholed the future leader of the Popular Front as a man of the past — of a rich and delightful but forever lost era that came to an end some fifteen years ago in France and during which a number of men of talent wrote a number of great books.

III

But this mistake was not altogether useless. It helped me to understand why so many people in France, even among those who are close to him, find it so difficult to reconcile the various aspects of M. Blum's diversified personality. To-day it is naturally the political figure that stands out, and it is from the political angle that he is judged and spoken of. But M. Blum as a political leader cannot be detached from the successive phases of his own life.

That fate should have chosen, in times like these, a man who has so many of the characteristics and also the allure of a dilettante to be the leader of a popular movement is evidently a paradox. The clenched fist which is the salute of the Popular Front seems an odd gesture when it is the fist of M. Blum that is raised. But the paradox is within the

personality of Léon Blum himself. This personality is not made up of any of the elements which serve to compose that of the usual leader of the masses, for the simple reason that Blum was neither chosen nor placed in power by the masses. He became premier through the arithmetics of an election which gave his own party the majority in a coalition of several parties. No personal magnetism, no spellbinding, no self-propaganda campaign, was necessary for that, and as a matter of fact practically no one even among his partisans thought that M. Blum would turn out to be a leader at all in June 1936. But if he showed these qualities of leadership at that precise moment it is because he is the conscious result of a personal evolution of fifty years — an evolution which in many ways has been that of a certain section of French opinion in its outlook on life during the same period. M. Blum could not have been a popular leader one year before, because the French were not ready for such leadership — and probably neither was he.

A proof of this is that M. Blum, who is the apostle of collectivism to-day, was an anarchist in his youth — which does not mean that he went about throwing bombs to blow up kings and presidents, but that he was convinced that 'any communion with other individuals is a fruitless labor and that it is for oneself that the individual must spend all his activity.' In other words, Léon Blum started in life as a thorough individualist, and for that reason he prophesied that the future in France belonged not to socialism but to anarchy. This meant that to preoccupy oneself with politics would have been a sheer waste of time. Thus Léon Blum devoted all his youthful talent and energy to cultivating his ego, in very much the manner that was customary in those days.

He wrote poems and essays. He had a passion for the theatre and made a name for himself among the critics. He contributed actively to the *avant-garde*

publications of the time, such as the *Revue Blanche* and *La Conque*, in which his name can be found in nearly every issue next to those of Mallarmé, Verlaine, André Gide, Pierre Louys, Verhaeren. This was a very exclusive group, whose scorn for the multitude knew no limit.

He was a fervent disciple of Maurice Barrès, who expounded *le Culte du Moi*, a Nietzschean doctrine streamlined for French taste. He fell under the spell of Stendhal, one of the most intoxicating egotists that can be found in any literature of any time.

The style of Léon Blum was always easy and clear. Even in those days he sacrificed eloquence to precision, and except in his poetic attempts, which are mediocre, his literary achievements stand by themselves. He wrote enormously, all his life, either in the periodicals or in the newspapers. Later on in life he was to direct the *Populaire*, the Socialist daily, in which his editorials are those of a first-rate journalist. He wrote on all subjects, including sports. His book on marriage, which has shocked many people and been used against him recently as a political weapon, is an interesting milestone in the long series of psychological studies which occupy a definite place in the tradition of French literature.

He also wrote a curious book called *Nouvelles Conversations de Goethe avec Eckermann*, in which he uses the subterfuge of expressing his own opinions through the voice of Goethe. Next to his remarkable study of Stendhal, this book stands as his best work, and contains — among other themes — the interesting idea that the statesmen of the future will not be the politicians or the specialists, but the critics, because they alone will be able to encompass the complexity of a world increasingly diversified. This book was written during the great moral crisis which was to produce such far-reaching effects not only in Léon Blum's soul but in the whole soul of France.

IV

Born in Paris, the second son of an Alsatian Jew who had been successful in the silk and ribbon business, Léon Blum, from his earliest childhood, had been subject to the dual influence of Jewish home life and of French surroundings. The result was that he acquired all the critical matter-of-factness which French schools in those days gave to a young bourgeois, but also a certain Biblical sense of transcendental Justice which was kept alive, like a fire on the altar, in the moral teachings of his parents.

His grandmother, who kept a bookshop near the Palais de Justice, had witnessed with hopeful fervor the tragic episodes of the Commune in 1871, in which she saw an insurrection of the true republicans against their oppressors. Her more sedate sisters nicknamed her the 'Communarde,' and for her grandson she stood as the heroic figure of revolutionary romantic righteousness. Léon Blum's mother was inspired by a passion for equity which was no less ardent, but more practical, and she applied it at home in the smallest things. For their daily *gouter*, Léon and his brother were given an apple each, but before giving them the fruit Mme. Blum cut each apple in two and gave two different halves to each of her boys.

During his school days and later, Léon Blum came into contact with a world where this scrupulous distribution of justice was not always applied, indeed was frequently tempered by a good deal of Parisian skepticism. But the fire had not died in him (it never has), and the Dreyfus Affair fanned it into a flame.

This case was for Blum, as for most of his contemporaries, the event which was to determine forever the course of his spiritual and political life. Through the fantastic episodes of this historic drama men revealed themselves in their true nature, and they found out that in France (and probably everywhere else) there are only two types of men: those

who put truth and justice above everything else, and those who place a kind of sublime prejudice above everything else. It was through these years of intense struggle which rocked France and nearly brought about a revolution that Blum, and many others with him, realized that what was at stake was not merely the fate of an innocent man wrongfully condemned, but the whole philosophical and political structure of French society. The Dreyfus Affair was understood by them as a sequence of the French Revolution, in the sense that once more established privileges — and of the most sacred kind — had to be attacked in the name of Justice. And for the same reason it can be regarded now as a preface to the bloodless victory of the Popular Front in 1936. The three episodes repeat the same pattern: the periodical storming of the Bastille, which, although it was materially razed in 1789, still stands as the symbol of an eternal conflict between the struggle for more power, in the name of more equality, and the defense of acquired power, in the name of prudence and the sacredness of tradition.

Léon Blum, of course, did not believe and does not believe now that the Bastille is indestructible — quite the contrary; and it was through the Dreyfus Affair that he became a militant reformer of Society. Placed in intimate contact with such men as Lucien Herr, the apostle of Socialism, Jaurès, the leader of the Party, Zola (who was condemned for his exposure of the crooked methods used by the high officials who themselves had condemned Dreyfus), Clemenceau, Anatole France, — all men who risked their career and their safety in the interest of Justice, — it is easy to see how Léon Blum became their convert. He realized that poetry, literature, abstract philosophy, and other individualistic pursuits were not fields in which he could find full expression for his personality. He made up his mind that the Bastille of injustice had to be destroyed, and that this could only be done through

direct contact with other men and by a 'revolution' which would be at once moral and social.

Thus Blum, the individualist and the dilettante, was converted to Socialism, in which he found, as he said himself, an outlet for his intense yearning for justice. But for this reason, and from the very start, the Socialism of M. Blum was of a very particular kind. It was akin to a religion — a personal religion which satisfied both his Cartesian logic and his Jewish aspirations towards a better humanity.

When Léon Blum became the head of the Socialist Party, for reasons of party discipline he accepted the doctrine of Karl Marx, which is the official doctrine. But that does not alter the fact that there is a profound difference between his conception of Socialism, in which he sees a force that will bring about the moral regeneration of mankind, and that of the orthodox Marxists who base their belief purely on materialistic premises and on the determinism of economic forces.

This difference is even more marked when one compares the temperament of the Socialists, the majority of whom in France are influenced by M. Blum, and that of the Communists. Both want to replace the existing order by another, but while the Communists think that this must be achieved by force and immediately, because the masses are unconscious, the Socialists believe that Collectivism can come to pass only when the people are prepared to accept it. The Communists want to impose collective happiness through military discipline, from the top down. The Socialists hope that the people will be educated, or educate themselves, into appreciating the advantages of a collectivist society, as M. Blum did for himself to satisfy both the yearnings of his conscience and the demands of his reason.

In spite of this important distinction, the fact remains that M. Blum is a

Socialist, and during one year, for the first time in the history of the Third Republic, France was governed by a 'Revolutionary' backed by such a majority that it can rightly be said that Léon Blum's power, during twelve months, was as firmly established and as great as President Roosevelt's during the first year of the New Deal.

The analogies between the French and the American situation have been pointed out many times, and although such parallels cannot be pushed too far, they are indicative of certain fundamental trends common to both democracies.

The New Deal in America and the Popular Front movement in France were both the result of the incomprehension of the conservative or moderate governments which preceded them. These governments had tried to meet the depression by applying orthodox methods approved by the oligarchies which supported them, because the methods were theoretically sound and appeared to be less harmful to their own interests. But these methods implied, as unavoidable consequences, a reduction of wages and unemployment without adequate relief. The mass of the people refused to accept these consequences, and the conflict brought home to them the fact that the so-called democratic principles which are supposed to flourish in the United States and in France do not mean in practice that the effective power belongs to the majority, but rather to well-organized minorities, the domination of which is both economic and moral. Hence the revolt in the United States against those whom Mr. Roosevelt has called the 'economic royalists,' and the revolt in France of the Popular Front leaders against the 'Two hundred Families,' and against all the conservative elements which condone them. Hence also the interesting phenomenon that in times of serious economic crisis there is a violent increase of the *democratic* sentiment (in the etymological sense of the

word) and a corresponding weakening of the power, and especially the prestige, of the minority groups and of everything they stand for.

At such a time also there is a strong impulse on the part of the mass of the people to put the whole of their faith in a personal leader who is willing to give priority to the urgency of their demands, and to suspect all the regular institutions of government as being mere tools in the hands of reaction. The leader chosen must understand (to use M. Blum's words) that 'if financial troubles are important in themselves and in their repercussions, they are less grave than war and peace, less grave than unemployment and poverty. However serious, they do not affect the deeper life of the people.'

And what is meant, then, by the 'deeper life of the people,' or 'the more abundant life,' must be expressed in the application of social reforms which had been delayed too long.

This process has been very striking in France, because the French New Deal was infinitely more rapid and more methodical than the American. The Popular Front had published a detailed programme before the elections, and six months after these elections the greater part of that programme had been translated into law. Most of these laws were voted by overwhelming parliamentary majorities which included even vast sections of the opposition who were by now willing to admit that most of the reforms were long overdue.

Thus it would appear that in a democracy social progress can only be achieved at the most inopportune moment — that is, when there is no money to pay for it.

V

For many Frenchmen, of course, the idea of considering M. Blum as a great democratic leader is preposterous. They are as unable to understand why the rest of the world entertains that idea

as are many Americans when they learn that Mr. Roosevelt enjoys the same reputation abroad. Apparently the title of Great Democratic Leader can only be applied to the head of a foreign country, preferably a very distant one.

In the case of M. Blum, the fact that he is not only a Socialist but also a Jew constitutes a handicap which the President of the United States has not had to suffer. Nevertheless, M. Blum has succeeded in overcoming this difficulty by explaining his position as a Socialist and as a Jew with consistent sincerity.

Designated to assume power after the victory of the Popular Front coalition at the polls, he explained that although he intended to remain faithful to his Socialist creed he realized perfectly well that France was not a Socialist country. Besides, in the Popular Front itself, the Socialists were merely the most numerous of a triple alliance including the Radical-Socialists and the Communists. He made it clear also that, the democratic rule being the rule of the Socialists themselves, he had no intention of departing from it. And he did not.

But naturally this was not believed by the opposition. And the alliance with the Communists — to whom M. Blum remained loyal in spite of their frequent attempts to make his task impossible — could not dissuade many honest citizens from thinking that he was playing into the hands of Moscow, whether he wished it or not.

Many pleas were made to M. Blum to abandon his compromising allies, and there is no doubt that he could have found a new and solid majority with the more moderate elements who were most anxious to win over the only really popular leader that France has had in many years. But M. Blum said that he would never go the way of Ramsay MacDonald and *betray* the laboring classes.

It may be argued — and it was — that the laboring classes are not the whole of France, and that to govern in their interest alone is not according to the demo-

cratic process. But here we come to defining what is meant by the laboring classes, — a source of more confusion in the world to-day than all others put together, — and the only answer is that, practically speaking, the laboring classes in France are those who voted for the Popular Front. Nevertheless it would appear that the words 'laboring classes' contain some kind of mystical value, in M. Blum's mind, and he has said and shown that he would willingly sacrifice himself to preserve their 'unity.'

VI

Besides proving that he had great gifts as a popular leader during the twelve months that he was in power, Léon Blum also showed that he had the requirements of a statesman, and that his management of the government — a task entirely new to him — may have been open to criticism from the political point of view, but not otherwise.

This unsuspected ability was quite a revelation, even to most of his friends, but it can be explained if one remembers that for seventeen years he belonged to the Conseil d'État (the nearest equivalent to the Supreme Court). It is a phase of his career that is usually overlooked by his critics, but in this office he acquired a knowledge of the State and of its laws that few political men in France possess. This side of M. Blum's training, his juridical competence, may be the real reason why he is not a mere intellectual or prophetic reformer. It explains also why he has succeeded in creating an undercurrent of confidence even in the minds of his bitterest political opponents.

As for the question of his race, he has himself said that the dual conscience of his French nationality and of his Jewish origin created no conflict in him, but that he recognized both. A minority of his enemies, who suffer from a prejudice which the Nazi propagandists are doing their utmost to encourage in France and

everywhere else, have taken great pains to show that Léon Blum may be a great figure but that he could not be a true Frenchman. They have denounced certain traits of his character as being distinctly Jewish, and therefore un-French, but strangely enough these traits which are picked on are among those which the French usually claim as their own — such as his passion for justice, his ideal of universal tolerance (clearly manifest in the incredibly generous offers of coöperation which he made to Hitler, for instance), the power of his logic, and his unshakable attachment to the cause of peace.

The basic reason for these self-defeating objections, leaving out prejudice, may be that there is indeed something in Blum's personality which is — I will not say un-French — but unusual in a political leader; and that is a capacity for intellectual sincerity blended with a quasi-feminine sensitiveness, an idealism the doors of which are always left open to enable him to seek an escape from the harsh contradictions of reality and soar above them, a general attitude of optimism and faith in the future of humanity which clashes very often with the common sense of a people whom a long history and many adventures have taught that skepticism is not a bad philosophy of life. It may be that Léon Blum is too far removed from the spirit of Montaigne or Voltaire.

VII

Since last June, M. Blum has ceased to be the head of the government. He resigned after the Senate refused to grant him plenary powers to remedy a financial situation which had become alarming. The Senate revolted against the idea of letting a Socialist, however great his popular prestige, take upon himself this kind of responsibility. Naturally the opposition blamed M. Blum for having brought the Treasury to the threshold of bankruptcy, and he in turn accused the

capitalists of having practised a sit-down strike to get him out of office. In fact both were right, but some of M. Blum's partisans thought that he should resist the verdict of the 'reactionary' Senate in order to save the Popular Front. M. Blum refused to resort to such a *coup d'état*. Instead he accepted the post of Vice President in a Cabinet the head of which is M. Chautemps, a Radical-Socialist in whom the Senate has confidence. The Cabinet is still a Popular Front Government, in which M. Blum remains as a sort of guardian of the spirit of the movement.

There are other reasons why M. Blum cannot be dispensed with at the moment, and the most important is certainly the prestige he enjoys in other countries. In the international field, at least, even his enemies are obliged to recognize that he has improved the moral position of France, who has demonstrated her ability, under his management, to operate some fundamental social readjustments without betraying any of the principles which she herself has spread throughout the world. In so doing Léon Blum has been a tremendous factor in strengthening the forces of freedom and liberalism which are so violently attacked by Fascist and Communist ideologies.

An unsolved question is whether Léon Blum, during the year that he was in power, advanced permanently the socialization of France, or whether he merely profited by the periodical swing of the pendulum which, having gone left, has now a tendency to swing back towards the right. In other words, is M. Blum to be judged as a great Socialist or as a great national figure, or both?

This question cannot be answered now, but it is interesting to read to-day a passage of the *New Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann* in which, some forty years ago, Léon Blum seems to have had a prophetic vision of what would happen when a Socialist leader

came into power. In this curious passage, Léon Blum has imagined that Goethe has conceived a Second Faust and that this Second Faust is a Socialist leader living in the modern world: —

To this Faust [says Goethe-Blum] I have given eloquence, prestige, and this magnetic power which compels everyone to believe immediately and in spite of himself in his strength, in his sincerity, in his kindness. I have made him energetic and candid. He is an optimist. . . . He believes that man is just and that only poverty and a faulty civilization have corrupted him. . . . He holds, against Mephistopheles (who is also a Socialist, but a mischievous demagogue), that it is possible to convert those who are happy in this world to the sentiment of their injustice and that they can be made to renounce their privileges through persuasion. Because this Faust is tender, he hates blood. He wants the Revolution to be peaceful and fraternal. . . .

Several scenes are described. In one of them an engineer proposes to Dr. Faust an invention by which cotton mills could dispense with two thirds of their workers. Socialist Faust hesitates. He sees that in the present state of our society science creates unemployment.

Mephistopheles, the agitator, encourages the workers to destroy the new machines. Faust is horrified, but he cannot stop this criminal destruction.

In another scene Faust, who has become a Deputy, is trying to put some order into the methods of work of Parliament. In vain. He tries to do everything alone, he is harassed with responsibilities, while Mephistopheles, who is also an M.P., mocks him and says: 'Now you have become a *bourgeois* business man!'

And how does this all end? asks Eckermann.

What you want to know, I presume, answers Goethe, is whether enterprises analogous to that of my *Faust* have a chance to succeed. Personally, I am thoroughly convinced that they can. But personal convictions have nothing to do with the matter. All that we can do to-day is to ask some questions clearly and accurately. Time alone will give us the answers.

Thus, forty years ago Léon Blum knew that the better world of his dreams would be slow to come. But there is no reason to believe that, with age, he has lost patience.

ELECTRIC STORM

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

I

MISS MINTON thought she had never experienced worse heat than this, and she knew a good deal about heat. When she had first come to Canada from her native Lancashire she had spent several years on the Western prairie. She had seen the parched land crack for lack of moisture. She had seen cattle die for lack of food because drought and heat had killed the grass. She had seen the prairie bleached to nothingness.

Yet, standing in the doorway of her cottage on this August afternoon, she said out loud, though she was alone except for her cats: —

‘I have never felt anything like it!’

Probably she was wrong. The natives of this well-wooded corner of Ontario, with the great lake lapping its shore, would have said that she did not know what she was talking about, that she was deliberately giving the place a bad name, that she was crazy. As she was talking to herself, they would have inclined toward the last belief.

She was far too gentle to have argued with them, but as there was no one there to contradict her she repeated: —

‘I’ve never felt anything like it! It’s enough to kill a cat, isn’t it, Timmie?’

Timmie was a tawny yellow Persian cat, thirteen years old, with a flat, inscrutable, angry face. As a kitten her disposition had been spoiled and she had never got over it, though she had been comforted, petted, fed on her favorite foods for six years, by Miss Minton. It was certain that Timmie’s yellow eyes

were always looking for trouble, and generally finding it.

She had been given to Miss Minton, rather against Miss Minton’s will. But she had no power of resistance where animals were concerned. Indeed she had little power of resistance where the desires of people were concerned, having spent a great part of her life in nursing relatives and friends through illnesses, looking after their children when they died, undertaking, without protest, tasks that were too heavy for her.

Not that she was spiritless. On the contrary, she had very good spirits, and, when it came to endurance and making the best of a bad job, she had a quite remarkable courage.

She had two blessings which she was always thankful for. She had work she loved and congenial companionship. The work was weaving, the companionship cats.

She earned her living by weaving, which she did on an enormous old loom brought from Newfoundland. It quite filled her little living room, overshadowing all else.

Sometimes it seemed to her like an instrument she could play on. It hummed and throbbed and even sang to her. Yet, unlike the songs of other instruments, its music did not die on the air, but was captured, held fast, in the colors and textures of the stuffs she wove.

In truth Miss Minton had the soul of an artist.

Now, as she turned from the doorway and cast her eyes over the work she had done that day, she saw to her dismay that she had captured something of the sultry August heat and woven it into the scarf she was making.

Surely that threatening purple, that sulphuric yellow streak, were not a part of her original design! Surely the patron who had ordered this scarf would be dissatisfied and it would remain on her hands, unsold!

She decided that she did not much care. She liked the scarf. The weaving of it had helped her to endure the crushing heat. Now the sun was burning its way towards the west. Before many hours the relief of the evening would come. Then she and the cats would stroll together in the moonlight. She would give them something special for their supper. Their saucers of milk stood untouched, soured by the heat.

Before she sat down at the loom she went to see what the thermometer, hanging beside the window, registered. The mercury just touched 102 degrees. There was not a breath of air. The vine outside the window hung limp and lifeless. She pressed her fingers on the earth of the potted fern and found that it was still moist. The fern bore up well.

She placed herself on the seat before the loom and began to work the treadles. The low humming sound soothed her nerves. She smiled at the three cats because they were watching her so closely. Their pairs of eyes glowed at her and there was a different expression in each pair. Timmie's looked angry and yet amused, as though she had a rather sinister joke up her sleeve. Patchy's eyes were pleading, and Ali's bewildered and a little frightened.

Timmie was in her favorite seat on top of the loom. From this point she could see all that was going on, both outside the door and in the room, even while she appeared to keep her gaze fixed on Miss Minton's deftly moving hands. Patchy sat in the rocking chair, from where she

could look down into the box in which the kitten lay curled in a close yellow ball. It was a week old.

Ali sat on the window ledge. It was through this window that he made all his exits and entrances. In a sense, he was the outsider, for he never had kittens. He was Timmie's grandson and bore a spurious resemblance to her, being twice removed from the Persian.

The habit of having kittens was so firmly fixed in Timmie that her thirteen years had yet scarcely hampered her. She had them several times a year, always tawny like herself, always of weaker physique. She was still strong, though she had gone through many an illness, in addition to the bearing of kittens.

Disposing of Timmie's kittens had, in the past six years, been one of the chief problems of Miss Minton's life. There was also the disposal of Patchy's kittens to vex her.

The kittens were all so sweet, yet everyone in the neighborhood, and even beyond the neighborhood, had been supplied. The drowning of kittens hung over Miss Minton like a cloud; whenever she saw the bodies of Timmie and Patchy beginning to swell and sag the thought came, with a pang of pain, 'More kittens to find homes for! What if I can't do it? What if they must all be drowned?'

There had been drownings lately. Miss Minton and Timmie and Patchy had been having a very bad time. Just a week ago Timmie had had kittens. The one comfort about it was that her litters were growing smaller. There were not so many kittens to dispose of. In the last litter there had been only three. Two of them had to be drowned and the third now lay curled in the box, not minding the heat at all. A good home had been found for it when it was older. Miss Minton thanked goodness for that.

Two days after Timmie had had her kittens Patchy had given birth to four. No one had wanted them, so they were all drowned. The drowning was made as easy as possible for Miss Minton by

the good-natured Finn who occupied the other half of the cottage. But nothing could make drowning easy for the kittens. The day it was done Miss Minton had sat at her loom with tears streaming down her cheeks, and her emotion had turned a quite gay scarf she was making into a sombre one. One kitten left out of seven! It was hard — it was hard!

The problem of Patchy's bereaved heart had been mercifully solved. A few hours after her kittens were born Timmie had picked up her own kitten and leaped with it into the box beside Patchy. When Patchy's four kittens were destroyed the two mothers had attended to the one remaining kitten with thoroughness and mutual content. There was peace in the cottage. It was only Miss Minton who now and then gave a thought to the little lost lives.

Then suddenly, the day before yesterday, Patchy had turned against Ali. She was his aunt. What relation he was to the various litters of kittens was a mystery, even to the cats. But his manner disclaimed all connection with them.

He had come into the room with his usual slinking, apologetic air, when Patchy, with a scream that had gone right through Miss Minton, leaped from the kitten's box and flung herself at him. He had fled from the room horrified.

Whatever was in Patchy's mind against Ali she had been able to communicate to Timmie. When evening came and he stole fearfully home, first Patchy had flung herself at him shrieking, then Timmie had descended on him from the top of the loom, with a still more savage yell.

The noise had been so terrible that the Finn and his wife had run from their side of the cottage to see what was the matter. He had suggested that the remaining kitten might be the bone of contention and that perhaps he had better drown it. With her dark blue eyes flashing, her small head with its mass of iron-gray hair erect, Miss Minton had almost driven him from the room. Indeed, in

that moment she had got rid of feelings she had harbored against the Germans. Good-natured as the Finns were, their nearness was a trial to her, their noise, their litter, their never-ceasing foreign talk that penetrated through the thin partitions. She blamed herself for feeling resentful toward them. They were kind neighbors and she could always depend on him to — oh, why did the thought of drowning kittens return so painfully to her mind?

The heat had, it seemed, softened the bitterness of both grandmother and aunt toward Ali. That day he had gone in and out of the cottage unmolested. Now they did not even glance at him as he sat on the window ledge. He kept his eyes fixed on the strip of flypaper that dangled from the ceiling, where a score of flies buzzed their death song. His long thin tail, in contrast to the thick fluffy tails of his aunt and grandmother, occasionally twitched.

Miss Minton found it hard to move the treadles. The power seemed to have gone out of her legs, but she worked on. The scarf she was weaving showed an almost sinister individuality. She did not feel able to control it. The eyes of all three cats closed. They dozed to the humming of the loom. The kitten, which had never yet seen the light, curled itself in deep primeval slumber.

II

Sunset brought little relief from the heat except that the impersonal glare of the sun was gone. With it went any stir of air that had enlivened the day. There seemed nothing to breathe.

Miss Minton felt that she wanted a good drink of cold water more than anything on earth. She took a tin pail from the bench in the kitchen and set out. There was no water supply in the cottage. She had to carry it from the neighbor's well, excepting the rain water which she caught from the eaves. But there had been no rain for weeks.

She had to cross a field to get to the well. The cats followed her, Ali keeping in the rear, now and again uttering a soundless mew. The corn in the field stood harsh and dry, ants scurried on the sandy soil, and locusts chirped their thin dry song.

Miss Minton pumped and pumped, seeking the cold water at the bottom of the well. Some of the water splashed over her feet and the cool moisture pleased her. Then she remembered that drought had made the water low and that she must not waste it. She filled her pail. The cats lapped the pool in the pump stand.

In her kitchen she drank long from the shining tin dipper. She felt refreshed, but the thick hair hung heavy and moist on her forehead. She remembered that she had promised the cats a special treat for their supper. It must be a tin of salmon.

There was just enough in the tin for the three of them. She gave the most generous portion to the females because of all they had been through lately, eking out Ali's portion with some cold rice, of which he was very fond. He waited till Timmie and Patchy were eating before he approached Miss Minton. His mouth was open in an apologetic smile.

All three attacked the fish with avidity, making hissing noises as they drew it into their mouths. The very smell of it in such weather was almost too much for Miss Minton. She made herself a pot of tea and ate a few biscuits.

She had hoped for a moonlit evening, but now remembered that the moon would not rise till after midnight. She went down the path and sat on the grass a little distance from the cottage, for she felt that she could not talk to her neighbors. They were sitting on their verandah, the man smoking, the woman peeling apples for apple sauce.

The quick dusk had already fallen, but no dew. A mood of playfulness had descended on the cats. They darted about her, peering at each other through

the long grass. Even Ali ventured to join in the play. But he was wary.

Miss Minton had brought the kitten in the crook of her arm so that it might breathe the air. It seemed to her that she could not remember the time when there was not a kitten to curl in the crook of her arm. Now and again it stretched its tiny legs and she felt its claws, as fine as the finest fishbones.

Heat lightning played on the horizon, and as the evening drew on there were rumbles of distant thunder. Perhaps a storm would come and cool the air. Perhaps there would be rain! She pictured how the rain would soak into the parched earth, how refreshed all living things would be by it.

At last she called the cats and went slowly back to the cottage. Her neighbors had gone to bed and it was very quiet. The tall pine that stood at either end of the cottage loomed darker than the dark sky. She had always liked these trees, but often felt them to be a danger.

The cottage seemed even more breathlessly hot than it had during the day. It stood, as an island of heat, in the sea of night. She felt that she should like to sleep on the verandah, but she was sure a storm was coming up and her tired body longed for the ease of her bed. She locked the screen door, returned the kitten to its box, and made ready for the night. Ali leaped to his place on the window ledge and peered out. Timmie and Patchy got into the box with the kitten and both made as though to nurse it. It stretched between them, in the heat of their furry bodies, and at last discovered a teat. Miss Minton could not tell which cat the teat belonged to, but she heard a contented purring from them both.

III

Miss Minton was woken from a heavy sleep by something moving over her. She was not as startled as some might be, for occasionally one of the cats took it

into its head to sleep on her bed. But there was something different in this. The cat walked the length of the bed making soft trilling noises in its throat, talking, without doubt, to the kitten. In another moment the kitten was introduced under the edge of the sheet against Miss Minton's neck. It pressed its tiny claws into her and mewed faintly.

'Oh, naughty, naughty!' said Miss Minton. 'Which of you two has done this?' She turned on the light and saw Timmie standing on the side of the bed looking angry and roguish and pleased with herself.

'It cannot be,' said Miss Minton. 'I cannot have the kitten in bed with me. I might roll on it and smother it. Besides — well, Timmie, you ought to know better.'

She got up and carried the kitten back to its box. Patchy was lolling there with arms open for it. Miss Minton laid the kitten on Patchy's breast and it scrambled there, hunting for a teat. Timmie leaped into the box also. Ali was curled up in the rocking chair.

When the light was out and she was back in bed Miss Minton had a glimpse of her room in a vivid flash of lightning. There was an angry flourish to this lightning very different from what she had seen earlier in the night. She would be glad of a storm if it brought plenty of rain. She kept her thoughts quiet and again fell asleep.

She was dreaming of rain in an English garden. She was trying to discover whose garden it was and why she herself was in it when she was again woken by one of the cats walking over her. She was instantly tense, almost alarmed. She put out her hands to feel which cat it was. She put one of her hands right on the kitten, held in the cat's mouth. Miss Minton ran her hands over the cat's sides and knew her to be Patchy. The fur was less long and fine than Timmie's. She exclaimed: —

'Whatever have you in your silly minds to-night? You are making me

angry, do you know that? And making me lose my sleep, which I need!'

She got out of bed and turned on the light. Patchy dived under the sheet and deposited the kitten there.

Miss Minton carried the kitten back to the box, Patchy following, purring loudly. Timmie lolled on her back, arms spread to welcome the kitten. Miss Minton laid it on Timmie's breast. It meowed feebly. Patchy sprang in beside them. Ali had left the chair and was sitting on the loom. He stared at the strip of flypaper that dangled from the ceiling just as though he had never left off staring at it.

Miss Minton went back to bed.

There was almost continual lightning now, and a small faint breeze that rustled the dry needles of the pine above the cottage. Miss Minton felt it on her face and was thankful. She lay awhile listening for thunder, but it did not come. Again she fell asleep.

But her mind was disturbed. She never ceased dreaming. Now she was back in the prairie province. She could see the prairies stretching on and on to the horizon, feel the hot wind that swept across them.

Almost before the cat was on the bed she was awake. She was angry with it, yet she had to laugh. It was so ridiculous, this bringing of the kitten to her bed. She wished she had not taken off the door and substituted a woven curtain. Then she might have shut herself in. This time it was Timmie who brought the kitten.

The next time it was Patchy.

The next time it was Timmie.

The next time it was Timmie again. The breeze was stronger now, and all the boards of the frail cottage were straining as though it were an unseaworthy ship.

Now neither of the cats would get into the box with the kitten. They walked up and down the room, waving their plumed tails, staring with hostile looks at Miss Minton. Ali sat on top of the loom staring at the fly paper. A dead branch

of one of the pines was sawing against the roof as though it would saw it in two.

IV

For a long time Miss Minton could not sleep, yet the cats made no attempt to come in to her. She knew that they paced up and down in the outer room, waiting for her to sleep.

When at last the fitful slumber came to her she dreamed that the loom was spinning of itself, humming and turning, turning and humming. Over and over it hummed the words, 'The mother-one gave birth to another one. . . . The mother-one gave birth to another one. . . .' For some reason Miss Minton disliked these words very much and felt bitter towards the loom for humming them.

She was woken by a terrible commotion taking place on top of her.

She was so excited that she struck out blindly. The furry body that her hand encountered leaped to the floor with a scream, then back again to the bed. There was a flash of lightning so steady, so brilliant, that, sitting up wildly, she saw exactly what was going on.

Timmie and Patchy were both on her bed, scrabbling desperately to extract something that had fallen between the mattress and the wall. Their long arms stretched, they pawed and peered, hindering each other, spitting and sneering at each other. It was the poor kitten that was wedged there between bed and wall!

They had thought to force her to submission by coming together! The one she had struck — she was sure it was Timmie — had given her a nasty scratch on the hand. Blood was oozing through.

'Oh, you bad cats! You wicked things!' she cried. She had never spoken to them so before.

She put her hand to her mouth and sucked the wound. She was surprised to find that she was in darkness. What she had seen was vivid in her mind, every

hair of the angry cats, their upright bushy tails, their glowing eyes. 'Dear heaven,' she thought, 'the kitten may be dead!'

She sprang from the bed and turned on the light.

The cats saw that she had taken the situation in hand. They withdrew composedly to the foot of the bed. She stood a moment irresolute, afraid to draw the bed from the wall, afraid to see the limp, smothered body of the kitten.

All air seemed gone from the room, as though the night had sucked it out to add to the approaching storm. The hands of her little clock on the dressing table pointed to three. She counted three drops of blood on the back of her hand.

'One, two, three,' she counted aloud, and, as though the storm had been waiting for this signal from her, a shattering clap of thunder burst from the sky.

Miss Minton screamed in terror and put her hands to her horrified ears. The two cats simultaneously leaped straight into the air, then again stood rigid, staring at her. An attenuated whisper of a mew came from the kitten. It was alive! Miss Minton drew the bed from the wall a little way, put down her hand and rescued it.

Its fur was in wet tufts from so much carrying about and pawing. It opened its pink mouth and curled its tiny tongue.

'Dear little kitty!' she breathed, snuggling it.

Now came a shrill whistling sound of wind. Forked lightning split open the sky, which clapped itself together again in consternation.

'This time,' said Miss Minton, 'I shall put you both in the box with the kitten and cover you up, so you can't get out. Why did n't I think of that before?'

She laid the kitten in the box, then ran about closing windows. Rain was beginning to lash against the walls. She wondered about Ali, then saw him sitting on the rocking chair peering into the box at the kitten. The rocking chair swayed slightly.

She was struggling with the stiff latch of the kitchen window when she heard screeches of rage from the mother cats. The screeches seemed ripped from their innermost being. She ran back to the living room.

Timmie and Patchy stood by the kitten's box, their lips drawn from their pointed teeth, every hair on end, their tails lashing in rage. Ali was in the box with the kitten. . . .

Whether some latent bond between him and the newborn creature was stirred to life by the storm, whether male curiosity concerning the activities of the females had got the better of him, or whether some perverse desire to enrage them had given him courage for this, could only be guessed at. He peered up at them with his half-sneering, half-apologetic look. The kitten crawled over his lean breast searching vainly for succor.

Simultaneously with a flash of lightning that discovered the outside world in livid detail, his grandmother and his aunt leaped on him. The box became a whirlpool of writhing tawny bodies, their shrieks mingled with the sharp crackle of thunder.

In and out of the whirlpool the kitten's body appeared, helpless as a leaf on Niagara. Miss Minton was brave, but she dared not put her hand into that box. She stood petrified, her small oval face very pale, waiting for the moment when she might help.

Suddenly Ali shot from the box and tore like a yellow streak around the room, the she-cats after him. The kitten was hurled to the floor. It lifted its face from side to side like a blind worm.

Ali fled to the bedroom. Miss Minton had a glimpse of the three speeding across the bed.

They came out again, and for a space ran head to tail in a frenzied circle. Even Ali's tail looked bushy. He was panic

personified. He fled to the kitchen and Miss Minton heard the overturn of the pail of water from the bench. When they reappeared Ali's fur clung to him in wet tufts.

He sprang on to the rocking chair and from there to the top of the loom. The three ran across the top of the loom like a fantastical frieze. Miss Minton heard herself laughing. There was a deafening, splintering crash, as one of the pine trees was struck by lightning.

From the top of the loom Ali described a wide arc toward the door. Miss Minton sprang forward and threw it wide. The three cats shot out into the livid brightness. She shut the door.

She picked up the kitten and held it under her chin. It snuggled weakly there. A thumping came on the wooden partition and the Finn's voice called out, 'De beeg tree is bust!'

With the blasting of the pine the storm had spent its power. First a lull came, then a longer lull, then a gentle silence with a faint patter of rain to break it.

Miss Minton did not wake till nine o'clock. The kitten was still asleep beneath her chin. Sweet cool air and the smell of the refreshed earth filled the cottage.

When she opened the door the three cats entered, Ali behind the others. Each one of them bore some mark of the battle of the night before, but Ali bore the most. Patchy at once leaped into the box beside the kitten and began to nurse it. Timmie leaped after her and began to lick it vigorously. Ali took his place on the window ledge and stared up at the flypaper.

Miss Minton picked up the bottle of fresh milk left by the milkman. All three cats began to purr. First she filled her little milk jug, then their three saucers. Then she put the kettle on.

An exquisite breeze blew into the cottage. She saw the loom waiting for her, the happy cats lapping. She smiled.

THE HALT OF RACKETEERING

BY ROBERT I. CENTER

I

ON May 13, 1936, Thomas E. Dewey arose to address the jury. Ten months had elapsed since his appointment by Governor Lehman as Deputy Assistant District Attorney and Special Prosecutor investigating rackets in New York City. The public had been dubious then, and it was skeptical now. Smash the rackets? Citizens of the metropolis laughed mirthlessly over their morning papers. Who was this Dewey, anyway? Remembering other crusading lawyers whose partially successful efforts had soon been buried and forgotten, they could not foresee that they would soon have their answer.

In two years of activity the thirty-five-year-old Special Prosecutor has had seventy-two convictions out of seventy-three cases judicially determined, and the heat, as they say in the underworld, is still turned on. To his task he has brought, first of all, an admirable courage. He has selected men and women lawyers of absolute integrity for his staff, inspired them to great loyalty, and exacted an inestimable amount of toil. Dewey's ability to prepare airtight cases and organize innumerable details before coming into court has been almost uncanny. Months of quiet, thorough work by picked investigators precede each case before it is presented in court.

On the May day in 1936 began the case of the People versus Charles 'Lucky' Luciano and twelve other defendants, on trial for compulsory prosti-

tution and conspiracy. Other trials have followed, all of great importance, but the Luciano case, perfectly illustrating the habits and weapons of the racketeer at bay, is perhaps the most remarkable. Certainly it is the most interesting.

Not all the dusty dignity of the law, the studied bleakness of an American courtroom, or the lumbering awkwardness of justice setting itself in motion was sufficient to throttle the dramatic tension which pervaded the room when Dewey first addressed the jury. Except that he lacked the physical characteristics and would have scorned the observation, he might have been billed as the ringmaster of a show such as the metropolis had never seen before. His theme was compulsory prostitution. For star performer, although an unwilling one, he had a peculiarly celebrated gangster, as able an exponent of high-powered racketeering as was still at large. For featured players he could offer a cast of shake-down artists, stick-up men, narcotics peddlers, loan sharks, and procurers, through which ran a sprinkling of well-known trial lawyers. For chorus he had collected one hundred and twenty-five prostitutes and madams from the hotels, apartments, and sidewalks of New York. And finally there was Supreme Court Justice Philip J. McCook, presiding grimly and honorably from his high bench.

Dewey's speech to the jurors, which rang up the curtain, was relatively brief and to the point, but before it was over

it was apparent that the real defendant was not in court, except by proxy. That defendant was public apathy, verging at one extreme into active collusion with the underworld; and it was clearly the task of the investigators, not only in this trial but in those to follow, to convert that apathy into intelligent coöperation by relentless prosecution of the proxies.

Working from five to six hours a day for more than six months, a special grand jury had heard more than five hundred witnesses give testimony concerning this case and others yet to be tried. A special trial jury had been drawn from a panel composed of two thousand business men known as Special Jurors. From this panel two hundred names had been drawn. Dewey had investigated each of these two hundred before the trial started. The fourteen individuals, twelve regular jurors and two alternates, who now faced him from the jury box as he spoke were the survivors of a stormy period of challenge and selection. In their hands lay a number of decisions — the personal future of the young prosecutor, of course, and that of the ten remaining defendants (three had already pleaded guilty and another would follow suit when the prosecution rested); but also, and more important, the question of whether the racket, that tough and complicated web which had fixed itself upon every type and level of American daily life, could be broken. For the next four weeks, headlines would blaze. Over breakfast tables, in subways, on commuters' trains, in barrooms, men and women would eagerly, hungrily follow every word of testimony. There were two real reasons.

One of the reasons was Charles 'Lucky' Luciano, a dark, swarthy Italian with curly black hair. On this first day of the trial both jurors and spectators eyed him with a puzzled, guarded curiosity. When he smiled, and he did smile frequently all through the trial, his face became rather attractive, but in repose it was heavily sinister. The left

eyelid drooped. Luciano's nickname had been given him by the underworld, which had also left him visible and convincing evidence of its truth — three long, thin scars on his chin and throat. In 1929 he had been powerful enough to incur the wrath of rival gangsters, who took him for a ride on Staten Island, put several bullets into his body, and cut his throat three times from ear to ear. Surprisingly enough, he had survived to become the head man of an intricate organization of crime, residing and conducting some of his operations from the exclusive Waldorf Towers in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Luciano's early record had helped to build his sobriquet. At eighteen he was arrested and convicted of peddling dope. Thereafter he was arrested many times, but never served a sentence. Along the White Light district of Broadway and in the gambling joints and night spots of Saratoga Springs and Miami Beach he was known as a spectacular gambler, who not only bet on horses and played at roulette and dice, but also operated gambling establishments of his own. Gradually, as better-known racketeers passed from the picture, he came to power. An ace operator when Dewey took up the trial, Luciano was involved in so many lines that it was difficult to decide on what racket to indict him, but compulsory prostitution was finally selected — a shrewd choice. Although a part of New York's annual crime tribute of \$200,000,000 passed through his hands, he had managed to evade income taxes so astutely that the net which caught Al Capone could not snare Luciano. He kept no books, knew all about the statute of limitations, and was not smoked out on income until after the Dewey investigation began. Then he filed a federal income tax report showing a meagre \$20,000 income, but no state report. Cool, mysterious, and menacing, Luciano commanded the spotlight. He was only one of thirteen men indicted on ninety counts, — later reduced to sixty-

two because of lack of time to present evidence, — but to the public this was certainly going to be 'Lucky's trial,' and his alone.

The other factor inflaming public curiosity was the charge itself. One hundred and twenty-five prostitutes were assembled in one room to speak their pieces under oath. Yet not prostitution, but the machine controlling and cashing in on the traffic, was on trial. Dewey's actual knockout punches were not of interest to the crowd, which had its eye cocked for the more lurid and spectacular details. This misplaced emphasis was of inestimable value; it commanded an audience and it ought to magnify the final result throughout the land.

In passing, it is interesting to note that in later actions, such as that completed recently with the conviction of seven restaurant racketeers and the conviction of four bakery racketeers, the daily testimony was exceedingly dull and the significance would have been entirely lost on the public had the latter not still been under the spell of the Luciano trial.

II

But on this May Day Justice McCook's courtroom was like many another in the land. Some of the spectators' benches had been removed to make room for the host of defendants, lawyers, and newspaper men. About the table of the prosecutor, directly in front of the jury box, sat five of Dewey's assistants, picked for court duty. All of them were under forty. All had made financial sacrifices to enlist in this war against the city's racketeers. All had been selected for their ability and without regard for creed, color, or even race — Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, and one colored woman.

At the defense table directly before the bench sat nine middle-aged, experienced criminal lawyers. One of them had been in practice more than thirty years. All of them were over forty, and

undoubtedly all of them were highly paid. One was reliably reported to have received a \$50,000 retainer, \$5000 for each week the trial lasted, and a promise of another \$50,000 in case of an acquittal. The contrast between the two camps caused spectators to open their eyes and shake their heads.

Some of the defendants sat at the counsel tables; others were near by with detectives and court attendants. From the defense table to the wall there were seated approximately forty people — a fact that severely taxed the already terrified witnesses during necessary identifications. The defendants and their lawyers were to employ every device to add to the confusion — changing ties, putting glasses on and off, moving from one position to another, sitting in front of each other, refusing to rise. It was early apparent that identity was a commodity they would gladly sell short.

Luciano, the boss, sat unperturbed, tapping a yellow pencil. Near him was 'Little Abie' Wahrman, the youngest defendant. A twenty-year-old Jewish boy with a round face and very thick lips, he gave an appearance of alertness, following Dewey's words with interest. As the trial progressed, he would frequently send his attorney scribbled notes compiled with the aid of a card index. Youthful he may have been, but ruthless he was also, demanding tribute from his underlings and always getting it.

Next in command to Luciano was the Italian, 'Little Davie' Betillo, the only one of the unholy group who could possibly be considered good-looking, even though his looks were tinged with a refined cruelty. Tall and slender, with curly blond hair, Betillo had an unstable nature, showing anger and defiance. Later in the trial he was to shout down a witness from his chair.

Treasurer of Luciano's combination was Tommy Pennochio, nicknamed 'The Bull.' A large, heavy Italian, he had smashed his way through obstacles by

sheer physical power. In Justice McCook's courtroom he showed little intelligence, frequently went to sleep.

Five others, four of them of Jewish descent, completed the combination against which Dewey was training his guns. Benny Spiller, tall and slight, had a large, ugly nose and ears that stuck out. He also had a card index. Stocky Ralph Liguori, whose habit was to kick women in the stomach and ribs when they disagreed with him, was to prove defiant and an easy liar. Heavy-jawed and glowering was James Frederico, Luciano's collector. He had long ago discovered a lead pipe or a crashing fist to be his favorite argument. Jesse Jacobs and his brother-in-law, Meyer Berkman, were the bonders for the combination. The former appeared capable and ruthless, and apparently dominated Berkman, who was weak-natured and drab — one spectator termed him a 'mouse in rat's clothing.'

As he faced the jury box on the first day of the trial, Dewey was sharply conscious of the odds against him, despite the early defections on the part of the accused. Since July 29, 1935, when the young prosecutor had been sworn in by Justice McCook, until this day nearly ten months later, he and his assistants had labored to prepare a case against the \$12,000,000 prostitution racket in New York City. On February 1, he had raided one hundred and twenty-five houses of prostitution in New York County, but in spite of the fact that the details of the raid were secretly arranged with the commissioner of police, sixty-five houses had been closed when the special squad descended. From the remaining sixty houses he took one hundred and twenty-five women, and held them as material witnesses. On these he had to build his case. It was like building on quicksand. The structure might totally disappear at any moment.

When first questioned, every woman, with one exception, made a false statement. Each was overcome by stark,

paralyzing terror, knowing that the first vengeance of the underworld was directed against squealers. In the past five years there had been other girls who talked. They were stripped, tortured with lighted cigar butts, their feet burned, their cheeks slit, and their families threatened with death.

Dewey had guarded his witnesses carefully. After the raid each witness was given a medical examination, and when it was found that any one of them was addicted to drugs a cure was arranged. After a six-day period of treatment, no drugs were permitted. Only about 10 per cent of the witnesses had been users of narcotics at the time they were apprehended, and when the trial opened they had been non-users for four months. They were hidden in various jails, in apartments, and in hotels, always under police protection. Each woman was allowed to shop and go out to dinner at least twice a month, when policemen were available as escorts. Surprised at considerate treatment, won by sympathy, and convinced that the state meant to protect them, the material witnesses began to talk. Even then they might not tell the whole truth. Five — ten — fifteen times they were led over details, and interlocking facts checked. But there was no getting away from the fact that the people's case was based on prostitutes, brothel keepers, bookers, drug addicts, thieves, and housekeepers. Testifying for the defense there were dope peddlers, gamblers, bartenders, race-horse owners, bookmakers, and a music publisher, among others. The procession began.

Specifically, the problem of the prosecution was to prove that the defendants had conspired to form a combination which received money from prostitutes. If it could be proved that a conspiracy had existed, then the defendants were equally guilty of placing a girl in a house, receiving money from her, and also taking money for placing her in a house. This was a difficult task because, under

the law, neither Luciano nor the other defendants had actually to place a girl in a house. Therefore, it had to be shown in court that the money received by underlings ultimately reached Luciano and the other defendants. This, too, was difficult of proof because of the low calibre of the witnesses, and because, under the law, no accomplice's testimony as a witness can be accepted as evidence in a court unless it is corroborated by another witness.

Luciano probably never physically placed any girl in a house, nor did he know many of the madams or prostitutes. He merely sat in an expensive hotel suite and let assistants run his business for him. But the law provides that if a conspiracy exists, then two or more people can be tried together, and all are held responsible for each other's acts regardless of when they entered the combination. For the first time in twenty years, racketeers were actually being accused and tried on the specific charge of running a certain racket, instead of on collateral charges under the income tax or other statutes. It was necessary for the jury, even if convinced of the defendants' guilt, to follow the intricate path of each individual through the mazes of sixty-two counts, and follow that path correctly. It was also important that in the presentation of the case the prosecution should avoid permitting any technical errors to creep into the case which might lead to the reversal on appeal of a verdict of guilty. This was probably one of the most cumbersome trials in history, with confusion and lying weighing the scales heavily for the racketeers.

III

For four weeks the parade of witnesses wound its way into the courtroom. The longest examination, that of Madam Mildred Harris, was nine and a half hours. An extraordinary woman and a damaging witness, she made but a single

and very obvious slip. Runner-up in point of time was another madam, Florence ('Cokey Flo') Brown, who made no slips at all. Such conduct was the exception rather than the rule, however.

The jury heard twenty-two-year-old Margaret Martino, who had attended business college and worked in an office. In 1932 her fiancé had died, and she was heartbroken. A year later she met a stranger in a restaurant who told her all about the advantages of prostitution. It seemed attractive.

Joan Martin, a forty-three-year-old madam, was a Rumanian who had come to America at the age of six. A plain woman, wearing glasses, she told of becoming a prostitute at fourteen, of being convicted and serving three years at Bedford Hills Reformatory, which she liked very much and hated to leave. She married, was separated, waited on tables, lost her job, walked the streets. To support her mother she established a house — and was then visited by representatives of the combination. After twice refusing their overtures, she one night admitted three men who robbed her apartment, even taking \$1.08 from a girl's purse. One hit her over the head with a ten-inch pipe. She paid up. Later, when she tried to move, she was found and the performance repeated, except that on this occasion the pipe was fifteen inches long, and the victim went to the hospital. Joan Martin stepped from the witness stand and showed the jury two scars in her scalp where stitches had been taken. Leader of the stick-up men had been Liguori. Receiver of her money had been Frederico, who, it seemed, — according to her shouted accusations, — sold forged drivers' licenses to prostitutes and madams as a side line.

One Dave Marcus, a defendant who had pleaded guilty, took the stand to describe himself as the biggest booker in New York. He had paid an income tax for three years preceding the trial. Like

the others, he had a curious sensitive spot. He had allowed his wife to collect for him and to run a disorderly house, but objected violently to the insinuation that she was a prostitute.

The only voluntary witness at the trial appeared, according to her testimony, because she wanted to get back some of her self-respect. She had been held forcibly in a house for a week, but later returned to the business voluntarily. For a time she had lived with a man, supporting him while he was sick without his knowing the nature of her source of income. After her came hotel managers, bath maids, waiters.

A sneak thief by his own admission, Joe Bendix told of knowing Luciano for nine years, of having been promised a job in the combination — a promise that was never kept. Typical of the characters who testified, Bendix was a tough customer — shrewd, cocky, a congenital liar. In his time he had painted the murals in a prominent New York night club and been art editor of a New York Central house organ. A fourth offender, he came down from Sing Sing to testify.

The courtroom sat up straighter when small, plump Thelma Jordan, a hotel prostitute, proved to be the daughter of a state official in the Middle West. As a young girl she had worked the carnivals before coming to New York. For two years she had been sending money home.

Most sensational among the prostitutes to testify was blonde and impudent Nancy Presser, a drug addict who had practised the trade of a 'call girl' — a prostitute who can be summoned by telephone to an apartment or hotel room. She had been an artist's model at fifteen, and had begun by inviting her customers to her rooms. The 'call girl' was exceedingly distasteful to the combination, because she was out of their control and therefore not readily assessable. But Nancy's practice was remedied by Liguori, with whom she went to live. He strangled her and broke three ribs with a kick. Then she went into a house.

Dewey's methods were interesting as witness followed witness. Giving only a brief time to direct examination, he would invariably anticipate the thinking of the defense counsel. By their slow-wittedness some of the latter gentlemen almost qualified as lawyers for the prosecution on many occasions. From the beginning, the defense counsel seemed unable to agree on the method of conducting their trial. At one time they introduced as much disgusting and irrelevant matter as possible, and too late sensed that it would be wiser to stick to facts.

One of the potent threats held over the head of the people's witnesses was that of publicity. Prostitutes invariably used a different name each week, as they moved from house to house, and the defendants threatened to supply trial stories, with the girls' true names, to their home-town newspapers. Since they knew more about the witnesses than the prosecutor did, this was always a possibility.

Through the four weeks of the trial Dewey was haunted by the spectre of bribery. So great was the political power of the combination that it was reported in the press that judgeships in any court in New York were freely offered to his assistants. In one case, such an offer was reported to have been backed up with a guarantee of \$250,000. But according to the rules of evidence it was impossible to introduce these instances into the course of the trial. One witness never appeared in court, although he was arrested in the general raid on February 1. As he was the only witness who had seen Luciano at a meeting of the combination, his testimony would have been invaluable. Toward the end of the trial he was brought to the courtroom early in the morning, prepared to testify. Before the court was in session he flatly refused to testify, asserting that his previous statements had been false.

Contrary to regulations, this man had been visited in the Tombs at eight

o'clock in the morning by his mother and wife, who then went to a reputable lawyer and made affidavits describing the previous statements of the witness as false. The necessity for these affidavits disappeared when the latter failed to testify, and the next day they attempted to have their affidavits returned on the grounds that they also were false. Taken into custody, they admitted that a hireling of the combination had offered them a bribe consisting of a \$25,000 gambling establishment in the Adirondacks and \$2500 in cash if they would persuade the witness not to testify. Their attorney's action in reporting an irregularity arising in private practice was a shining example of the assistance which the cause of justice might receive if all lawyers were equally alert and conscientious.

At least three other witnesses changed their testimony and one admitted that he had lied on the stand — points which likewise could not be placed in evidence. Grand-jury testimony of two of the witnesses was read after they had testified in the case, revealing many amazing discrepancies. Some, not all, of the hotel employees who had served Luciano were reluctant to identify any of the defendants, although having previously identified their photographs. Of course these individuals did not have the comparative protection of jail as did the others, and may have been intimidated. Even after Luciano had been indicted and was in prison, it was evident that members of the combination were still working for him.

One police officer who testified for the defense was later to receive a departmental trial and be dismissed from the force, and this incident taught Dewey a lesson of which he was quick to take advantage in the later trial of the restaurant racketeers. On the later occasion he became suspicious of a detective assigned to him — one who had performed many outstanding assignments, including the arrest of 'Dutch' Schultz.

The detective was deliberately given false information regarding grand jury activities, and within a short time this information was brought out by defense lawyers. But their triumph was short-lived. The deceit was described in court, and several members of the police department testified that the detective had been under surveillance, thus springing the trap on a neat bit of treachery and causing the detective's unmasking before his department.

IV

Before the people rested their case, the picture of Luciano's infamous combination and its methods assumed definite shape. In New York City the prostitution racket had been organized in a way that was apparently safe and thorough. A girl working in a house averaged a gross earning of \$300 per week. Of this sum she paid one half to the madam, who also took between \$25 and \$35 per week for board, from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per week for maid service, and \$6.00 for a doctor's fee. Each girl was required to have a booker, who supplied her with the names and addresses of different houses and moved her from place to place each week. For his services he received 10 per cent commission from the girl's half of the gross earnings. In the end the girl had a net profit of about \$85 only.

Out of the board money the madam usually paid \$10 per week for a bondsman, to protect the girl in case of arrest. This was in the nature of a retainer, for when an actual arrest occurred she was forced to put up half of the bail anyway. When the cases were dismissed, the money was never returned, but was kept by the combination, on the pretense of bribing and 'fixing.' After the booker had collected his commission, if he were on a salary basis, he had to pay protection money to the members of the combination. Some bookers owned their own houses and paid as high as \$200 per week for protection. In other cases the com-

bination would send a shakedown artist who took all the money in sight, in one instance demanding \$10,000 in cash and a weekly payment of \$200. Houses owned by bookers were usually run by their relatives — this was very much a family business — and at times attempts were made to withhold these houses from the combination, but without success.

The chief members of the combination demanded and received tribute from each prostitute, madam, and booker. Minor members of the group chiseled on each other and took money whenever possible. In fact, chiseling was the fashion. The girls frequently did not report the correct number of customers to the madam, and whenever they could they kept the money. The madams, in turn, rarely reported even this number, and in handing over the earnings to a booker kept certain sums for themselves. Following this popular example, the booker would also hold out. One booker conscientiously explained this procedure in court by saying that a weekly salary of \$50 was not sufficient to support a family. Although it could not be proven in court, it is a fair assumption that the other members of the combination held out on Luciano.

Key men of the combination were the bondsmen, who worked many courts throughout the city. This was not the city's first bonding combination for aiding arrested prostitutes, by any means, but none before Luciano's had become so large and powerful. This combination guaranteed a bonded prostitute that in case of arrest she would never have to serve a jail sentence, and it kept its promise. During 1935, there were arrested one hundred and forty-seven girls who worked for the combination. Of these, one hundred and seventeen were discharged. In nineteen cases the girls jumped bail, and in eleven others they were found guilty. Of these eleven, three received suspended sentences, five received six months' probation, and three

a year's probation; but *in no case did a girl serve a jail sentence.*

When arrested, each girl was coached, usually by a disbarred lawyer, and the testimony prepared before she appeared in court. On some occasions even the customer was coached. When the case was difficult to 'beat,' the girl was advised not to appear in court and 'took it on the lam' — gangsterese for jumping bail.

As the girls moved from house to house each week, the first question asked by a madam was, 'What name will you use in case of arrest?' Assuming that a girl might use fifty-two names a year, it would be manifestly impossible to trace all of them through the court records. Therefore, doubtful cases were stricken out, and one hundred and forty-seven remained. This tabulation concerned only those working for the Luciano mob, and by no means indicated the total number of arrests on prostitution charges in New York City in 1935. Nevertheless, the combination's record was 100 per cent perfect.

Prostitution dovetailed neatly with the loan-shark racket. Before the trial began Dewey himself had sent twenty-seven loan sharks to jail, and in the present batch of defendants he found himself facing one more of the breed — known professionally as a 'shylock.' The loan racket was an effective means of forcing the girls to remain as prostitutes for the combination. Whenever one of them needed a small temporary loan, she found a 'shylock' eager to oblige. And why not? The smallest amount of interest charged for a loan was 269 per cent, and in some instances it ran as high as 2000 per cent. A girl who borrowed as little as \$50 might pay \$700 back to the combination before she was through. The interest was taken out of her earnings when the booker collected from the madam. The interest rates were so exorbitant that the girls were continually in debt, and they could not have left the racket had they desired to do so.

The loan sharks worked with the bondsmen, and stated in court that they believed they were conducting a legitimate business. They also found customers among the bookers and madams, and paid protection money to the combination for their franchise.

Through the bondsmen the combination resorted to bribery. With a 100 per cent record on immunity from jail sentences, the assumption is that the machinery of the law became corrupted, and events proved that Luciano's power extended into the political field as well. His henchmen were willing to discuss either dollars or votes.

In the history of organized crime in the United States, there has never been an illicit operation so well organized that it did not depend in the last analysis on violence. But stick-ups and beatings do not oil the machinery. On the contrary, they create friction and weaken the structure until it breaks down at a vital point. Luciano, recognizing this, had long considered dropping prostitution as a racket because it was too 'hot' and involved too many people. For four long weeks, as he sat in court, he must have had the opportunity, somewhat belatedly, of seeing the axiom proved once more. But he seemed to take the proceedings very lightly, joked with his lawyers, and tapped his yellow pencil. On the stand he was imperturbable, contradicting himself with ease. To many spectators it seemed as though he lied unnecessarily, about incidents that had little bearing on the case. In a tight corner he smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and denied everything. Lucky Charlie. . . .

V

At 5.30 A.M. on the morning of Sunday, June 7, the jury filed back into the courtroom. Justice McCook was dozing in his chambers, and the gray half-light of dawn coming through the high windows mingled with the still-burning incandescents to produce an unreality

dancing with weird shadows. It was a fit setting for Thomas E. Dewey's final act that greeted the defendants as they were led in. With the exception of Luciano, all of them were nervous and apprehensive.

The cumbersomeness which had characterized every day of the trial so far persisted to the final moments. If any case had ever deserved a dramatic, Hollywood finale, this one had, but it was not in the books. The defendants had been convicted on sixty-two different counts; the court had to read each count for each defendant, and the foreman of the jury had to say 'Guilty' five hundred and fifty-eight times.

Luciano slumped in his chair, his face deathly pale. The scars on his chin and throat turned vivid red. Monday's tabloids would jeeringly dub him Charles 'Once Lucky.' His lawyer looked very ill. Betillo began to weep, then grew defiant, as Frederico sat and glowered. The conduct of the defense lawyers brought little credit upon them. One of them read the morning paper while the verdict was being given, occasionally shaking his head and smiling as though the whole thing were an impossibility and a joke. Each defendant was brought before the judge and a date for sentencing arranged. When all had been led away, Justice McCook thanked the jury in behalf of the American people.

Luciano was sentenced to prison for from thirty to fifty years, but even before he reached his cell at Sing Sing his lawyers and emissaries had put the wheels in motion for an appeal and a new trial. The principal witnesses against Luciano had moved away from New York. Nancy Presser went to Europe. Helen Kelley, the only voluntary witness, quietly dropped from sight. Florence ('Cokey Flo') Brown and Mildred Harris joined forces; they went to California, and purchased a gas station with the proceeds of articles written for a popular magazine.

After the trial Justice McCook and

the Special Prosecutor made an earnest effort to help these women to rehabilitate themselves, but Luciano had other plans. He is apparently the possessor of a considerable fortune which it is impossible to trace. It is conservatively estimated that from the close of the trial to the present time he had spent over \$100,000 in preparation for his appeal. Two male operatives were sent to California and became friendly with Mildred Harris and 'Coke Flo' Brown. From some source the women were provided with narcotics and given money. In the spring of this year they were finally persuaded to return to New York, where they entered a sanatorium to take the cure given a dope addict, at the expense of Luciano's lawyer. When they were 'cured,' they made affidavits to the effect that their entire testimony given during the trial was false. On her return from Europe, Nancy Presser also made an affidavit to the same effect. Helen Kelley was finally located and added her recantation to those already accumulated.

After the affidavits had been filed, the lawyer representing Ralph Liguori filed an affidavit of his own stating that the jurors had been intimidated and had received threats during the course of the trial. As it turned out, both Luciano and Liguori were once more reckoning without Dewey.

As soon as the affidavits were filed, the Special Prosecutor revealed that such a development was far from unexpected. As ammunition against the day he had placed one hundred and twenty-eight other affidavits in the vaults of the Irving Trust Company with which to counterattack. To refute the charges that jurors had been intimidated, Dewey obtained from each of the fourteen jurors affidavits stating that not one of them had been bribed, and that not one was prejudiced.

The hearing of the motion for a new trial took place before Justice McCook, and for two days many bitter words

flew back and forth in the courtroom. After considering the evidence presented in the affidavits made by the three women witnesses, the judge swiftly and decisively denied the motion for a retrial.

The case has since been appealed to the Appellate Division on the alleged grounds that errors had been committed at the trial and that a new state statute under which the indictment was framed was unconstitutional. The appeal was unsuccessful. It seems likely that further appeals will be attempted even to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The fact that vice lord Luciano, although convicted and serving a prison sentence, was able through his henchmen to find witnesses and persuade them to recant illustrates his continuing influence and power, and serves warning that the Special Prosecutor must be unceasingly vigilant after every conviction if justice is finally to be enforced.

Perhaps, as has been suggested, the lurid path of the Luciano trial accomplished much for New York and its sister cities by demonstrating before an admiring but cynical audience that the racket could be beaten. Certain it is that the work is only begun. The first extraordinary grand jury, in blazing the trail for action, had declared:—

'We have been shocked by the reluctance of some business men, who were victims of these racketeers, to give testimony. Witness after witness has been brought before this grand jury and has been interrogated repeatedly about matters obviously within his knowledge, nevertheless these witnesses have continually evaded questions and denied knowledge, and others who have repeatedly testified that they had no knowledge of the matters under inquiry have finally had to admit their first testimony to be false and have given truthful testimony in the end.'

Some of these witnesses were taken to jail for refusing to testify, or charges of perjury were brought against them.

They are the ordinarily upright supports — if not quite the pillars — of society to which spiders like Luciano or 'Dutch' Schultz or Jules Martin attach their webs. The average citizen does not realize how many businesses pay so-called protection money; clothing manufacturers, bail bondsmen, soft-drink sellers, motion-picture theatres, poultry dealers, restaurateurs, fur dealers, truckers, builders, and electrical contractors are only a few.

Recently a committee of prominent business men, judges, editors, and bankers has been formed to work with the Special Prosecutor and the District Attorney in New York. This committee will try to persuade business men to testify and to assure them that they will be given adequate protection if they do. The committee may become a permanent one — in an attempt to match the seeming permanence of the racketeers. To date, the Special Prosecutor has not 'lost' any witnesses; he has demonstrated that they can and will be protected.

Meanwhile youthful Mr. Dewey is marching into new fields. What these are no one knows specifically at the present time, because Dewey, when he is about to close in, knows the value of

secretiveness. But it is safe to prophesy that they will be rackets which affect the daily lives of the majority of city dwellers. The loan-shark and prostitution rackets attracted attention to the campaign. The bakery racket, the poultry racket, the numbers racket, the electricians' racket, the trucking racket, the restaurant racket, the food racket, — many of which have been tried or are on trial, — are of vital interest to New York's millions. Now Dewey is showing the public, for perhaps the first time, that the underworld grip on business can be loosed. Throughout the country civic and professional groups have taken heart and inaugurated measures to stamp out rackets in their respective communities.

Dewey's achievements so far have been phenomenal, but he has many obstacles to overcome. He and his staff have had no time to celebrate their victories, for the forces of apathy, indifference, and collusion are counterattacking in devious ways, legal and illegal. Today a labor union cries persecution, to-morrow a newspaper will raise the issue of partisan politics — and the day after to-morrow the public may be bored with the whole business. That is the highest hurdle of all.

RECUYELL OF THE HISTORIES OF TROY

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WHAT did Troy look like?
Nobody knows:
Still by the pasture
Simois flows.

Troy, before fable,
Was actual town:
Still on her rubble
Ida looks down.

Who were her people?
No one is sure:
Yet through the cycles
They shall endure.

Hearts that were dusty
Centuries gone,
Kin by conjecture —
Gnôthi seautón!

Priam was cautious,
Hector was bold,
Men were in love there,
Women grew old.

Purposes covert,
Glamour life lacked,
Show, in the hindsight,
Truer than fact.

Troy, become legend,
Is everyone's loan,
Funded to satisfy
Debts of our own.

What men made fertile
With anguish and toil,
Proves, for the poet,
Parable soil!

YOUR UNITED STATES

BY GERTRUDE STEIN

I USED to say that I would not go to America until I was a real lion a real celebrity at that time of course I did not really think I was going to be one. But now we were coming and I was going to be one. In America everybody is but some are more than others. I was more than others. New York was coming nearer and we were nervous but not really nervous enough. You never are when a thing is really happening.

So the statue of liberty began and Staten Island. And just then we saw the boat coming. Everybody who has ever done anything has seen reporters. After all there always are newspapers and one has always read them. They are not interesting like books or detective stories but one does read them. Well anyway there we all were and it was very lively and I liked it, I always like talking and I like asking questions and I like to know who everybody is and where they come from.

Strangeness always goes off very quickly, that is one of the troubles with travelling but then the pleasure of looking if you like to look is always a pleasure. Alice Toklas began to complain she said why do they call Paris la ville lumière, she always prefers that anything should be American, I said because when they did there were more lights there than anywhere, you cannot blame them that they still think so although there are more lights here than anywhere. And there were. And more beautifully strung as lights than anywhere except in Spain, and we were walking along and

talking and all of a sudden I noticed that Alice Toklas was looking queer and I said what is it and she said my knees are shaking and I said what is it and she said I just happened to see it, the side of the building. She just had happened to see it, and if you do just happen to see one of those buildings well her knees had not shaken not since the first bomb in 1915 had fallen in Paris so the sky scrapers are something.

So then we went on and people said how do you do nicely and we said how do you do to them and we thought how pleasantly New York was like Bilignin where in the country everybody says how do you do in passing the way they do in any country place in the country and then we saw a fruit store and we went in. How do you do Miss Stein said the man, how do you do, I said, and how do you like it, he said, very much, I said, he said it must be pleasant coming back after thirty years, and I said it certainly was. He was so natural about knowing my name that it was not surprising and yet we had not expected anything like that to happen. If anything is natural enough it is not surprising and then we went out again on an Avenue and the elevated railroad looked just like it had ever so long ago and then we saw an electric sign moving around a building and it said Gertrude Stein has come and that was upsetting. Anybody saying how do you do to you and knowing your name may be upsetting but on the whole it is natural enough but to suddenly see your name is always upsetting. Of course it

has happened to me pretty often and I like it to happen just as often but always it does give me a little shock of recognition and non-recognition. It is one of the things most worrying in the subject of identity.

Well anyway we went home to the hotel as the English say the Americans say and so we did always come to say and we went to bed and so after the thirty years we went to sleep in beds in a hotel in America.

The next day was a different thing everything was happening and nothing was as strange as it had been, we could see it and we were looking but it would never be again what yesterday had been.

Lecturing was to begin. Carl Van Vechten had arranged that I was to give one a little privately so as to get used to everything. Thank him.

And then Potter of the university extension of Columbia came to see me and he was a nice man. He had been the first person to ask me to lecture, and this was the university extension of Columbia. We had had a pleasant correspondence and there were to be four lectures and he had described the audience as being a few hundred and after the private lecture this was to be my first one.

He said he was pleased that everybody now that everybody had been so excited at my coming everybody was coming to hear me lecture and that there would be many over a thousand in the audience. I lost everything, I was excited and I said but in that case I would not come. What do you mean, he said, well, I said, I have written these lectures they are hard lectures to read and it will be hard to listen to them, anybody not used to lecturing cannot hold the attention of more than a roomful of that I was certain and I certainly was not going to read a difficult lecture to more than a thousand of them, you said that there would be no more than five hundred and if there are more than that I will not come. But what can I do, said Potter.

I do not know anything about that, I said, but if there are more than five hundred there I will not come. Does she mean it, said he perplexedly to Alice Toklas, If she says so, said Alice Toklas, she probably will not come. What can I do, said Potter, I do not know, I said, but I am definitely not going to read a difficult lecture to more than five hundred people, it cannot be done, I said. Well, he said and he was a nice man and he left. Of course I was awfully upset I was to speak the next evening before two hundred and that was bad enough. Carl Van Vechten had arranged all that but here was all this trouble and then I was not accustomed to heated apartments, we heat very sparingly in Paris and beside Paris is moist, the food is dry and the air is moist and in New York the food was moist and the air was dry, so gradually I was certain that there was something the matter with my throat and I would not be able to speak anywhere. Anyway before we went to bed Potter telegraphed, everything arranged I have done the impossible sleep peacefully. And that was over. Nothing is immediately over with me but that was over.

Carl Van Vechten said that they had asked him to introduce me for the first lecture and he did not think I would care to be introduced and I said I would not. And I could refuse him because that would be alright and if I refused him then I could never of course accept any one. Beside it was silly everybody knew who I was if not why did they come and why should I sit and get nervous while somebody else was talking. So it was decided from then on that there would be no introduction nobody on the platform a table for me to lean on and five hundred to listen.

But my throat was not any better and so we telephoned to the nice doctor we had met on the Champlain and he came and he said there was nothing the matter, of course there was nothing the matter but it was a pleasure when he said

there was nothing the matter and he gave me something and it was a comfort and I was almost ready to begin lecturing. Many people say you go on being afraid when you are alone on the platform but after the first one I never was again. Not at all.

The wooden houses of America excited me as nothing else in America excited me, the sky-scrapers and the streets of course and everybody knowing you of course but not like the wooden houses everywhere. I never stopped being excited by the wooden houses everywhere. I liked them all. Almost best I liked those near the railway stations old ones not very old ones but still old ones with long flat wooden surfaces, painted sometimes not and many near automobile dumps. I liked them all. I do like a flat surface that is the reason I like pictures and do not like sculpture and I like paint even if it is not painted and wood painted or not painted has the color of paint and it takes paint so much better than plaster. In France and in Spain I like barracks because they have so much flat surface but almost I liked best American wooden houses and there are so many of them an endless number of them and endless varieties in them. It is what in America is very different, each one has something and well taken care of or neglect helps them, helps them to be themselves each one of them. Nobody could get tired of them and then the windows they put in. That is one thing any American can do he can put windows in a building and wherever they are they are interesting. Windows in a building are the most interesting thing in America. It is hard to remember them because they are so interesting. Every wooden house has windows and the windows are put in in a way that is interesting. Of course the sky scrapers it is a wrong name because in America there is no sky there is air but no sky of course that has a lot to do with why there really is no painting in America no real painting but

it is not necessary when there are houses and windows and air. Less and less there are curtains and shutters on the windows bye and bye there are not shutters and no curtains at all and that worried me and I asked everybody about that. But the reason is easy enough. Everybody in America is nice and everybody is honest except those who want to break in. If they want to break in shutters will not stop them so why have them and other people looking in, well as everybody is a public something and anybody can know anything about any one and can know any one then why shut the shutters and the curtains and keep any one from seeing, they all know what they are going to see so why look. I gradually began to realise all this.

We went to Cambridge over night and I spoke in Radcliffe and at the Signet Club at Harvard. It was funny about Cambridge it was the one place where there was nothing that I recognised nothing. Considering that I had spent four years there it was sufficiently astonishing that nothing was there that I remembered nothing at all. New York Washington East Oakland Baltimore San Francisco were just about as they were they were changed of course but I could find my way there anywhere but Cambridge not at all. I did not go back again perhaps I might have begun again but that day Cambridge was so different that it was as if I had never been there there was nothing there that had any relation to any place that had been there. I lost Cambridge then and there. That is funny.

In between everything I wandered around the streets of New York. The ten cent stores did disappoint me but the nut stores not. In the ten cent stores there was nothing that I wanted and what there was there was not for ten cents. Alice Toklas says they were not a disappointment but nothing in America was a disappointment to her but they were really they were. But the nut stores

I had first known of their existence accidentally from Carl Van Vechten when he happened to say that he one day met Henry McBride as Henry was coming out and Carl was going into a nut store. What is that we had asked excitedly what is a nut store. Then later when he was back in New York he did not forget to send us an ad. of a nut store and now here we were and there they were. I was always looking into them.

I also lectured in Brooklyn and that was interesting it was a nice audience but it was not because of that but because I met Marianne Moore and because an attentive young man accidentally closed the door on my thumb and we had to go into a drug store to have it fixed. It was dirty the drug store, one of the few things really dirty in America are the drug stores but the people in them sitting up and eating and drinking milk and coffee that part of the drug store was clean that fascinated me. After that I was always going in to buy a detective novel just to watch the people sitting on the stools. It was like a piece of provincial life in a real city. The people sitting on the stools and eating in the drug store all looked and acted as if they lived in a small country town. You could not imagine them ever being out in the streets of New York, nor the drug store itself being in New York. I never had enough of going into them.

Then we began to have trouble with Chicago, not with the city but with the arrangements for lecturing. There is always war and peace anywhere and we always have a good deal of both of these things and we proceeded to have them. You have to have peace after war and you have to have war after peace and then there is the tug of war when both sides pull and any side starts then the other side goes, there was a good deal of Chicago I like Chicago. I liked Texas and Chicago. Chicago because we had a good deal of trouble with it and Texas because we had none.

We had said that I would lecture in a

university any university for one hundred dollars and mostly well really gradually I liked that best and in Chicago nobody in the university had asked me but still I had been asked. It turned out that some students were arranging it and they were to charge a dollar apiece for anybody and of course I did not want that. If I had wanted that everything would have been different and I did not want that. So the trouble began. Everywhere else it had all been easy but here the trouble began. For the first time they were making arrangements that did not please me and I was beginning to say so, and the long distance telephoning that we had heard that everybody did began. So we went on struggling. I said I would not go unless they arranged it the way we wanted it and there we were.

I had not seen the opera¹ played naturally not because we were not here and now they were to give a ten days of it in Chicago. They telephoned to us would we go but then how could we go. We wanted to go but how could we go it would take too long. We always think that everything takes long. Well it does.

They telephoned there is plenty of time if you come by airplane. Of course we could not do that we telephoned back, why not, they said, because we never have we said, we will pay you your trip the two of you forward and back they said, we want to see the opera we said but we are afraid. Carl Van Vechten was there while all this was going on, what is it, we explained, oh nonsense he said of course you will fly, we telephoned back if Carl Van Vechten can go with us we will fly, alright they telephoned back we will pay for the three of you. Alright we said and we had to do it. Everybody is afraid but some are more afraid than others. Everything can scare me but most of the things that are frightening are things that I can do without and really mostly unless they happen to come unexpectedly do not frighten me. I was much more easily frightened before

¹ *Four Saints in Three Acts*. — EDITOR

the war. Since the war nothing is so frightening not the dark nor alone in a room or anything on a road or a dog or a moon but two things yes, indigestion and high places they are frightening. One well one always hopes that that will not happen but high places well there is nothing to do about them. I was not really surprised that being high was not frightening.

It was then in a kind of way that I really began to know what the ground looked like. Quarter sections make a picture and going over America like that made any one know why the post cubist painting was what it was. The wandering line of Masson was there the mixed line of Picasso coming and coming again and following itself into a beginning was there, the simple solution of Braque was there and I suppose Leger might be there but I did not see it not over there. Particularly the track of a waggon making a perfect circle and then going back to the corner from where they had come and later in the South as finally we went everywhere by air and always wanted the front seat so I could look down and what is the use, the earth does look like that and even if none of them had seen it and they had not very likely had not but since every one was going to see it they had to see it like that.

So we landed in Chicago and there were many there to meet us, and naturally I had to tell them all about it, somebody always took me away and there were always lots of them there, and I always have something to say and I like to say anything I say.

So we went and rested and then we went to hear the opera. I was less excited about that than I had expected to be. It was my opera but it was so far away.

So we flew back again to New York, Carl was not then with us but it was alright, flying was now a natural thing for us to be doing.

In New York that time Alfred Harcourt asked us to come and week end with

them and to go and see the Yale Dartmouth football game.

Two things are always the same the dance and war. One might say anything is the same but the dance and war are particularly the same because one can see them.

That is the way it is. Well anyway we liked going with Harcourt to see the football game. First we drove all through New England not all through later on we drove through a great deal more of it but it was our first driving through it in a motor-car.

I was fascinated with the way everybody did what they should. When I first began driving a car myself in Chicago and in California I was surprised at the slowness of the driving, in France you drive much faster, you are supposed not to have accidents but you drive as fast as you like and in America you drive very slowly forty-five miles an hour is slow, and when lights tell you to stop they all stop and they never pass each other going up a hill or around a curve and yet so many get hurt. It was a puzzle to me.

During the war Clemenceau remarked that one of the things that was most striking was the way the nations were not at all as they were supposed to be, the Englishman was noted for his calm and the English soldiers tended more to be hysterical than any other one, the Americans were supposed to be so quick and they were so slow, the French were supposed to be so gay and they were so solemn. A young French soldier who was one of those who taught the American soldiers how to use the French mitrailleuse told me that to his surprise the Americans understood very quickly the mechanics of the gun but their physical reaction in action was very slow very much slower than the French one, consequently it took more Americans to do anything than it did Frenchmen and so of course it was done less quickly. He also told a story of when he posted the Americans as sentry, he told them that

when they heard a sound like quack quack it was not a duck it was a german and he said he told them this and they always understood and then when it was the German they did not disappear quickly enough and the German got them.

Well anyway when we were there at the ball-ground everything was orderly and we went in. The players were longer and thinner than I remembered them, both sides were, they did not seem to have such bulky clothing on them, they seem to move more. But there are two things about football that anybody can like. They live by numbers, numbers are everything to them and their preparation is like any savage dancing, they do what red Indians do when they are dancing and their movement is angular like the red Indians move. When they lean over and when they are on their hands and feet and when they are squatting they are like an Indian dance.

As I say it was not a very exciting game and those around us came to know that I was there, a very little boy came from somewhere and he asked me to write my name, I did. And then from everywhere came programs and would I write my name and then there was a man he was very drunk and his wife was coaxing him along I suppose it was his wife and anyway she was coaxing him along and he said he had to see me he just had to see me and I just had to see him, I did see him and he did see me, and then his wife kept coaxing him and slowly he went away.

And then we took a plane again to Chicago. By that time it was winter.

We saw it was winter from the windows of the Drake Hotel. I had not seen winter for many years and Alice Toklas had never seen it. We liked it.

So we went on spending our two weeks in Chicago, the Hutchins asking us to dinner, Bobsy and Barney Goodspeed were to be there and Thornton Wilder.

We went to dinner it was a good dinner. We were at dinner but Hutchins

the president of Chicago University was not there later he came in with Mortimer Adler.

Hutchins was tired and we all sat down again together and then he began talking about what he had been doing. He and Adler were having special classes and in them they were talking over all the ideas that had been important in the world's history. Every week they took a new idea and the man who had written it and the class read it and then they had a conversation about it.

What are the ideas that are important I asked him. Here said he is the list of them I took the list and looked it over. Ah I said I notice that none of the books read at any time by them were originally written in English, was that intentional I asked him. No he said but in English there have really been no ideas expressed. Then I gather that to you there are no ideas which are not sociological or governmental ideas. Well are there he said, well yes I said. Government is the least interesting thing in human life, creation and the expression of that creation is a damn sight more interesting, yes I know and I began to get excited yes I know, naturally you are teachers and teaching is your occupation and naturally what you call ideas are easy to teach and so you are convinced that they are the only ideas but the real ideas are not the relation of human beings as groups but a human being to himself inside him and that is an idea that is more interesting than humanity in groups, after all the minute that there are a lot of them they do not do it for themselves but somebody does it for them and that is a darn sight less interesting. Then Adler began and I have forgotten what the detail of it was but we were saying violent things to each other and I was telling him that anybody could tell by looking that he was a man who would be singularly unsusceptible to ideas that are created within oneself that he would take to either inside or outside regulation but not to creation, and Hutchins was saying

well if you can improve upon what we are doing I challenge you to do it take our class next week and I said of course I will and then Adler said something and I was standing next to him and violently telling him and everybody was excited and the maid came and said Madame the police. Adler went a little white and we all stopped and then burst out laughing. Fanny Butcher had arranged that Alice Toklas and I should go off that evening in the homicidal squad car and they had come and there they were waiting. Well we all said good-night and we went off with the policemen.

We drove around, we had just missed one homicide it was the only one that happened that evening and it had not been interesting it had been a family affair and everybody could understand everything. The sergeant said he was afraid not much would happen, it was raining and when it rained nobody moved around and if nobody moved around there could not be any homicide unless it was a family affair as this one had been and that was not interesting some day he said when it was a really nice night I will let you know and then you will see something but we did like that night when nothing was happening and we did not stay long enough in Chicago to have a nice night.

So we stayed our two weeks in Chicago and Mrs. Goodspeed took us to the opera and to concerts, one of them was Lohengrin and the other was Salome.

And then the Hutchins asked us to come and nobody was to know anything not even Thornton or Mrs. Goodspeed and we went to dinner and then I went to take over their class with them.

So we all sat around a long table and Hutchins and Adler and I presiding, at least we were not to be but there we were as if we were, well anyway I began talking.

I began to talk and they not Hutchins and Adler but the others began to talk and pretty soon we were all talking about epic poetry and what it was it was excit-

ing we found out a good deal some of it I used in one of the four lectures I wrote for the course I came back to give them but it was all that after all in epic poetry you can have an epic because the death of the man meant the end of everything and now nothing is ending by the death of any one because something is already happening. Well we all came out and they liked it and I liked it and Hutchins said to me as he and I were walking, you did make them all talk more than we can make them and a number of them talked who never talked before and it was very nice of him to say it and he added and if you will come back I will be glad to have you do some teaching and I said I would and he said he would let me know and then I said you see why they talk to me is that I am like them I do not know the answer, you you say you do not know but you do know if you did not know the answer you could not spend your life in teaching but I I really do not know, I really do not, I do not even know whether there is a question let alone having an answer for a question. To me when a thing is really interesting it is when there is no question and no answer, if there is then already the subject is not interesting and it is so, that is the reason that anything for which there is a solution is not interesting, that is the trouble with governments and Utopias and teaching, the things not that can be learnt but that can be taught are not interesting. Well anyway we went away.

It was winter and it went on being winter and we went away to places where we had never been, we went to Wisconsin and Ohio and Indiana and Minnesota and Michigan. We went to Minneapolis. It was still winter but not as winter as it had been in Wisconsin.

It was at this time that my real interest in reporters began. Reporters are mostly young college men who are interested in writing and naturally I was interested in talking with them. Once it may have been in Cleveland or Indian-

apolis I was talking there were two or three of them and a photographer with them and I said you know it is funny but the photographer is the one of the lot of you who looks as if he were intelligent and was listening now why is that, you do I said to the photographer you do understand what I am talking about dont you. Of course I do he said you see I can listen to what you say because I dont have to remember what you are saying, they cant listen because they have got to remember.

I liked the photographers, there is one who came in and said he was sent to do a lay out of me. A lay out, I said yes he said what is that I said oh he said it is four or five pictures of you doing anything. Alright I said what do you want me to do. Why he said there is your airplane bag suppose you unpack it, Oh I said Miss Toklas always does that oh no I could not do that, well he said there is the telephone suppose you telephone well I said yes but I never do Miss Toklas always does that, well he said what can you do, well I said I can take my hat on and take my hat off and I can put my coat on and I can take it off and I like water I can drink a glass of water alright he said do that so I did that and he photographed while I did that and the next morning there was the lay out and I had done it.

So we went on lecturing at colleges and even in schools in New England. I lectured in mens colleges and in womens colleges, the mens I liked best was Wesleyan, and after the lecture I liked talking to the Wesleyan men. We talked about and that has always been a puzzle to me why American men think that success is everything when they know that eighty per cent of them are not going to succeed more than to just keep going and why if they are not why they do not keep on being interested in the things that interested them when they were college men and why American men different from English American men do not get more interesting as they get

older. We talked about that a lot at Wesleyan. Then I liked Mount Holyoke, I liked that the best of the womens colleges in New England, we talked there mostly about the theatre and as they were really interested it was interesting. Afterwards it seemed rather strange to me that the two colleges which were really made to make missionaries were more interesting than those that had been made to make culture and the other professions. It made me wonder a lot about what it is to be American.

I went to the Choate school and they were charming to me. The boys from twelve to sixteen listened really listened to everything I had to say and I talked to them about whether one's contemporaries were really contemporary. And then later the next morning we had a talk about that. I had been much struck by the Choate school literary magazine which did have extraordinary good writing in it, and now the Utica High School has sent me a Gertrude Stein number and again it is striking how well they are writing. It is a bother.

Once long ago René Crevel and I talked about education. I said that french boys believed in the teaching of their teachers. American boys did not. Later on I talked with François d'Aiguy about this. He said french boys who went to the lycées which are controlled by the government did believe in what the teachers believed, and therefore they never did revolt, but boys who went to what in France they call a boîte, a box that is to the religious schools, the catholic schools, they did not have to believe what the teachers believe, they could and did believe in Catholicism but they did not have to believe what the teacher believed and so they did have some intellectual freedom. I said to the Choate teachers I wonder if the boys can ever come to be themselves because you are all so reasonable and so sweet to them that inevitably they are convinced too soon. Is not that the trouble with American education that if they are to be con-

vinced at all they are convinced too soon is it not the trouble with any republican education. Other than republican education does not convince them so most of them do not have any conviction and the few who have are not convinced too soon.

When I first heard about Oklahoma I always thought it was in the northwest, until I really saw it and saw it so close to Texas did I really believe that it is where it does exist. Oklahoma City with its towers that is its sky scrapers coming right up out of the flat oil country was as exciting as when going to Alsace just after the armistice we first saw the Strasbourg cathedral. They do come up wonderfully out of that flat country and it was exciting and seeing the oil wells and the funny shapes they made the round things as well as the Eiffel tower ones gave me a feeling like I have in going to Marseilles and seeing the chimneys come out of the earth and there are no houses or anything near them, it always is a strange looking country that produces that kind of thing, of course Alice Toklas' father had once almost had an oil well they dug and dug but naturally the oil did not gush, naturally not these things never do happen to any one one knows, if it could happen to them you would not be very likely to know them most naturally not. We did later see in California some small oil fields and the slow movement of the oil wells make it perfectly alright that in America the prehistoric beasts moved slowly. America is funny that way everything is quick but really everybody does move slowly, and the movement of the oil well that slow movement very well that slow movement is the country and it makes it prehistoric and large shapes and moving slowly very very slowly so slowly that they do almost stand still. I do think Americans are slow minded, it seems quick but they are slow minded yes they are.

We were to go to dinner at Beverly Hills which is the same as Holly-

wood this I have said we were to meet Dashiell Hammett and Charlie Chaplin and Anita Loos and her husband and Mamoulian who was directing everything and we did. Of course I liked Charlie Chaplin he is a gentle person like any Spanish gypsy bull-fighter he is very like my favorite one Gallo who could not kill a bull but he could make him move better than any one ever could and he himself not having any grace in person could move one as no one else ever did, and Charlie Chaplin was like Gallo. Gypsies are intelligent I do not think Charlie Chaplin is one perhaps not but he might have been, anyway we naturally talked about the cinema, and he explained something. He said naturally it was disappointing, he had known the silent films and in that they could do something that the theatre had not done they could change the rhythm but if you had a voice accompanying naturally after that you could never change the rhythm you were always held by the rhythm that the voice gave them. We talked a little about the Four Saints and what my idea had been, I said that what was most exciting was when nothing was happening, I said that saints should naturally do nothing if you were a saint that was enough and a saint existing was everything, if you made them do anything then there was nothing to it they were just like any one so I wanted to write a drama where no one did anything where there was no action and I had and it was the Four Saints and it was exciting, he said yes he could understand that, I said the films would become like the newspapers just a daily habit and not at all exciting or interesting, after all the business of an artist is to be really exciting and he is only exciting when nothing is happening, if anything happens then it is like any other one, after all Hamlet Shakespeare's most interesting play has really nothing happening except that they live and die but it is not that that is interesting and I said I was sure that it is true that an

interesting thing is when there is nothing happening, I said that the moon excited dogs because it did nothing, lights coming and going do not excite them and now that they have seen so many of them the poor things can no longer see the moon and so no lights can excite them, well we did not say all this but that is what we meant, he wanted the sentiment of movement invented by himself and I wanted the sentiment of doing nothing invented by myself, anyway we both liked talking but each one had to stop to be polite and let the other say something. After dinner they all gathered around me and asked me what I thought of the cinema, I told them what I had been telling Charlie Chaplin, it seemed to worry them and at last I found out what was bothering them they wanted to know how I had succeeded in getting so much publicity, I said by having a small audience, I said if you have a big audience you have no publicity, this seemed to worry them and naturally it would worry them they wanted the publicity and the big audience, and really to have the biggest publicity you have to have a small one, yes alright the biggest publicity comes from the reallest poetry and the reallest poetry has a small audience not a big one, but it is really exciting and therefore it has the biggest publicity, alright that is it. Well after a little while we left, it had been an amusing evening.

We went to Berkeley and they had invited me I think it was the Phi Beta Kappa to lunch, and during the lunch there were a lot of them there everybody asked a question not everybody but a good many, they thought I answered them very well the only thing I remember is their asking why I do not write as I talk and I said to them if they had invited Keats for lunch and they asked him an ordinary question would they expect him to answer with the Ode To The Nightingale. It is funny everybody knows but of course everybody knows that writing poetry that writing any-

thing is a private matter and of course if you do it in private then it is not what you do in public. We used to say when we were children if you do it in private you will do it in public and we did not then say if you do it in public you will do it in private. Well anyway when you say what you do say you say it in public but when you write what you do write you write it in private if not you do not write it, that is what writing is, and in private you are you and in public you are in public and everybody knows that, just read Webster's Mr. and Mrs. everybody knows that but when they ask questions well then they are neither public nor private they are just fat-headed yes yes. That is what Virgil Thomson says yes yes. What is the use of asking questions, either you know your answer or you do not, mostly you do know your answer and certainly any question has no answer so why question the answer or answer the question.

And so we took the airplane to go back to Chicago we stopped at Omaha and really we did not stop in Chicago only for the night and then we went on back to New York. The Rockefeller Center building was finished it all was a pleasure and that was a pleasure and they all seemed as pleased to see me as they had been, Alice Toklas said they now said there goes Miss Stein before they had said there goes Gertrude Stein well anyway having them say it was still a pleasure and then everything was all over and we got on the Champlain to go back to Paris again.

Before we went on the Champlain I asked Bennett Cerf about my writing, I always want what I have written to be printed and it has not always happened no not mostly happened and now I timidly said something to him, he said it is very simple whatever you decide each year you want printed you tell me and I will publish that thing, just like that I said, just like that, he said, you do the deciding, and so we happily very happily went on to the Champlain.

THE APPROACH TO RELIGION

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

IN the fourth millennium B. C. in Memphis and its necropolis of Sakkarah man-made beauty first appears, of all places in the world; and it is beauty of as high an order as that which was achieved in Greece three thousand years later. Apparently it came by some process of parthenogenesis, for behind is nothing but the crude dolmens and the rough artifacts of the Neolithic race. Religion arrived with this art, or vice versa, for there suddenly had dawned on man the consciousness of immortality: belief in a life after death. The pyramids from Medum and Sakkarah to those of Gizeh were sepulchral monuments, but when they were built to guard the bodies of dead kings each had its great temple of worship attached to it. The temples are gone, but the pyramids will stand forever.

From this moment which was the beginning of human history — the beginning of time so far as man himself is concerned — religion has inspired art and art has served religion, until a few centuries ago, when for the first time in six thousand years the golden cord was snapped and the relationship forgotten.

What was engendered by the religious impulse was at once transmitted to secular things, and showed itself in all the works of man, from the kitchen and its utensils to the palace and its furnishings. The beauty that man created through a score of arts, in a hundred styles and modes, over six thousand years of time and in the four quarters of the globe, was at the same time the offspring of the primal religious prompting

and a valid evidence of the integrity and nobility of man as a new creature, of his kinship with the suprahuman forces of the cosmos, and of his dominion over all other forms of created life.

There is no need to catalogue the works of concrete beauty that the human race has produced since art first appeared on the banks of the Nile. Perhaps one one-hundred-thousandth part still remains after time and ignorance, war and greed, savagery and hatred, have played their part in wide destruction, but it is enough to prove that here, if anywhere, man shows the result of the touch of the finger of God. We, in our own day, are inordinately proud of our electrical refrigerators and submarines, our talking movies and turbine generators, our sanitary plumbing and aeroplanes. But the mutilated shards of the art man has made for himself are a greater gauge of his humanity. The diorite statue of Zoser, the Venus of Milo, and the 'Beau Dieu' of Amiens; the Parthenon of Athens, Hagia Sophia in Constantinople, and Bourges Cathedral; Giotto's frescoes in Padua, da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' El Greco's 'Burial of Count Orgaz'; a Bach quartette, a Beethoven symphony, a Wagner opera; Homer's *Odyssey*, *The Divine Comedy*, Shakespeare's *Tempest* — these are enduring evidences of the creative power of man.

When a Neolithic potter scratched some geometrical devices on his clay bowl, he started something that led to the Victory of Samothrace, Memling's 'Adoration of the Virgin,' the Cappella

Palatina of Palermo. The patterns on the clay bowl turned a merely useful utensil into a work of art. The potter did not know this. He (and his successors for thousands of years) did things beautifully, not because he was an 'artist,'—the genus was not differentiated from the run of men until some phase of culture was in decline,—but because he liked what he did to look that way and because it seemed the right thing to do. If it was very good it acquired *value* in his eyes and so he was impelled to bury it with his dead or offer it at some shrine or sanctuary of his gods. From this to the tentative fashioning of 'idols,' or symbolical presentments of dimly apprehended Divinity, was an inevitable step, and so, in time, came the supreme sculpture of Egypt, Greece, the Middle Ages, the Early Renaissance, China, Japan.

So beauty became both sacrifice and expression. Imagination, transcending experience, made art the vehicle of the Ideal. Religion became ocularly manifest by man to man. And it so became something more than simple expression; it acquired and exerted dynamic force. Religion that was only an emotion, an aspiration,—at the worst, if you like, a superstition,—now became a visible reality; it acquired Power. For the few—mystics, philosophers, saints—who could lay hold of the abstract Ideal, come in direct relationship with Divinity, there were the multitudes who 'had to be shown.' A religion that has spread and maintained itself has, I suspect, done so quite as much through the concrete beauty of its artistic expression—its architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, music, ritual—as through the exhortations of prophets, the preaching of evangelists, even the lives of its exponents.

Beauty is not truth, nor truth beauty, as has sometimes been said, but beauty is one of the infallible tests of truth, whether in art or a social system; in conduct, philosophy, or religion. The ugly thing is the thing that is untrue.

In the beginning the pathway to art was through religion; is a reversal now possible, and through art may we find a way back to religion? I use the words 'art' and 'beauty' as synonymous terms, for so they were implicitly held until a generation ago. Of course the quality and the degree of beauty achieved from time to time varied greatly, but it was always sought for. Even when this beauty was of a comparatively low order, as during a part of the Dark Ages, the reign of the English Elizabeth (except in literature), the Counter-Reformation in Italy, and under the Puritan régime, there was an honest effort at the accomplishment of a certain sort of beauty; it is only in the last few years that, for some obscure reason, small groups of human beings have identified art with ugliness; and the Congo fetish, Dali's surrealism, the architecture of Corbusier, and instrumental cacophony, have been fantastically exalted as 'art.' This pathological episode need not detain us, for it can claim no more permanency than the earlier (and slightly more plausible) taste for *art nouveau* and the 'mission style.' I speak of it here in passing simply because it shows how far it is possible to go when the cord of tradition is broken, standards of value are denied or reversed, and anarchy takes the place of order. Through this sort of thing there is, of course, no line of approach to religion, or to anything else except an intensified lunacy. If a way to religion is to be found it must be through the old roads of absolute beauty.

From the outbreak of the Protestant revolution the old kinship between beauty and religion was lost and forgotten. Not only was there amongst the reformers and their adherents a definite hatred of beauty, and a determination to destroy it when found; there was also a conscientious elimination of everything of the sort from the formularies, services, and structures that applied to the new religion. In this the protagonists of revolution showed great

perspicacity, for instinctively they realized the significance and the power of the man-made and God-inspired beauty against which they had set their hands.

It would be difficult to establish a greater antithesis than that between a pre-Reformation church — any one in any land — and the conventicle that succeeded it. In Europe and the British Isles new churches were not needed, while a good many of those that had been left over were destroyed as useless encumbrances. There all that needed to be done was to break up the altars, shrines, and tombs, to smash the stained-glass windows, whitewash the painted walls, mutilate the statues, and tear down a nave here, a choir or transepts there. Into the empty and desecrated shell was introduced a new type of service, barren of beauty of every kind, and the thing was done.

In the United States the situation was quite different. Here there was no old Catholic art to destroy, but churches (or 'meeting houses') had to be built, for even if 'divine worship' now consisted in the reading of passages from the Scriptures, some metrical psalms, extemporaneous prayers by the parson, and sermons that easily ran to two hours in length, a place had to be provided for these 'exercises.' The brickmasons, carpenters, and shipwrights did the best they could, according to their lights, and frequently did pretty well, especially when they were working for the aristocratic and 'reactionary' Church of England parishes, but they had to be content with the bare fabric; no art of any kind except that of building had a chance. The shell might have good proportions, simplicity of form, and honesty of construction, but within, it was as cold and dreary as its services.

Tradition still lingered, and this first 'religious architecture' was certainly as good as what was being produced in the mother country, sometimes better. When, early in the last century, tradition died of starvation and neglect as it

always will under such circumstances, the end came swiftly, and for fifty years, with a very few exceptions, the churches built in America were without doubt the most barbarian, uncouth structures ever erected by man since Imhotep built his temples at Sakkarah.

Simultaneously, the old faith had been keeping step artistically with the new. There were no new churches to be built, but all the other arts pursued a career of progressive vulgarizing and deterioration. In America, Catholic art of every kind matched and sometimes exceeded Protestant art in flatulence and ineptitude. The severance between religion and beauty was finally accomplished.

I think this unprecedented break between religion and beauty had a good deal to do with the waning interest in religion itself. It was a case of interaction. The 'age of reason and enlightenment' had resulted in undermining the normal faith in spiritual realities and in persuading man that there were no valid sanctions beyond those he determined for himself by the process of ratiocination. At the same time Protestantism, with its derivative materialistic rationalism, was divesting religion of its essential elements of mystery and wonder, and worship of its equally essential elements of beauty. Under this powerful combination of destructive influences it is not surprising that the once faithful fell away and that youth refused to be bored by ineptitudes and offended by artistic sterility and vacuous ugliness.

It does not seem to me improbable that if once more beauty could be restored to the offices of religion, or rather if the redemptive process now under way could be carried to its ultimate conclusion, many who are now self-excommunicated from the Church would thankfully find their way back to the house they have abandoned, less from any fault of their own than from the failure and delinquency of formal religion itself, as these have been made only too visible to the naked eye.

So far, then, as this paper is concerned, the question is: If the way of beauty is one of the open roads to religion, how is it to be made available?

To this end I would see a new outpouring of artistic power inspired by a new consciousness of the sanctity of the church and its dynamic force. Once more a church should become a focus of beauty. The tendency to reduce it to the level of 'the world without'; to secularize it into the semblance of a theatre or a lecture hall; to banish shrines and statues and pictures or sterilize them by the 'modern touch'; to attempt a fictitious popularity by secular activities and startling and frequently uncouth novelties learned from the promoter, the efficiency expert, and the advertising agency — all this is but the sign of decadence and the surrender to the world: the selling of a birthright for a mess of pottage, which in the end proves to be without nutritive value.

The task has been well begun during the last few years, but it is uphill work. It has to contend against the strongest combination of prejudices and superstitions imaginable. These are of two sorts. There is, first, the heritage of ignorance and fear from the dark ages of the sixteenth century — I am speaking now of non-Catholic Christianity; ignorance of authentic history, fostered by protagonists of propaganda; fear of beauty because all that we now have in Christian art was engendered and formulated by and through the Catholic Faith; fear that the acceptance of beauty means that awful thing, 'surrender to Popery.' Second, there is the equally mistaken idea, already referred to, that religion may be made popular if it is affiliated to what we call modern civilization, and its formularies, its methods, and its outward showing through its buildings and its arts, made closely to follow the principles and tendencies of the times.

As Chesterton said: 'There is no arguing with the choice of the soul.' So in

this case there is really nothing to be done except to wait and hope for the coming of further enlightenment — and a salutary banishment of fear. It is this, after all, that lies at the root of the matter, as it does in so many other fields of mental activity. If ever the world needed courage it is at this juncture, and the recovery of courage might well begin in religion and in its ways of outward expression.

Beauty is one of the ways of approach to religion. If, instead of building so many Sunday schools, parish houses, community centres, et cetera (useful as all these may be made), the Church would enter upon a consistent campaign for the restoration of beauty to those places where it preëminently belongs, results would follow. I know this is so because I have seen it happen in specific instances, in the case of parish churches and school and college chapels, where an early ugliness has been superseded by such a degree of beauty as it has been possible to accomplish in these latter, and much handicapped, days. Under the impact of a new and dynamic beauty, congregations have increased, sometimes doubled, while time after time those 'who came to scoff have remained to pray.'

Beauty is man's inalienable heritage; it is one of his natural rights, on a par with his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Modern civilization has denied him this right, giving him instead much ugliness of thought and act and environment. I do not think that this birthright can be restored to him except by concrete and operative religion. Religion, by cosmic necessity, brought art, which is the precipitation of beauty, into being. After four thousand years it became negligent of its trust; now if it will it can open the road so long closed, and by this road, not as the only path, but as one of many, an alienated world may come back to old loyalty and to a better way of life.

OYSTER SUPPER

BY DELLA T. LUTES

I

THE pen that would picture to the eye that never saw, and can never hope to see, a table so bespread with lavish provender as was that set for an oyster supper at the Fowler farmhouse, the pen that would depict an old-fashioned oyster supper as once given by the Shooting Club in Southern Michigan, must justly poise in reflective mood above the waiting page. How to describe the fragrance, first of the opening cans, then of the heating broth as it stole through kitchen door to anterooms, teasing the nose, aggravating to instant action the salivary responses of the tongue! With what poor words to portray the long, wide table extending the length of the large dining room, duplicated by a second in the room beyond, each seating at least twelve people, the thick, satiny folds of their cloths hanging almost to the floor! For this was in the days when a housewife prided herself upon the size, quantity, and quality of her table linen.

In the centre of each table stood a stately silver caster with cruets of sparkling glass, each bottle handsomely etched and stoppered in heavy excellence of cut and pattern. Flanking these were huge bowls of slaw, but slaw of no common order such as housewives fling together with bowl and knife and dash of salt and vinegar. This was slaw shredded to a hair and dressed with thick sour cream, its own acerbity pitched to a little higher key with vinegar ripened from the cider barrel, the whole tempered

by the dulcet quality of sugar and savored with salt — no common slaw indeed, but a *cream* of slaw, perfect accompaniment to oysters in any and every form.

Bowls of slaw, then, of palest green filmed with cream and pointed with infinitesimal dots of black and red pepper, bolstered the casters. And beyond these, at one end, was a high cylindrical dish holding celery, and at the other a somewhat similar dish swinging in its silver frame and filled with long spikes of cucumber pickles, slightly tart and strong of dill.

At each place was a large white china plate with gold band around the edge and threadlike circle of gold in the centre. Silver flanked the sides: knife, soup spoon, oyster fork, to the right; dessert fork, dinner fork, to the left; and a goblet for water just above the plate alongside a tiny butter dish — the same sometimes used to hold the cup when tea or coffee was poured into the saucer to cool. Mrs. Fowler's goblets were of the thumbprint pattern, not so handsome as my mother's bellflowers, but catching every reflected beam from the hanging lamp overhead with its many prisms. The large linen napkin, folded snugly square, lay at the left.

There was no food on the table other than the slaw, the crackers, and the condiments, when we sat down, except —

Except! Reposing on each dinner plate was a generous saucer of oysters,

raw — not a cocktail glass (we had never heard of them), but a saucer such as belonged to a sizable cup: oysters gray and cold, with tiny slivers of ice here and there, releasing to the hungered nostril a faint aroma recalling that first heavenly acquaintance with this succulent son of the sea as it was discovered to us in our own kitchen; oysters to be dressed according to individual taste or adventurous spirit, with vinegar, horseradish, ketchup from the casters, and salt from the individual saltcellars before us.

These we ate with relish, and much laughter. The spearing of a ketchup-drenched oyster on a small-sized fork and its safe conveyance to the mouth were a sufficiently new enterprise to be undertaken with amusement. If there were any to whom the bivalve in his natural condition did not appeal, the contents of their dishes were more or less unobtrusively distributed among those who could not get their fill.

This prelude to further delights disposed of, the 'ladies' replaced each saucer with a large deep plate which sent up clouds of aromatic steam flavored of the pots of Olympus, where gods once did their cooking and angels came to eat — soup plates of a kind no longer known, but belonging to a day when soup was a goodly part of the meal, not merely a whet to appetite bored and dull; soup plates filled with oyster *stew* made in a wash boiler, made with milk that was half cream and brought to a boil but never boiled, seasoned with salt and pepper, yellowed with butter, with the oysters dropped into it at the last moment to curl their fluted edges in its heat; stew hot and tasty, and simply *gorgeous* to the tongue. But if you think that was all, you are wrong. The meal, you might justly say, was but begun.

When, after leisurely (and not too noisy) consummation of this overture to the real drama before us, the soup plates were gathered up and taken into the

kitchen to be washed by the hired girl and the extra woman who had come in to help, great pans of scalloped oysters were brought in and placed at each end of the table — milk pans, shallow but large of girth, with snowy towels wrapped around their sides to hold the heat, disguise their plebeian nature, and make them easy to handle.

Along the table they were passed, down one side and up the other like a Virginia reel, the men holding the pan and politely helping their ladies before themselves: oysters laid to bed with blankets underneath and above of crumbled crackers drenched with cream and butter; oysters seasoned to a nice precision and done *just* to perfection, but not a jot or tittle either side.

My mother, long versed in the art of cooking oysters in this manner to please my father's taste, usually had a hand in the preparation of these pans.

'The secret,' she told the ladies, 'of having *good* scalloped oysters is first in not having too deep a dish. If your dish is deep the oysters on top and bottom will be overdone, or those in the middle not done enough. And, next, in having just the right amount of milk, — which is half cream, — just the right seasoning of salt and black pepper, and plenty of butter. No scrimping on butter.'

II

That is all there was (God save us! *All there was!*) to this course of the meal: just scalloped oysters, cream slaw, a dill pickle if you wanted it, celery, coffee, and quantities of hot, crisp, flaky 'riz biscuits' and butter — quantities of everything.

All there was, but — preceded probably by *two* huge plates of stew and the great saucer of 'raws' — by cracky, it was enough, as my father vehemently remarked upon his introduction to this epicurean feast. Why they wanted to go, he scoffed after we had retired to Uncle

Matt's house, and mess up such a taste in your mouth with *cake*, he could n't for the life of him see.

But there were those, nevertheless, — and no inconsiderable number of them, either, — who liked their cake, and who looked forward to its appearance with as much eagerness as my father would to a piece of plum pudding after his Christmas dinner.

And with reason. My mother took no special pride in cake making other than in a certain spice cake which was a favorite with my father, and she did not excel in the creation of those mountains of sweetness and beauty which were the joy of other women — probably because, ordinary cake and flimsy puddings being held in scornful disrepute by my father, she had never felt obliged to exercise what skill she may have had in their concoction. With my Aunt Martha, however, with Mis' Fowler and Mis' Taylor, wife of one of the club members, and with our old neighbor, Mis' Bouldry, cake making was an art. They made cakes as some paint pictures, weave tapestries, or create images in stone.

Aunt Martha, for instance, made, and frequently contributed to the supper, what she called the Black Queen's Cake, and while I have inherited my father's husky preference for 'vittles' as against 'folderols and knickknacks' in cookery, I must admit that here was a cake worthy to follow even — if anything must follow — upon such a feast as this. Unfortunately I can find no record of her exact rule, but I did find, in a recent raid upon handed-down cookbooks and recipes in Southern Michigan, one that seems to approximate the product in texture and flavor.

To perform the miracle, you put two cups of light brown sugar and half a cup of butter into a mixing bowl and cream these together. Add two unbeaten eggs and beat until light and fluffy. Put one level teaspoonful of soda into three fourths of a cup of sweet milk and add it to the above mixture. Then add two

cups of flour, beating it in thoroughly, and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla.

Now put two and a half heaping tablespoonfuls of cocoa (or two and a half bars of melted chocolate) into a basin and pour over it one cup of boiling water, mixing thoroughly until dissolved. Add this to the cake mixture and stir well together. Pour into three well-greased layer-cake tins, medium size, and bake thirty to forty minutes in a moderate oven. Do not bake too rapidly or too long.

When done, cool and put together with a filling made as follows: take one half box of confectioner's sugar, cream with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and flavor with vanilla; add two squares of bitter chocolate melted, or two tablespoonfuls of cocoa, and mix the whole with strong black coffee (very little at a time) to the right consistency, then beat until fluffy.

Now there is the Black Queen's Cake, and whatever African Majesty was deemed worthy of such homage must have been a queen indeed.

The cake for which Mis' Taylor held repute was known as a Watermelon Cake, and for its colorful character was well adapted to its rôle as a major dessert. A rule guaranteed by one who in her youth knew my Aunt Martha, and who even in her ninetieth year still holds the yellow mixing bowl in a cunning hand, reads thus on her time-stained page: —

'To make it you take, for the white part, two cups of white sugar and one cup of butter and cream them together. Dissolve two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda in a little warm water and then mix it with a cup of sweet milk. Take three and a half cups of flour and mix alternately with the milk into the sugar and butter. Now beat up the whites of eight eggs to a stiff froth and add these last.

'For the red part, take one cup of red sugar and half a cup of butter and cream them together. Dissolve one teaspoonful

of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda in a little warm water and mix it with one-third cup of sweet milk. Beat the whites of four eggs stiff and stir them in. Now stir in one cup of lightly floured raisins.

'It requires two persons to fill the pan, which should be a large one with a tube in the centre, and well buttered. Keep the red part around the tube and the white part at the edge. This is a very attractive and ornamental cake.'

And, one might add, a large and luscious one. Just as a finishing touch, you might make a light green frosting, mottled with white, and if you want anything more realistic the answer is to substitute watermelon for watermelon cake — the objection to such substitution being that you could n't get watermelon and oysters at the same time.

I confess that I did not quite understand the tube arrangement and could not see the point of having a hollow place

even in a simulated watermelon, or why two persons are required for the process; so we set a ring mould, without any bottom, in the centre of a large cake pan and put the red part in it.

There were other cakes at other times, — White Mountain cake, hickory-nut cake, whipped-cream cake, cupcakes frosted with red sugar, — a very plethora of cakes; but the two I have given you were never far excelled in either taste or beauty of appearance, and always they were served in a manner suggesting Greeks and gifts, on glass cake dishes high and handsome.

What was done with all the 'yelks' left over from these orgies with beaten whites I do not know, although I confess that every time I am admonished through these munificent old rules to 'beat up eight whites,' or 'ten whites,' my impoverished latter-day mind gives a sort of economical gasp. But they did not need to worry about a few egg 'yelks,' so why should I?

IT'S HARD TO READ

BY MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE

WE need help in the educational problem of our boy of thirteen,' writes an observant mother. 'To my dismay I discovered that he could hardly read a word. . . . Our remedy has been to give special attention to his reading without making him too unhappy about it. In my own tutoring of him I find that he reads many words backwards, *was* being read as *saw*. A word of two or three syllables that spells a word completely in the second syllable will be read as that short word. The boy being very left-handed, I decided that there was some connection between reading the word backwards and left-handedness. To this day I have never changed my mind about the connection, but I have found very few people who agree with me.'

This kind of difficulty with reading is very common, but few people in the past have observed its exact nature as this mother has done. The child who has difficulty with print merely seems stupid or unwilling to learn. He fails inexplicably to pass his grades in school. He often becomes sullen or defiant under well-meant efforts to help him. In recent years, however, a physiological explanation of the difficulty has been offered by Doctor Samuel T. Orton, formerly of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, which now makes remedial training possible. Doctor Orton's work was recognized by the medical profession in the assignment to him last year of the Salmon Memorial award. But the greatest tribute to him is the love and gratitude of an increasing band of

released children now going happily into college, free from the ignominy and discouragement of failure in school.

In studying injuries to the skull, as a physician, Doctor Orton observed that there was an intimate connection between the skilled use of the hand and the speech functions. Both were apparently controlled by the lobe of the brain which was opposite to the master hand. If a right-handed person were injured in the left lobe of his brain, he would lose not only the use of his master hand, but the capacity to read, write, and speak. But the same injury to the right lobe would have no such effect. However, if a left-handed person were injured in the right lobe of his brain, his capacity to read, write, and speak might disappear along with the effective control of his master hand.

This one-sidedness extends also to the use of the foot and the eye. Right-handed people are normally right-footed and right-eyed. Left-handed people are normally left-footed and left-eyed. If a left-handed person kicks something out of his way in walking, he will probably use his left foot. If he attempts to sight a distant object, he will instinctively close his right eye and depend on his left.

Like the two eyes, the two hands, the two feet, the two lobes of the brain are mirrored reverses of each other. This appears from the fact that the left-handed child often begins by writing mirror-fashion, and sometimes retains a dormant faculty for doing so long after he has become accustomed to writing in

the usual fashion. Doctor Orton assumes that we all store two images, one the mirrored reverse of the other, but that the brain makes a choice between them and, for all practical purposes, erases the other. When this choice is not consistently made, confusion in reading appears, as described by the observant mother.

Some children find it hard to read because they do not remember easily the direction in which certain letters or words should face, and thus confuse the twin letters *b* and *d* and *p* and *q*, and such words as *was* and *saw*. These children do not have mirror vision — that is, they do not see words backward. They see just as you and I do, but their memory of which is *saw* and which is *was* is tricky. The reversal is possible physiologically only at the level of the brain which recalls words, because it is only there that one hemisphere works alone while the other is inactive.

Many mothers and teachers have thought, as our observant mother does, that the difficulty was connected with left-handedness, and Doctor Orton himself says that when he first started working with these cases he thought that left-handedness, frank or obscured, was a prominent factor. But his experience with more than a thousand cases has failed to support this. The idea that left-handedness as such is associated with reading disability is, he thinks, already too prevalent and has done some harm, since a teacher or parent often says, 'My boy does n't need that kind of treatment because he is n't left-handed and never has been.' Doctor Orton finds that the completely left-handed, left-eyed person may have no difficulty with reading even though his first writing may have been mirror writing. He must early forget his mirror writing and reverse the image, but this becomes automatic. The difficulty arises not from left-handedness as such, but from lack of complete consistency in the one-sided brain dominance. It is in the

record left in the higher levels of the brain, which do not *see*, but which *record* what has been seen and so make possible the recognition of a printed word, that he believes two conflicting images of words may exist. One of these images is normally inactive, but, if it is not, there is confusion which makes reading difficult and must be corrected by special training.

The person who has this difficulty is called by Doctor Orton a 'strephosymbolic' or twister of symbols. Print is only an old and rather clumsy invention worked out in a hit-or-miss style, and the consistent direction of reading from left to right is only a convention. Had it been understood that a sizable minority of readers tend to reverse letters, we might have avoided those interchangeable pairs of letters, like *b* and *d*, which make so much trouble for the strephosymbolic. In many ancient writings both the facings of letters and the direction of the reading alternated from line to line. The famous 'forum stone' whose inscription Doctor Orton often exhibits has a zigzag arrangement of the print, the first line beginning at the left and moving right, the second at the right and moving left, and so on. From these older two-way inscriptions there gradually evolved 'one-way streets' in reading. In Greek and Latin, and consequently in modern languages, letters traveled to the right. In Phœnician, Hebrew, and in several Italian dialects, such as the Umbrian and Etruscan, they traveled to the left. As with automobiles in a one-way street, so the letters in this one-way writing or printing all face in one direction. We do not know why certain languages should have developed into east-bound or right-hand streets, and others into west-bound, progressing toward the left. This can scarcely have been related to handedness or eyedness as is sometimes suggested. Were this so, we should expect to find left-handedness numerically greater than right-handedness in the Phœnicians, the ancient Jews, and the Etruscans. We

have no proof that this was so. Indeed it is highly improbable, since right-handedness is much more common than left-handedness in all races known to-day.

Doctor Orton's typical reading disability case is right-handed, but he has left-handed relatives, giving evidence of a probable hereditary origin of the lack of the complete dominance of either the left or the right brain. There are other evidences of this lack of completely one-sided brain dominance besides confusion of reading. Some right-handed people are left-eyed. Sometimes the motor patterns are mixed, some skilled actions being performed with one hand and some with the other.

The strephosymbolic apparently suffers, then, from the existence of two memory patterns of words, of about equal strength, of which sometimes one and sometimes the other is recalled. When he miscalls a word in a sentence after reading the same word correctly a moment before, his mistake looks to the teacher like plain carelessness and he may be punished for what is beyond his control. In striking contrast to this difficulty with reversible letters and words, the strephosymbolic child often is well endowed with visual skills and memories of a simpler order. His actual eyesight may be exceptionally keen, and his use of visual memories as they pertain to pictures, maps, plans, and objects other than printed words is often superior. Thus the child who is blind to words may rate as very superior in the Healy Pictorial tests and other forms of examinations using pictorial materials or objects.

Once the nature of the difficulty with print is understood, and one is ready to observe and utilize the child's own compensations, the training is comparatively simple. Doctor Orton begins by giving the child a detailed physical and neurological examination to determine his master hand and to bring as much consistency as possible into his speech and motor patterns. This sometimes

results in the retraining of apparently right-handed people to make them consistently left-handed. He frequently finds that left-handed children have been taught an unsuitable handwriting which puts a strain on nerve and muscle and makes their school work unduly slow and laborious.

Doctor Orton also gives the child an elaborate series of educational tests to place him scholastically in comparison with others of his age, and a series of intelligence tests. In the more intelligent children these often reveal great compensations, the child being as superior in some faculties as he is deficient in reading. These compensations are the most hopeful element in the problem and often furnish valuable guidance to the parent in leading the child out of fields in which he may be handicapped.

The compensation is derived from two sources. The child with mental energy has sought some other kind of cultural amusement instead of reading. He may have spent hours listening to music. He may have devoted time to drawing or mechanics. He has perhaps got an intensified capacity to look or listen, and so find diversion in the hours which a bookish child might spend on a story-book. Again, the child whose pride has been wounded by failure in school has often made a special effort to do well in the skills in which he could win praise. This accounts for the fact that strephosymbolic children often excel in science or mechanics or some of the arts. Nothing comforts a child or his parents more than to find some 'very superior' ratings on Doctor Orton's charts. A child of thirteen can stand being marked 'aged ten' in reading capacity if Doctor Orton notes that he is 'aged seventeen' in his comprehension of the spoken word and in his spoken vocabulary, or that he is two or three years beyond his age in the mechanical-aptitude tests. This gives him hope and courage and willingness to tackle his problem all along the line.

After the child is thus diagnosed, he is

given special remedial training in reading to suit his needs. The theory of this training is simple. Having no dependable visual standard for words, the child must be given another standard. Two other standards are available. One is the auditory form of the word, the other its kinæsthetic form — that is, the form fixed in the memory by tracing the word with the hand. Of these the auditory form is the more valuable standard. As the Platonic Socrates says, the spoken word is the true word, of which the written word is properly no more than an image; and to teach the child to appreciate the form of the spoken word, to think of all literature as something spoken, to hear what he reads, has cultural values quite beyond its immediate usefulness in correcting strephosymbolia.

In the particular case of strephosymbolia which I know best, the boy has compensated for his slight reading confusion by an extraordinarily clear and retentive ear-memory. He has saved himself in school from the full penalties of his extremely slow way of studying from the book by paying attention to what is said in class.

Doctor Orton's technique of teaching involves the careful and steady use of the spoken word. The child learns his letters and speech sounds by saying each one aloud. He learns each word by saying it. He is taught to correct confusions by sounding out the letters in their given order and then blending those sounds into a word. The word *say* is the standby of the teacher of the strephosymbolics in Doctor Orton's charge. The teacher holds up the printed letters to the child and asks, 'What do these letters *say*?' As he advances, the pupil learns to listen mentally to what he is reading, and to be sure that it makes sense. If he encounters a long and difficult word, he must experiment with different arrangements of the speech sounds until they turn into some word that he has heard. On this account, his spoken vocabulary must be kept well ahead of his reading vocabu-

lary. He must be accustomed to hearing a good deal of literature read aloud, and to clear and careful pronunciation.

The fixing of the auditory image is reënforced by kinæsthetic training. The child writes out letters and words as he learns them, at the same time saying them aloud. The kinæsthetic method has proved so successful that teachers who have hit upon it have been inclined to consider it the whole key to the difficulty. It is far from that. But it is very helpful. When the elements of reading are mastered, the child is led into a study of the roots and basic meanings of words. He learns words in families. He is taught the significance of prefixes and suffixes. This helps him to see immediately that some combinations of letters make sense, and some, even though he seems to remember them so, do not.

A child so taught may always lack the mechanical speed of the born sight reader, but he has been introduced to the wonders of speech and the treasures of literature by a method no less valid than our customary teaching of the written word. Reading may become in time definitely pleasurable, and may involve a concentrated and thoughtful attention to what is said which more than compensates for the mechanical ease of the rapid and cursory reader.

After all, the strephosymbolic is not really a handicapped person. He merely has a little variation for which the makers of print and the procedures of the school have failed to allow. Compared with the naturally rapid readers, he is in the numerical minority, one person in ten being estimated to have enough of this trouble to interfere with his education. But 10 per cent of the population is a considerable mass of people, at that. The strephosymbolic can learn to read if he is taught with due regard to his nervous and mental constitution, and he may prove to be a better and perhaps even a wiser person for the extra intellectual discipline thus forced upon him.

REMARRIAGE AFTER DIVORCE

The Case for Authoritative Discretion

BY PHILLIPS ENDECOTT OSGOOD

I

NO problem bothers the churches with a more gadfly-like persistency than that of remarriage after divorce. Under what conditions, regulations, prescriptive canons, discretions, legalities, or rigors shall it be permitted — if at all? Each and every communion is edgy on the subject. Each and every communion has its own dissociate policy. In no field is practical church unity less evident and more needed. And in no group is the issue more intense than in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Almost one might say that this Church is a burning glass to focus rays from all sacerdotal angles. For within it is an inclusiveness of variant opinion more extreme than in any other. Its Anglo-Catholic wing dates its fundamentalism from no mere Reformation century, and its liberals, while not libertarians of laissez-faire faddisms, are nevertheless decidedly modern-minded. Between these schools of interpretation there is inevitable divergence of opinion on many a subject, but on marriage, divorce, and remarriage there are such typical diversities of philosophy and practice that no other faith will find its policy unrepresented in the debate.

Because the pitted convictions connote more than internal interest, all who are concerned that the churches shall maintain their spokesmanship for the sober better judgment of society must take notice.

If you and I are not gravely perturbed

by the tandem polygamy-polyandry which the sensationalist pagans of to-day accept, but which conforms sufficiently to legality to be got away with, we should be! Even if we dismiss the flamboyant headlines, mounting statistics from the divorce courts amply justify the terror decent people feel at undisciplined laxity. Granted that far the greater number of remarriages are not multiple, but only the second marriages of men and women whose justification therefor seems to their sober friends both advantageous and comparatively deserved, the churches cannot be untroubled by the ease of 'readjustments' and the placidity of community acceptance. The churches must take a more united stand; not be swept by the tide of the times into easygoing blandness where there is no footing at all. But is there no stand short of the rock of absolute rigor? Must the Church austere decree the indissolubility of all marriages?

Perhaps the saucy answer which the hard-boiled will fling is that the churches really have to do only with a small fraction of the total divorce constituency, and that they may legislate and fulminate to their hearts' content, yet society will go its own go, regardless. It is true, the churches admit, that a very small fraction of the total divorce constituency is of church members. A questionnaire answered by 787 Episcopal parishes, 695 Presbyterian, 682 Baptist, 520 Congre-

gationalist, 1062 Methodist (and none of these selected unless for likelihood of maximum danger), reported that in 87, 92, 91.09, 93.9, and 93.9 per cent of the congregations, respectively, one or less divorce was known of husbands and wives both of whom had been in regular relationship with their church. The Roman Church's figures would be even tighter.

To be sure, this questionnaire was quoted in 1931, but the figures six years later cannot have changed by floodgate volume. The Church's joyous assertion is that such statistics prove the constructive, practical influence of religious practice. That stability of character and that grace of team-play mutuality which build the unbreakable family evidently have something done for them by the spiritual reality of church life. Indeed, in a great majority of such homes there is not only a bond which defies strain, but such a normal, positive affection that the wrench divorce implies has never come into remotest contemplation. Yes, the churches will cheerfully admit that the divorce problem is in comparatively small degree the problem of 'the family of God.' But the degree is less small each year!

This does not end the Church's rebuttal to the taunting sophisticate. For, the ecclesiast might observe, even said sophisticate seems to feel that he wants a church wedding when the time comes. No Justice of the Peace's ceremony gives quite the Class A rating in prestige given by a church ceremony. The 'Church's blessing' is still sought, to give the *kudos* of respectability, even by those who have little other use for the Church — which would seem to give the churches a whip hand in the matter, if they dare to use it.

There are some of us who wish the vaunted principle of the separation of Church and State could apply here. Marriage is an economic and social institution; in this the State is involved. Marriage may also be sacramentally

holy; in this the Church is involved. If the time could ever come when by definite interchurch agreement the churches would surrender their secular function, retaining only their truly spiritual privilege, then those persons who were ready only to attempt a minimum (economic and social) standard for marriage would utilize only the secular agency; but those who were conscientiously ready to attempt a maximum, spiritual standard would come to the Church and, by making their vows of fealty before its altar, commit themselves publicly to the endeavor to realize ideals of perfection in their union. Relieved of all tie-up with non-spiritual secularism, the Church would surely find its dealings with its legitimate own more flexible and mystic.

II

Yet, since this disentanglement seems unlikely, the churches have still a major step they could take, either separately or together: to restrict the Church's validations to the Church's own members. This sounds audaciously drastic. What! Not marry all the couples who apply — or at least all who have not a divorcee participant? Exactly! We have anomaly enough with 'Easter Christians' without 'Wedding Christians,' too, who exploit the Church for a fashionable flavor lent their wedding and are not seen again inside church doors.

And most certainly we must divest ourselves of those 'Rewedding Christians' who wish the Church's benediction to vindicate their post-divorce union and intend no continued loyalty to the thus-used Church. If there is to be any remarriage at all allowed after divorce, in the delicate and intimate question of which person is the really innocent and therefore deserving victim of the marital catastrophe no one who is not closely in touch with the lives of the applicants can be in any position to judge. Pastoral acquaintance and proper church standing ought to be axiomatic.

The casual shopper for a marrying parson has no rightful claim. The marriage ceremony is as much to be thought a milestone moment in a continuous evolution of character by the Church's help as is confirmation or its equivalent. One does not confirm the momentary, drop-in stranger; why should one marry an unaffiliated, unknown pair and wave them on their triumphant way with a certificate? Even if the case involved a non-Church individual who could produce a court decree which evidenced exactly the canonical grounds on which remarriage is permitted and on which the Bishop would give his *nihil obstat*, should the remarriage then be performed? Is the pronouncement by the exploited Church only a bit of magic, to be bought for a fee or had for the asking? No, the marriage ceremony goes along with the other gifts the Church dispenses to those whom, by shepherded comradeship, it knows to be ready for them. Both before and after the wedding there must be contact and won trust. Let the churches tighten up their usage and put marriage into the curriculum of continuous pastoral eduction of their own people's lives. Most of all, remarriage after divorce is only to be considered for those persons whose characters can be vouched for by their actual clergyman.

III

The present Canon 41 of the Episcopal Church code fails in two directions. It allows its ministers to remarry the innocent party in a divorce granted at least one year previously on the ground of adultery, the Bishop having been sufficiently assured of the legal decree to that effect. (Where sundry specified grave wrongs are proved to have existed before the marriage, the Bishop is authorized to treat the dissolution of that union as an annulment; but this provision really has no bearing on the problem here discussed.) One failure of this canon is that there is no stipulation

that only church folk may apply for this ecclesiastical considerateness. With the second insufficiency of the canon the conscience of the average realistic layman is much more concerned: —

The realists remind the canonists that divorces are seldom sought on the ground of adultery. Yet a tragically greater number of unions are wrecked by unfaithfulness than ever nominate it in the unbinding of the bond. Courteous camouflage covers the gross carnality of the adulterer by specious euphemisms of desertions, extreme mental cruelty, or incompatibility. Surely the Church should base its action on actualities, not on nominal allegations which mask them.

The story runs, however, that one forthright Bishop was accustomed to go behind the legal allegation to discover whether the seventh commandment had been violated, that the truly innocent ex-partner might have the benefit of the canon's intention. He was soon indicted for defamation of character by one he had personally adjudged guilty on the legally unmentioned count; for the prosecutor recited that, since everyone knew the Episcopal Church allowed remarriage to the innocent party only on this specific charge, it was plainly connoted by the Bishop's sanctioning of the remarriage that the party of the second part was an adulterer, although the court had found no such guilt. Who can blame any Bishop, thereafter, for being prudent and declining to accept extralegal evidence? And if the other person of a divorce remarries, any Bishop will hesitate to brand that marriage as an adultery, thus enabling the more tardily applying person to claim the benefit of the canon. For the prior remarriage is legally sanctioned and cannot safely be called immoral.

Actualities thus seem checkmated.

Realists also know that unfaithfulness is not the only wrong which destroys the home. Insanity, perversions, cruelty of all sorts, long imprisonment for crime, habitual drunkenness — the list of vitia-

tions could be much extended. All the causes for divorce accepted by the State are not fictional devices. There are other sins than sexual. Are they sufficient to persuade the Church that a marriage in which they intolerably occur is not a true marriage? There are those who feel so.

Realists also thrust home the further question: why will not the Church forgive and absolve realized, tragic mistakes, sometimes where there is yet no gross iniquity a-festering? It forgives the penitent other sins; why not the really anguished one of its faithful own whose first marriage clearly never should have been? Is this query on too thin ice for sacerdotal comfort?

IV

All this seems to make toward the allowance of authoritative discretion somewhere in the Church. If the Church is to face facts for the benefit of those it knows from vital touch to be Laocoön victims and give them the chance for one honest, wholesome love, even after a wretched blunder, is there any alternative to authoritative discretion? The alternative is not unauthoritative indiscretion on the part of a chance clergyman for the complaisance of non-Church indifferentists (for that chance clergyman might conceivably and exceptionally be a spineless milksop with no won't-power in his make-up, an idiosyncratic individualist, or even a fee-seeker). Nor is it discretionary authority too completely vested in even the earnest parish priest, who could be too easily accused of favoritism or bigotry by his own parishioners. Rather, it is authoritative discretion permitted some trustworthy higher official who can coördinate regional practice but who must first of all seek the frank opinion of those who have had pastoral intimacy with the applicants — this authoritative discretion to cover only bona fide members of the Church.

To meet all these contentions the

Commission of Marriage and Divorce in its report to the assembling General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church recommends the following addition to the existent canon: —

Any person whose former marriage has been dissolved for any cause by a civil court may after the expiration of one year from the granting of the divorce apply to the Bishop of his or her diocese for permission to marry another person; and nothing in this Canon shall deprive the Bishop of his ecclesiastical power to permit such remarriage, if, in equity and good conscience, he shall choose so to do. However, before such permission is granted by the Bishop, he shall take legal and, if necessary, other advices, including that of the clergyman of the parish of which the applicant is a member. He shall also inquire into the character and personality of the parties to the previous and proposed marriage, and must determine whether the spiritual welfare of the parties thereto and of society will be served by the proposed marriage.

Does this seem sane, humane, and Christian?

V

At this suggestion rigorous conservatives rise up and shout a resounding unanimous protest. This modest modification of the canon rouses them to honest indignation. In the name of Christ and of ancient custom they rebel.

One of the basic courtesies of controversy is to assume that one's opponent is high-minded and conscientious, even if perhaps mistaken. Only small-minded partisans impute unworthy motives to those who honestly differ from them. The Catholic party believes implicitly and devotedly in its austere, inflexible standards, interpreting Christ's words as its authority to do no otherwise. The concern so deeply felt is because certain key texts in the Gospels seem to it final authority for all time. To defend the Master's dicta both fundamentalist Evangelicals and Anglo-Catholics are aroused.

For example, the editor of the *Living*

Church, the leading Anglo-Catholic weekly, voices this 'shocked and distressed' cry: 'Never in [his] recollection has any official body in the Church so completely negated the teaching of Christ and the practice of the Catholic Church for 2000 years as the Commission' in this recommendation. Ringingly the High Churchman repeats, 'Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' Only death can break the bond. No matter what catastrophic sins, slow poisons of bitterness, or even separation from bed and board may come, the man and woman are still inexorably a married pair. The more extreme Catholics avail themselves of the 'practically unanimous' finding of the Higher Critics of the Gospels that the exception clause in Matthew v. 32 is a later interpolation and no part of the original sweeping word of the Master ('Whosoever shall put away his wife, *saving for the cause of fornication*, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery'), for neither Mark, an earlier Gospel, nor Luke, in repeating the same injunction, includes it. So, according to this, even adultery does not sever the marriage!

What counter-arguments can the liberals advance? Let us give them too the credit of high-souled sincerity; they are not intending 'completely to negative the teaching of Christ.' The advocates of authoritative discretion are endeavoring to understand the genius of Christianity and honorably to apply its ideals in modern practice. Their arguments are worthy of an open-minded hearing. They are these: —

1. So far as textual oracles go, one cannot comprehend Jesus' intention without taking into consideration the marriage and divorce customs of Palestine. Despite alleviations, even in His day they were still licitly unjust to women, who had little or no standing in that masculine world. We too frequently omit the reminder that bigamy or poly-

amy were still legal, that bond slavery still persisted, that a cast-off wife, dismissed at her husband's whim, sometimes even without the 'bill of divorcement' to prove her status, had little alternative for support but the sale of herself, dowry-less, for bread and clothes and housing. It was crassly taken for granted that 'a woman could violate only her own marriage; a man could violate only that of another' — that is, it was not considered a masculine sin unless a man took another man's *wife*. Jesus was attacking this double standard. He declared for monogamy and for absolute parity of human rights between husband and mate. Women were to Him just as much persons as men, with souls as well as bodies to be defended from abuse.

His treatment of women 'sinners' is in line with this. The woman taken in adultery (notice the man was let go scot-free!) and the ex-wanton at Simon's feast, since misnamed the Magdalen, were shown a surprising but penetrating pity. Without palliating their lechery, He bluntly said there were worse sins: uncharitable malice and cocksure, cold-shoulder self-righteousness — a judgment of comparative guilt that our inherited code has reversed in its scale of condemnations. Jesus' criterion was not of the flesh but of the soul. His Church must put the soul's interests where He did. It cannot by inflexible rules, based on single texts.¹

The proof text quoted for absoluteness is found in the compilation of sayings called the Sermon on the Mount. Prophetically unqualified norms are held high. There is no denying that the perfect ideal for marriage is a matehood maturing and deepening from youth to old age, with a close-knit family life bred on its enriching membership-one-of-another through all the years, until, despite the

¹'Those whom God hath joined together' is perhaps a conditional phrase. Not every pair are brought together by God-intended and God-guaranteed fate. The true mates are fewer than all wedding participants. — AUTHOR

other text in the case, even death cannot really part.

2. But Jesus was not a legislator. His method was of inspiration, not of statutes. To single out some sentence and use it as iron authority for lawmaking is alien to His spirit. If one sentence is to be so used, why not adjacent ones? 'Thou shall not kill,' the old commandment (the Church accepts the soldier's profession!), is intensified to condemnation of hateful scorn; are we to discipline all scornful folk? The advice to cut off an offending right hand or to pluck out an offending eye, immediately preceding the marital text, is not generally taken as a statute.

As for a proof text, the trouble is that an alternate one can usually be found to meet it head on. How about the one that a house divided against itself cannot stand? Or that of the only unforgivable sin, which is evidently not divorce? No, we must attempt the discovery of His prevailing, undeviating spirit, in consonance with which every word is to be interpreted.

If there is anything which shines out from first to last through all the record of the Master it is His insistence upon the infinite and unique value of the individual soul. To that everything must subserve. Individuality must be encouraged, stimulated, and allured to self-fulfillment through its spontaneities. He worked as a friend with friends, aiding their progressive use of liberty for self-realization. His love was not sac-

charine pampering; He could be surgeon-ruthless if necessary. But never even in discipline did He stretch personality on a Procrustes' bed.

3. We strike the basic stratum of His conviction about institutions in His word that the Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath. Sabbatarianism was the tingling quick of the law of that day; He would not be less afraid of the sensitive quick of our code, but would say, 'Marriage was made for human beings, not human beings for that institution's sake.' Nothing could be more fundamental than this principle. On such a reading of His heart the liberal stakes his case for authoritative — that is, safeguarded — discretion in the Church. No inelastic rule can ever be adequate for all sorts and conditions of men — and women.

Discretion, pray, to permit deserving ones due chance at a true and lasting love; but only authoritatively granted, not indiscriminately allowed for any casual remating pair at the whim of the accidental clergyman. If the ultimate judgment of a proper official, acting 'in equity and good conscience,' is that 'the spiritual welfare of the parties thereto and of society will be served by the proposed marriage,' can anyone truly contend that this negatives Christian morals? Does it not seem more Christlike than inflexible rigor? If only there were probability that some such authoritative discretion might become the custom of all the churches!

GRAPE HARVEST

BY NORA WALN

I

WARM weather lingers late in the sheltered valley of the Ahr. 'Old Wives' Summer' the autumn is often called here. But by the end of October there is frost in the air from the Eifel every night after sunset, and when I first came to visit in the home of Wolfgang and Anna Bender, in early November, 1934, even the tardiest of the plants had joined the more prudent in drawing down their precious green chlorophyll. Leafed in reds and gold, the trees and vines and grasses filled the valley with such beauty as sets the heart to dancing in delight.

Anna met me at the foot of the path that leads through terraced vines to her door. I saw her standing there before I got down from the postal bus — a slender woman in a fresh print dress, her brown hair worn in a coronet braid round her head, with eyes that are cornflower blue. When we were in her house, my wraps and valise put away, we had coffee seated by a broad window. Then she fetched her work, the ripping of her husband's overcoat. Supplied with a ripper, I helped.

Below us to the river sloped the vineyard of her dowry. Through an orchard on the west we could just see the roof of her parents' dwelling, which is set in a dell. Some distance beyond rose the steeple of the village church. The gray stone cottage in which we sat, with the grape terraces on three of its sides and a wood lot over the hill, is Wolfgang's inheritance from his father.

Anna led me to an east window to point out a sunny ridge, saying: 'My man has chosen the best of all his land for a new vineyard. Our eldest daughter, Anna-Marie, is sixteen. The grapes are ready to bear next season. The harvest from these young vines will be hers to fill her hope chest, and when she weds the vineyard deeds go with her to her new home.'

We took up our ripping again while Anna talked on about her children: 'After us, the homestead will go to Hans, our second son. Ernst, our first-born, does not want a vineyard. Not all children born to farm families belong to the land. It is best for those who are not the land's own to follow the call which bids them be away. Ernst would be a physician. He has gone to learn. A vineyard keeper has gentle skill in his hands, endurance, intuition, and the power of quick decision. A vine-keeping ancestry may help our Ernst to be a wise physician.'

Hans and his father came in from the wood lot, where they had been cutting grape supports. Greetings over, Wolfgang noticed our work.

'I am repairing this coat for the last time,' Anna told him. 'After next harvest you must buy a new one.'

'It has been a good coat,' he answered. 'There is no weaving now like the wool cloth made before the war.'

'The best of cloth does not last forever,' she reminded him. 'This is the

third time I have turned this coat. The collar and cuffs are so worn that I must cut new ones from the length. Very short it will be!

'Well — after next season's picking I'll get a coat,' he promised.

Anna-Marie returned from helping with her grandmother's baking day, bringing a warm, fragrant currant loaf; and her mother promptly made her a witness to this overcoat agreement. Born in that dark winter of despair, 1918, she is her father's pride. 'My sunshine' and 'my light' he calls her in his sentimental German way.

'If you find any fault in her you must not blame her,' Wolfgang will often say. 'If she is spoiled, then I am at fault for spoiling her.'

Soft of voice and quick of wit, yet with no barb in her words to hurt those against whom her humor is directed, she has inherited her mother's lithe figure and her father's red-gold hair.

Suse and Otto, aged nine and ten, slipped in. They had loitered on the way from school. Each gave me a grubby hand and made me a deep bow. They were scolded and kissed by both mother and father and sent to wash. They soon returned, shiny-clean, to stand leaning against their big brother Hans, one on either side of his chair.

Everyone in the Bender family has his or her duties. There is no discussion as to who shall do what in the daily tasks. On the evening of my first arrival, before the family scattered to tend the animals, gather the eggs, milk the cows, and prepare a bountiful supper, Wolfgang played Beethoven's Sixth Symphony on his gramophone.

'Some day I hope to own the Ninth,' he declared as he put the records carefully away in their case.

During my visit Anna cleaned and pressed the cloth of his overcoat, and puzzled out its remaking to the best advantage. Sewing on the buttons, the morning of my departure, she assured everyone within hearing, 'This is the

last winter he can wear this coat.' And as he tried it on, thrice turned and now shortened by the necessity of replacing its frayed collar and cuffs from the length, Wolfgang affirmed, 'Yes — next autumn, if there is profit in the harvest, I'll get a new coat.'

II

While the vine sleeps the toil of the vineyard keeper goes on. 'Grape growers who would prosper must water their vines with sweat every month in the year,' according to Anna's father.

Men of prudence firm their terraces as soon as the harvest is cut, putting back any stones that have fallen from the walls which hold them to the hill, and replace rotted vine supports with new posts. Their womenfolk go through the vineyards lifting each vine that has been pulled down by the weight of fruit and retying it securely to its supporting post with binders of reed.

Time is then taken from the care of the vineyards to make the homesteads and the places of community meeting snug against the coming cold. Roofs are mended and storm doors put up on house and stable. The kitchen shed is filled with fuel. Tender garden plants are bedded with leaves and mats. Men join in tightening their churches, neighborhood halls, and schoolhouses. Indoors the women make ready for winter by closing every crack that might let frost into the cellars where food is laid by for the season when nothing grows, looking over the family's warm clothing, airing the feather quilts, and refilling with fresh earth the pots of ivy geranium, begonia, and oxalis that bloom by the windows.

'Men should be ready for their woodlot work when the leaves turn,' young Suse informed me.

'When the leaves yellow, the trees are drawing their life fluid down into their roots for winter storage,' Wolfgang explained. 'Vine supports are strongest if

hewn when this life fluid is passing through the tree's trunk.'

Wood should season a year before it is set in the earth, so the vineyard keeper hews his vine posts the autumn before he needs them. Oak is best. Oak properly cured will hold a vine through all weathers for twenty years. Therefore in his wood lot it is the oaks that Wolfgang pampers by clearing out other growth to give them plenty of air and light. Helping the acorns to sprout abundantly, he picks up handfuls that have fallen in the shade and scatters them in open glades. Often he transplants oak saplings to better places than those where they have started. Hewing his vine supports, he bears in mind the generations to come after him, and takes no more than he must each year.

The Benders stack their roughly hewn posts in an open-ended shed, leaving the trimming and shaping to be done on days when weather makes it impossible to work out of doors. The posts hauled in, the next job of the year is the carrying up of manure from the cow stables to enrich the terraced earth. This is the hardest of all a vine keeper's work. It occupies much of the winter. Hods are used, similar in shape to those masons have, but larger, and Hans says there is no way to carry them but on a man's back. A man in the prime of his strength can make fifteen trips a day to a height of six hundred feet, carrying a hundredweight each time.

I enjoyed my first visit in Anna's house, and as I left she bid me come again freely whenever I wanted to. I have gone often, finding peace there from the stress of my own city life.

While the vines are dormant it is the women's task to prune them back, leaving only one branch of last season's growth, which is to bear next summer's grapes, and to clean all twigs and grippers from the stalk. Trimmed while they sleep, the vines do not bleed. In open weather Anna and Anna-Marie kept at this job, as it takes many months to at-

tend to all their vineyards. On rough days they were occupied inside, preparing the coils of rye straw and reed twine used for binding the grapes to their supports. Both the straw and the reeds are soaked in water, then worked until pliable.

Snow fell on Christmas Eve. All through January the valley of the Ahr was mantled in white. There were three days of vacation for Christ's Feast. Then the Benders went on with their work. Except when there was rough wind or blinding snowfall, Wolfgang and Hans continued to carry their hods up into the vineyards. The grape growers of this place unload their fertilizer in evenly spaced heaps and do not spread it until certain there is enough for all the vines. Otherwise a vine keeper might find that he had none for the last terrace.

When they are doing this work Anna will not let her menfolk into the house until they have washed and changed. She puts warm water and fresh clothes in the shed for them.

III

In February we enjoyed a false spring in a sudden thaw and a spell of weather so warm that it was comfortable without a coat. The air was laden with the promise of summer. I went down to Anna's to find young Otto sunning himself on the doorstep in company with Tiger, the cat.

'Liegt die Katze im Februar in der Sonne, liegt sie im März hintern Ofen mit Wonne,' the boy sang out as I approached.

The others were all up in the vineyards. He had been left to tend the home chores and was sitting with Tiger until milking time. On one of the terraces I found Anna, Anna-Marie, and Suse busy with their pruning shears. They all agreed that the weather was lovely, but hoped that the mildness would soon end, lest the vines be awakened.

Wolfgang and Hans were hastily hoeing the manure into the thawed ground to save it from the winds which might blow it away in March. The soil here is filled with slate. They all believe that the slate gives their grapes an iron which builds up strength in those who drink the wine such as is not found in the juice of fruit grown elsewhere. Slate makes the earth hard to till. Wolfgang and Hans were tearing the ground open with hoes resembling miners' picks, digging the fertilizer well in. The more the earth is tilled, the better vines thrive. All the year, whenever they can find time from other tasks and the ground is not frozen, they work through their vineyards terrace by terrace. The end reached, they turn back to start again where they commenced to hoe.

'Twenty times round each vine is the least number of hoeings any sensible tiller gives,' according to Hans. Otto is too young yet to do a day's work with the hoe, but he is often made to do a hand's turn that he may grow into understanding of the patience that a man needs.

The weather did soon turn colder, as the Benders wished, but with a greater fierceness than they desired. Otto's prophecy, quoted from his grandfather, came true. March arrived with a blast that drove the cat behind the stove. The earth was frozen hard, and cracked open. The heaving frosts split vineyards asunder. Stones from the supporting walls were tumbled from terrace to terrace. Ragged gashes were torn across the ground — looking into them, one could see the exposed vine roots. Men hastened into the bitter weather to mend as best they could the damage done by the cruel strength of the cold, stuffing sackings, newspapers, and old quilts in to cover the roots.

The changeable weather brought the valley an epidemic of influenza. Anna's own hardy family escaped the sickness. She joined a corps of neighborhood women quickly organized to nurse the

suffering. The local doctor was away when the epidemic began, answering a summons for having turned a radio off when Adolf Hitler was speaking. When he returned he praised the women highly for having used just the right remedies in his absence.

There was great rejoicing at his return. Reported by a malicious person as disrespectful to the Führer, he had taken his case directly to Berlin. He had turned the radio off because while it was on he could not hear the heartbeat of a sick child whom he was tending. Pleading his own case, without a lawyer's aid, he had won release and pardon. He had been away less than a fortnight.

'There is justice in our Fatherland,' he told patients as he went his rounds.

The true spring came with Easter. The Eifel whitened as with drifted snow under the blossoms of the wild cherry and the blackthorn. Grass sprang up. Primroses unfolded their petals. Violets lifted their heads. Iris thrust clean blades through the soil in Anna's garden. Yet the grapevines slept on, heedless of the perfumed call of growing things.

After April's second gentle rain, Anna's Cousin Beckhaus, a near neighbor, set out a new vineyard, moving his plants before they wakened. Each little vine was shaded with a slate to keep the sun from pulling too hard on it during its first summer on the terrace. Vines are started from slips, usually in the kitchen garden, as his were. For three years after transplanting they are pruned back to drive their growth into the root, and in the fourth year vines are allowed to bear their first grapes. The crop comes strong and healthy.

There is a Portuguese grape grown here sometimes which bears for a hundred years, but unfortunately its taste is not a favorite. People of the Ahr prefer varieties of red and white French grapes which have to be replanted about every twenty years. The roots go down forty

feet and more, and they must be pulled out with chains when the vineyard ceases to bear. The land has then to rest for three or four years while the soil is cleaned by growing vegetables in it. The clever among experienced vineyard keepers are wise concerning the crops that are best for reviving the ground so that vines will thrive in it again.

In the Ahr a man may not plant just what he will in his land. He has to carry every slip he desires to grow to a communal examination before he can put it in the earth. There are many grape diseases and this common law is a safeguard for the valley. If disease does get into a vineyard, the vines are destroyed and the plot fenced and sealed by the mayor until the earth is cured. The American wild grape has been found marvelously free from the danger of root trouble and Ahr growers like to use it as a stock grafting on their favorite variety.

In recent years government regulations forbidding the sending of money out of Germany have made it difficult to secure these roots, but some families have a relative living in the States who will express them and wait for payment until international economics are untangled. Wolfgang got American roots for Anna-Marie's vineyard, and the vines for Cousin Beckhaus's planting were grown from slips which she gave him.

During the fair days of spring the men hoed diligently in their vineyards, letting air and light in round the grape roots. Anna and Anna-Marie bent the single branch which they had left on each vine, when they pruned, into a hoop, binding it into shape with the rye-straw twine; then fastened the hoop to the vine's post with a knot of reed.

Through a diligent bustle and stir all down the valley the vines continued quiet. The swallows had long returned; the blackbird had finished his courting song; the larks were nesting before the

grapes cautiously stretched out leaf buds clad in mittens of fuzzy wool.

IV

'*Bodenständig* should only be used in reference to folk who stand firmly on the earth,' spoke Anna, correcting me. 'Like the noun "farmer," it is a word that no family has a right to until it has proved its steadiness by more than one generation of successful living on the land.'

A vineyard keeper worthy of this title has his wood lot for poles, his field for potatoes, his orchard of fruit trees, his stabled cows, his dwelling house, and his vines. He eats bread of his wife's making which is baked in the village oven, where each family has its allotted day and the fire is banked over Sunday. His laundry is rubbed clean at home, rinsed in the clear waters of the Ahr, and bleached on the grass. He walks without arrogance but with self-respecting dignity. And, Protestant or Catholic, he brings his children up to earn their keep, pay their debts, revere God, and love the Fatherland.

When such a man marries, in the valley of the Ahr, he needs four thousand vines to support himself and his wife in decency. As his family increases he requires more. A healthy man and his wife can tend up to eight thousand vines without undue strain, but if they increase their vineyards beyond this number they should employ help — unless they have grown sons and daughters. Casual labor does nothing except harm in a vineyard. Vines thrive best when tended by persons who have grown up in the vineyards. It is the custom here for young folk who do not yet own enough grapes to occupy them entirely to hire themselves out to neighbors; and it is the recognized duty of a son, or a son-in-law, to tend the vineyards of parents who have lost their strength.

Along the lovely green waters of the Ahr, since Napoleon passed, the vines

have been the property of working vineyarders. This arrangement differs from conditions on the banks of the Rhine and the Moselle, where many of the vineyards are owned by absentee landlords and a goodly number of the best terraces are held by the Prussian State. Charlemagne planted the first grapes to grow in German soil. According to legend, he sent his servant Kunrat to Orleans for the vines and set them in the earth with his own hand. When the first wine harvest was ready he journeyed from Aix-la-Chapelle, in regal procession, to taste the beverage. Draining his golden goblet, he declared the German wine to be a drink which gave back his youth.

After this success, many vineyards were planted along the Rhine and the Rhine's tributaries. Graf von Hochstaden, Count of Altenahr, who held the land on both banks of the Ahr by feudal right, ordered it terraced and set with vines. When he died, his valley of vineyards was inherited by his brother, a Catholic bishop. The bishop bequeathed it to the Cathedral of Cologne.

When Napoleon came he took the valley of the Ahr from the Church and sold it out in small lots. Many families here speak with pride of their deed from Napoleon. Folk who stand firmly on the earth, they have held to the opportunity which the Corsican gave them through all the decades since.

V

Under the hot sun of May the woolly knobs on the grapevines pushed out farther and farther. Now that the vines were waking, the vineyard keepers feared a frost. May the eleventh, the thirteenth, and the fifteenth are called 'The Three Ice Holies.'

'This is the time when icebergs floating down from the far North bring cold to Germany,' the village cobbler told me when I took my country shoes to be soled.

Visiting at Anna's, I found the family

saying prayers daily in church, as their neighbors were. Thermometers had been hung in all the vineyards and men kept guard at night, reading the temperature every half hour. The 'Holies' passed safely, but the watchmen stayed on, neighbors taking turns, as the air held frost.

On the night of the sixteenth an alarm was given which set the church bells ringing from village to village, calling out the vineyard keepers and their families. Cannons barked the order for fires to be lit. The people knew where to set their fires and how many to put alight by the way the cannons were fired. They worked in corps, each with a leader whom they obeyed without question or delay.

The village was wrapped in a blanket of protecting smoke made by burning coal tar. The greatest danger is on the clearest nights, and the lower parts of the vineyards are in gravest peril because the cold intensifies by its own weight. The peril is in the sudden thawing under the morning sun, when the life drips out of fruit buds. Wrapping them in smoke prevents this thawing.

Such a frost is a nuisance to the German housewife, who likes her house kept spotlessly clean, but for the sake of the vines, which are the valley's livelihood, the valley must be filled with coal-tar smoke. Black gets in everywhere. Still, everyone is glad to have the grapes saved.

After dawn the buds were officially examined and in every village along the Ahr the *Bürgermeister* pronounced the grapes unhurt. Bells and cannon carried the glad tidings. Laughing and singing in their relief, the people of the Ahr filed into their churches to thank God for His mercy.

Then the women hurried home. By noon the smoke had settled. At supper-time Anna had fresh curtains up, snowy linen on the beds, the doorsteps scoured, and the garden flowers rinsed off. Rain at the end of the week washed the valley,

cleaning away the last traces of tar smoke.

The vines put forth branches. The leaf buds broke their sheaths and slowly unfolded their tucks, spreading their greenness shiny and moist to the sun. Under the protection of the leaves the flower buds opened their tiny petals, and the bright June weather was sweet with the blossoming of the grape.

I sat by the river bank watching swallows teach their young to feed on the wing. Four round little birds, steel-blue, squatted on the swaying branches of a riverside willow. Scolding and coaxing, turning and twisting in flights of easy grace, the mother and father, their cheeks pouched with insects, circled over their children. One by one the birdlings would venture out to have their mouths filled, then flutter back to a perch.

But Wolfgang and Anna, hurrying by, gave no heed to this. In June the attention of vineyard keepers centres on their vines. She carried her scissors. He had a spraying tank swung over his shoulder.

Bright June weather brings on the first real surety of harvest — the tiny green grapes, a few days after the blossoms fall. It also brings on the danger of mildew and hatches out the hay moth. Wolfgang fights mildew with sprays of sulphur and copper vitriol thinned with chalk milk. Every leaf on every vine must be noticed; those on which the spray is blown take on a gray-blue color. Mildew must be watched out for so long as the leaves are growing, well into September.

Anna's concern was with the hay moth. The first had been seen fluttering over the house arbor. She was on her way to the village hall, where women were gathering to make the hay-moth banners. So I went along. These banners consist of a light stick with an ob-long framework at one end over which white muslin is tacked. At the time of use, the muslin is smeared with a sticky substance prepared by the village committee and distributed at cost.

After school the children were sent into the vineyards with the banners. The catcher was cleaned and freshly smeared each day. Suse and Otto and their young neighbors had to carry on this chase every evening until the last hay moth had disappeared from the valley.

'My children, I thank you,' Wolfgang said on the last evening of the moth chase as Otto and Suse, reluctant to leave the twilight, came in to bed at Anna's call. 'You have saved my winter overcoat.'

He spoke too soon. In August, after a long spell of hot dry weather, came the wasps, a plague of them, endangering a vintage which promised to be exceptionally good in both quality and quantity. The insects settled on the half-grown grapes, sucking the juice and bringing in their wake flies and earwigs.

Working in groups with a leader, as in the smoke column, the vineyard keepers fought the wasps. They sought out nests, burned sulphur under them, and, when the wasps were stupefied, poured on boiling water. They hung bottles of sweetened water in the vines throughout the vineyards, emptying them systematically of drowned insects morning and evening. Still the menace persisted.

Finally the advice of the village cobbler was heeded. He contended that what the wasps needed was a drink, and that if trickles of fresh water were arranged, from slightly opened taps, at which the insects could quench their thirst, they would n't destroy the grapes. This was done. The plague ceased.

On the last day of August, the schoolmaster's eldest son, now an official in brown uniform, came to remind Hans that this year all men born in 1915 must do their Labor Service. Questioning him, Wolfgang asked if Hans's work in the vineyards did not count as labor for his country. The man in brown explained that the purpose of the Labor Corps is not work in the ordinary sense, but a bringing together of all classes from

different parts of Germany in the comradeship of activity.

'You do not intend to object to your son going?'

'Certainly not,' Wolfgang replied. 'We of Ahr are a peaceful, law-abiding people who obey new regulations as soon as explained to us.'

It was arranged that Hans should go into camp after harvest for his six months' service.

VI

Through the summer, while the grapes grew, women were as busy in the vineyards with their pruning scissors as the men with their hoes. All barren growth, except shoots for next season's bending, were kept snipped off. Every useless tendril on a vine takes of its strength, reducing the size of the grapes.

When the grapes took on color the vineyards were officially closed. The notice was given by a boy walking through the village ringing a bell. It was also printed in the local paper.

The *Bürgermeister* decided the day. (This is not a state law, but a custom.) Everyone had to close off his vineyards. Thorns and brush were piled up at the foot of the paths. Not even the owner could go in. This is the time of waiting for the harvest. The vine keepers have done all in their power to help the vines; now the vines are left in undisturbed peace to finish the grapes.

The men rested, loitering about the village or lounging through the sunny afternoons on the banks of the river. The women spent their freedom from outdoor work in making their homes fine. There was a tremendous scrubbing and cleaning; then a great cooking and baking. The shelves of storeroom and cellar were filled with pies, cakes, puddings, boiled hams, spiced sausages, roasted chickens, and a variety of pressed meats. Anna and Anna-Marie, who has a deft hand with yeast sponge, made innumerable loaves of bread, buns, and coffee twists.

The harvest is the crown of the vine keepers' work. A good harvest is celebrated as a joyous festival. The schools were closed. Relatives and friends came from far and near. The women guests fetched hampers of their cooking, gifts to add to all the hostess had made ready. As the women arrived they fell in with the final preparations, turning a hand to the churn or the whipping of bowls of cream.

The *Bürgermeister*, himself a vine grower, proclaimed the grapes ripe. The boy crier ran through the village with his bell to spread the tidings, and the vine growers all gathered at their village hall. With ceremony and song the brush was thrown aside, and the harvesters went in with baskets and scissors.

As filled, the baskets were emptied into a wicker carrier. Each time this was full a strong man lifted it on to his back, carrying it down to a handcart below the vineyard. As loaded, the carts were taken to the owner's cellar, or if the family were members, as Wolfgang and Anna are, to the *Winzer-Verein*.

Before this coöperative idea was established every man made his wine in his own cellar. But the best vintners are often the poorest salesmen. Buyers took advantage of this. Frequently they stirred growers to bid against each other so as to get the wine cheaply. As a result many vine keepers were continually poor, some actually in debt after a good harvest.

Some few, of course, were clever. So it came to be that the ability to bargain gave a man more reward than skill with vine and vat. This was wrong. Finally the vineyard keepers drew together, At Mayschoss in the Ahr, sixty years ago, the first *Winzer-Verein* in all Germany was formed.

To-day every grape-growing neighborhood in Germany has its coöperative society. Of course in each district some men stay independent. Under the *Winzer-Verein* system the members take their harvest directly from the vineyard

to the society's cellar. Here a machine picks the fruit from the branches and grinds it through a crusher. Then the pulp is weighed with an invention which measures the sugar content.

The result is written in an open book, into which any member can look whenever he likes. Each family has a credit according to what it has brought in. The wine is made together and the vats are under the care of the best wine makers. The selling is done by those who are best at business. By coöperation, Wolfgang believes, a neighborhood lives better than when every man's hand is out just for his own house.

VII

The year had swung round in its circle. Frost, sharp in warning of winter's approach, was in the air again. Wolfgang and Anna came up to Cologne to light candles in the Cathedral, and to buy Wolfgang's overcoat. By letter we

arranged that I should meet them in town, bringing them out to stay a night with us. At five o'clock we met at the appointed place, the Cathedral steps.

They had arrived before me and were waiting. A stiff wind blew across the Cathedral square. Seeking no shelter, they stood staunch against its blast, her hand in his. Under his arm he held a brown paper parcel.

Greetings over, I asked, 'Did you get a nice coat?'

'We have spent our money,' answered Anna, then added, her eyes twinkling, 'I know what you will think. You will think, "Those crazy Huns!"'

'No, no, Nanchen,' admonished Wolfgang, tucking a wisp of her hair back under her hat with a gentle index finger. 'No, no, my little dear. Our foreign friend is an American. The Americans are intelligent people. An American would know that there is more warmth in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony than in eleven overcoats.'

THE LEARNING PROCESS

BY KATHARINE TAYLOR

I

THERE will always be a good deal of mystery about how learning occurs. Concepts are derived, ideas originate, facts are memorized; but the devices that make these things happen vary widely with individuals or even with the same individual under different circumstances. Children can be given hundreds of standardized group tests — there is irony in the fact that these series of tests are called ‘batteries’ — and the net result will be some information about the ability of each individual child so examined to meet the conditions of the test in question. The rating of each child among some thousands of other children of his age in this particular ability can be so determined. But, though these results may help the teacher to question the efficacy of his own work or to believe in it, they do not tell us very much about how children learn. They tell us that certain children can or cannot do these specific things at this time. They do not tell us what has led to success or failure, or how vastly any one child differs in mental qualities and scope from his neighbor who has an identical record on the same test. Although individual tests are far more descriptive, and although certain recently devised group tests indicate specific powers more clearly, the real nature of the act of learning eludes measurement.

Teachers have very little chance to become complacent, for if they notice children at all they realize with devastating clarity how much that is taught

is not learned, and how much that is learned is not taught by those paid to teach. Webster’s initial definition of a pedagogue as ‘a slave who attended his master’s sons to and from school’ will always have a special point for the teacher who has faced his job squarely enough to notice the humor of his own position. He will realize that although he is frequently present while learning occurs he has often been more like an interested bystander than a chief agent.

The nature of each child, his energies, his doubts, his enthusiasms, his emotional balance and reserve, all have influence upon his learning. The quality of family life, the type of daily routine in which the child lives, his relations with his teacher, and what he makes out of his experiences, create the setting for learning. Trivial subject matter may frustrate excellent teaching, but subject matter which has beauty, depth, and relation to life or to ideas, can sometimes reach across a wilderness of poor teaching to a child’s mind. However, for one who can learn despite barrenness in the teaching there are many who slip away from learning because no illumination of thought has occurred.

When learning turns into unintelligible drudgery, it usually ceases to be productive. Learning does not occur easily or casually; it requires discipline, careful direction, and hard work. But when work is related to meaning, the result is a motion towards something definite and a deepening of discipline. The

teacher who understands little of the logic, quality, and intrinsic discipline of his subject, or who is unable to translate these faithfully into terms that can be dealt with by the children in his classes, will be bored by his own teaching. If his relation to his subject is superficial, the children will not be enlisted, since learning depends partly upon a contagion of thought from one person to another.

With so many forces at play in the process of learning, it is evident that a group of teachers working together in a school must themselves always continue to learn. Otherwise the children will be submitted to patches of information and rules of order, instead of being brought to the experience of learning. They will meet the obvious external requirements of the school, but will find ways of withdrawing mentally from school in order to live their real lives elsewhere.

A child in school, and at home, is a whole person and not a collection of separate receptacles into which are deposited various units of habit, discipline, skill, and subject matter. There is an important corollary of this fact: that learning is an affair of the entire personality. If you listen to any young child's questions about the things he deals with, or about the nature of the universe, you cannot fail to see that his curiosity of mind, his zest for knowledge and for experience, are part of his being. To see this, and to direct these superb energies without letting them become dimmed or scattered, is part of the job of a school.

II

A second-grade class, of children between seven and eight years of age, had been studying about weather in their science work. It is easy to see how the questions of what air is and what it can do would arise in such a study. A dish-pan full of water and a tumbler were brought into the classroom. The glass

was pushed down into the pan, bottom side up, and the children saw that it remained empty and that it bobbed up to the surface when someone's hand stopped pressing it down. They noticed that when the glass was immersed upside down it remained empty, but that when it was tilted a little from this position large bubbles began coming to the surface of the water. The more it was tilted the more air escaped, until, when it lay on its side in the water, it was full of water and no more bubbles appeared. Why did the inverted glass remain empty of water though the water covered it? What were these bubbles and what made them come?

The next day two glasses were used. One was filled with water and the other with air, and both were submerged. The air was passed from one glass to the other, and the children saw that it displaced the water in the second glass and that water took its place in the first glass. What was happening here? Why? Can air move water out of the way? As each child repeated the process the others watched and discussed it.

As they continued with simple experiments of this sort, the romantic approach was beginning to give way to a secure body of facts and to the ideas arrived at through those facts. Their questions reached a clearer focus, and in order to find the answers they were now ready to use apparatus in a workmanlike way. Each child was given a pan of water, some straight and crooked glass tubes, and tumblers. Each one thought out his own experiment and tried it out for himself. Then all the children listened while one member after another explained his plan, and they watched while each carried on his brief experiment before them. The experiments varied greatly, but included such things as blowing downward through a tube toward the pan of water 'to make a hollow' in the surface of the water, and blowing through a bent tube into a submerged inverted glass of water 'to

make the water in the glass go down.' The fact that air has certain properties was now apparent to them, and they realized that even though one cannot see it one can see what it does.

Other forms of evidence were found. Scraps of paper were let go at different heights and were watched as they fluttered to the floor. As one piece was made into a wad and fell without fluttering, a child remarked that it was like the experiment done a long time before when the class was finding out why boats float, and two pieces of tinfoil were moulded, one into a tight wad and one into an open boat-shape, and the first one sank and the second floated.

Throughout this study the teacher had done very little talking. The children had been given plenty of time to work with materials. They assembled facts for themselves, asked questions, and repeated experiments until some of their questions were answered and until they understood as much as seven-year-olds can be expected to understand of the scientific concepts contained within the facts. They had avoided that pseudo-knowledge which often results from purely verbal teaching. The teacher thinks she has explained things clearly, and the seven-year-old, with fatal facility of memory, recites to the teacher the words she has just spoken to him. For the time being no one is the wiser. The teacher is unaware that the child understands little of what he is saying; the child sees that he has said something acceptable, and does not realize that its meaning has eluded him. These children who worked with the tumblers and tubes, however, could not have made this slip of understanding, for they observed the facts before they stated them in words. They made their own explanations, the accuracy of which was carefully checked by the teacher. When a child gave a false or inadequate explanation, he went back again to observe the facts.

Inability to master what high-school

students could about such a topic is no reason for depriving seven-year-olds of the chance to discover what they can about the natural phenomena surrounding them. They can study these phenomena directly. When facts are garnished 'to make them appeal to children,' or 'to make learning easier,' the facts are obscured and the children are needlessly confused. When, however, children are permitted to learn directly from the facts, and when the sequence of their learning is guided, their natural curiosity is kept alive. They continue to learn by experiment, checking their conclusions with concrete evidence. As they grow older they find more and more of the relationships within the facts they study, until a background of knowledge and a way of thinking become slowly and surely established.

III

Ideas can be as real to children as are the things they see and handle. Long before they are ready to meet the term 'ratio,' for instance, children are able to deal with the relationship which it describes. The thing that often bewilders them in the learning of abstractions is the fact that most of us teachers habitually thrust the label for an idea upon our pupils before they have had a chance to learn what the idea is. Mathematics particularly suffers from this fallacy in teaching. Its content is so formalized and its manipulation is so clearly established that to be very busy about memorizing tables and doing examples may easily become the chief aim for teacher and pupils as well.

There are two frequent pitfalls. If the idea is presented only in the shape of a formula with required practice, it is likely to remain unidentified with children's thinking. Or if it is buried under a turmoil of practical classroom activities, organized 'to make mathematics real,' the children are likely to spend all their energies in the detail of practice.

They thus remain enmeshed either in the processes or in the incident, without meeting the reality of the concept which controls both. In both these circumstances mathematics is relegated to the position of tool subject, and its quality of thought is missed. Children need at first to deal with a very limited number of mathematical facts, thinking about them in various ways and using many forms of evidence. When they approach learning in this way, they become able to perceive the idea embedded in the facts they study, and later to think in terms of the idea.

In the fifth-grade arithmetic class the children first became familiar with the idea of fractions through dividing actual lines, surfaces, and volumes into equal parts, and through noticing this type of equal division in all sorts of things with which they were acquainted, such as windows, floors, and football fields. Next, in order really to understand equalities among fractions, they must come to see the distinction between form and quantity. To present this clearly the teacher drew a number of small squares all the same size on the blackboard. One after another the children went to the board, each one dividing one of those squares into halves in a different way. Then they were asked to consider how many such equal divisions are possible. The replies soon reached a high figure — hundreds, thousands, millions — until finally with the triumph of certainty someone declared, 'There's no number! You could go on dividing them forever!'

The children who had come to see this distinction between form and quantity — that the shapes may differ endlessly, while the amount or size remains the same — had encountered a very important idea. After some discussion and explanation by the teacher, the whole class began to see this idea more clearly. Each incident of this sort helped to determine for them the importance of mathematics. They might

find it difficult or puzzling, and at times tiresome, but not insignificant. They enjoyed testing out the idea in examples of all sorts, from their own experience, wherein quantity remains the same but form differs: a dime and two nickels; a yard and three feet; a quart and two pints — and so on. They were then ready really to understand how $\frac{1}{2}$ can equal $\frac{2}{4}$ or $\frac{5}{10}$, and they could work with fractions with a sense of what they indicate.

If they had approached this point only through memory work and practice, the net result from such procedure would have been confusion and anxiety, or the mere manipulation of symbols, rather than learning. If practice is introduced too soon, before its meaning is clear, it often becomes merely a game of chance, and the integrity of learning is endangered. It is through much repetition of experience directed by the teacher, rather than through much memorizing of formulas and devices, that the ideas finally begin to be clear to children. From that time the daily practice with the symbols of these ideas becomes not only a process intelligible to children, but an important phase of their learning.

IV

Children fourteen years old are on the margin of adult living. They want to know what makes people behave as they do, and what is at the root of questions that concern the adults of their own day. Yet they feel very inexperienced, and often evade the questions which command their interest, lest they expose their inadequacy. The teacher of ninth-grade English devoted part of the year's English course to something which would place a contemporary problem against historical background, and which would help the children to see that most contemporary questions are the current phases of problems that have existed in human society for a very long time, and that they are surrounded

with complex social implications. A six or seven weeks' study was organized around a general topic, which involved consideration of the individual in relation to authority. The class read together a number of things: the Constitution of the United States and its Amendments, in order to get some idea of what our government expects from the individual and offers to him; a large part of the court record of the trial of Jeanne d'Arc; Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*, and part of the Preface; and the *Trial of Socrates*. The Latin teacher, who joined the English teacher and the class in many of the discussions, at the same time read with them in Latin from the Vulgate the account of the trial of Jesus before Pilate. Individual members of the class worked on special topics. Some of the subjects for these were taken from literature, such as the analysis of a part of Milton's *Areopagitica*; some were taken from current affairs, such as an inquiry about control of broadcasting in the United States and in Great Britain.

Current issues which were related to this general idea were discussed. News clippings describing specific events were brought in, and in studying them the class attempted to discriminate between those which were highly tinged with editorial opinion and those which confined themselves to the statement of fact. Many questions came up in the course of the study upon which information was wanted. Some of these questions, as formulated by the children, were: How have the laws on freedom of the press and of speech in the United States differed in times of peace and in times of war? How do our laws on these subjects differ from those of other countries? May advertisers make false statements about their own or competitors' goods without having legal action brought against them by the state? Have we had wartime censorship of the press? May soap-box orators say anything they want to? Do our laws specifically discriminate against foreigners or special

groups? Would it be possible in the United States for one political party to control all speeches printed in the press or broadcast during a campaign? Does truth constitute a sure defense in a libel suit?

The class organized these questions under several main headings and referred them to one of the parents, a lawyer who had made a special study of such matters. He came to class two or three times and discussed some of the questions with the children from the point of view of lawmaking, law enforcement, and the rights and obligations of the individual in a commonwealth.

In the process of the work the children learned a good deal about how to find information from varied sources. They had practice in the use of both primary and secondary sources, in assembling material systematically for study, in careful definition, in note making and outlining, and in expository writing with subject matter that was not easy. They analyzed new situations for their known and unknown content. They started an acquaintance with certain living documents. They wrestled with a good many incidents in the search for the ideas within them. Although, at fourteen, they could not fully assimilate certain of these ideas, they perceived them and established a basis for later encounters.

They realized some of the reasons why human affairs are not capable of the same clear-cut definitions, with the same visible consistency of application, that is true of mathematical principles. Looking back upon their own dealings with each other as younger children, they identified some of the motives beneath their behavior. They were then able to consider some of their present actions with the same kind of discernment, a problem much more difficult for fourteen-year-olds. They began to see that objective thinking comes hard to the human race, and that motives are often wrapped up in formulas which have little

to do with the case: Socrates was 'corrupting the youth'; Jesus was 'destroying the law'; Jeanne was 'a heretic.' They watched three great and courageous persons coping with the forces that were out to defeat them.

Complex human situations make a difficult laboratory for learning. The sequence of learning is less apparent in such a field than in mathematics, science, or a foreign language. Yet the essential elements are present. The children may be comparing the conditions of travel, employment, or community life in the time of the ancient Greeks or the time of the American pioneers with what they know of these conditions to-day. They may be trying to find out why the settlement of this continent proceeded geographically as it did. As they study these things they observe facts and find relationships. They learn a systematized technique. And there are vivid moments when concepts are unearthed, such as the influence of the character of the land in determining the life of the people upon it, or such as the idea of the heroic as it is seen in the *Iliad*, in the journal of an American family crossing the plains in a covered wagon, and in some aspect of twentieth-century life.

It is in complex human situations that a person must work throughout life. Children's learning may well be concerned, therefore, in part with the questions of how people have struggled to solve the problems of society. Such learning may help them to realize that human affairs demand much from the individual — intelligence, imagination about other people, and self-direction toward purposes beyond the self — and that as far as matters of life are concerned the evidence is never fully assembled.

V

Imposed competition, the more one thinks about it, seems to clutter learning unnecessarily. It is an oblique rather than a direct approach. It is unrealistic

in that it takes too little cognizance of growth or circumstance. Comparison is a universal mental habit, and there is probably no adult society in which forms of competition have not evolved. But the difference between competing, as an adult, for more responsibility or salary or opportunity within one's own field, and competing, as a child, for a morocco-bound book as a recognition for one's skill in a year's course in algebra, is immense. Intellect and character, though they may develop in a setting of awards and prizes, have a way of finding their own channels and their own rewards.

A confusion seems to exist about the nature of the will and the intellect in relation to learning. A fainting will can be momentarily revived, or a weak one kept going, by means of external stimuli. But it is doubtful whether either the will or the intellect is changed for the better when subjected to the prize system. The will, thus aroused, is likely to attach itself to the idea of winning rather than to the idea of learning. For the faculty's purposes a school naturally needs a system of grading and a system of records, but the systems thus far devised are clearly inadequate as the chief basis for judging the individual. Children must be kept informed regularly of their progress, in the terms of the work they are doing. But a school cannot measure a child's mental ability and achievement in terms which can be used accurately for organized intellectual competition. When a school uses a system of public grading and prize giving as the chief energizing factor in its pupils' work, confusion of values seems almost inevitable.

To enlist children's attention and will directly toward the growth of their understanding seems more relevant to the facts and to the encouragement of learning. And this is usually possible. Occasionally one finds a child who has lost his self-confidence so long ago that all effort seems to him impossible, or a child for whom no facts or ideas seem to have any interest or value whatever.

or a child who is totally unable to look objectively at his own progress. Such children must for a time be shown, daily or weekly, a chart of their own progress. But these same children might easily be prostrated at that time by having their relative academic standing publicly announced or exhibited. The terms of such a comparison are inaccessible to them. They have some basis for competing with their own work of the previous week, but they have no clear basis for intellectual competition with their neighbor, who is a different person altogether.

The sooner children can learn, with the teachers' help, to recognize their own difficulties, the more likely are they to lend their own will power to the business of solving them. The intrusion of prizes into this simple situation adds an element of chance which obscures the facts of growth, of legitimate individual differences, and of the subject studied. It diverts the attention from the real object. Children who from the start are shown over and over again the relation of facts to ideas and the relation of their own way of work to its outcome begin to discover for themselves the discipline of their studies. It is then that the teacher's insistence upon accuracy and thoroughness in work is convincing to the children and secures their best efforts.

Their energies are more available for learning when the setting is orderly than when it is confused. Order is a convenience which must not be denied to children, and when the idea of it is clearly accepted in a school each person in it not only thinks and works better, but is likely to show more consideration for his neighbor. When order becomes

an end in itself for a school administration, it is often enforced in ways so untrue to children's ways of living that it becomes incomprehensible to them and by its very rigidity impedes their learning. Vagueness has, however, a worse effect than rigidity upon a school community. If children are not given a fairly clear understanding as to what is expected of them, they become easily tormented by a sense of chaos or of injustice. When that occurs they sometimes lose all sense of balance about people and about regulations. They fail to see any connection between the needs of the school and a rule. They consider its enforcement an unreasonable use of power by a grownup, and therefore they feel free to evade or resist such enforcement.

If the school's requirements are reasonable, and if mutual trust and mutual enjoyment exist between teachers and children, the teachers' authority is likely to be accepted as part of the whole business of living. Such a relationship makes it possible for children, even when an issue appears which they cannot at the moment understand, to carry on their affairs in good faith because the total life of the school makes sense to them. Since they can see that the teacher is initiated where they are not, and that he has the authority of longer experience, they are not likely to consider him an alien intruder. Moreover, they can also see that, either in the development of specific mental powers or in the education of a person as a member of society, the discipline of facts and of ideas is a discipline to which grownups and children alike submit, and through which they learn.

This is the first of a series of papers on the progressive methods in secondary education. The November issue will contain an article by M. E. Herriot describing the advance in the junior high schools and one by Edwin R. Embree marking the improvement in the rural schools.—THE EDITORS

DEATH OF THE SENTENCE

BY WILSON FOLLETT

'A sentence is a complete thought expressed in words.'—Obsolescent definition

I

To deal with the organization of thought in words is of necessity to deal with the sentence. Before the invention of movable types, before punctuation and the very ancient science of rhetoric, the sentence was. Before the first alphabet the sentence must have been. Unchanged in its basic form and components, it has survived the death of languages and attended at the birth of other languages. It has been the great continuum in each of them and among all—a very Rock of Ages of the human mind. If there is anything in longevity, the conclusion would seem to be inescapable that the sentence is a structure inherently faithful to the pattern of consciousness itself, an instrument inevitable and perfect for the expression of thought—quite the most indestructible of the things devised by man in his own image.

And to generation upon generation of English-speaking teachers and learners the old-fashioned definition at the head of these paragraphs was the First Axiom of grammar, the *Cogito, ergo sum* of all linguistic science. It deserved its eminence, too. For it possessed the great merit of pointing out with capital succinctness this virtual identity of orderly language with orderly thought; it had brevity, and it seemed to have the finality of natural law.

Alas for finality, our time beholds this towering landmark of accepted knowl-

edge crumbling away with many a lesser landmark. In the part of a single generation since about the year 1915 the sentence has undergone more of change than during its entire known history up to that time, and the change has been more radical in kind. This declaration has, at first hearing, an extravagant ring: it is nevertheless strictly provable and in fact self-proving to whoever will open his eyes and scrutinize the evidence.

For a graphically suggestive approach to the proof, I invite you to cast a comparative eye on three selected specimens of English. Never mind, for the moment, where they came from or what they represent. Examine merely the inherent characteristics of these ostensible sentences, their broadly obvious contrasts and resemblances. Here are the three:—

(1) But because the name of a Christian is become too general to express our faith, there being a geography of religion as well as lands, and every clime distinguished not only by their laws and limits, but circumscribed by their doctrines and rules of faith; to be particular, I am of that reformed new-cast religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the name; of the same belief our Saviour taught, the apostles disseminated, the fathers authorized, and the martyrs confirmed, but by the sinister ends of princes, the ambition and avarice of prelates, and the fatal corruption of times, so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the careful and charitable hands of these times to restore it to its primitive beauty.

(2) For did n't there immensely flourish in those very days and exactly in that society the apparition the most qualified to balance with the odd character I have referred to and to supply to 'drama,' if 'drama' there was to be, the precious element of contrast and antithesis? — that most accomplished of artists and most dazzling of men of the world whose effect on the mind repeatedly invited to appraise him was to beget in it an image of representation and figuration so exclusive of any possible inner self that, so far from there being here a question of an *alter ego*, a double personality, there seemed scarce a question of a real and single one, scarce foothold or margin for any private and domestic *ego* at all.

(3) Hear America singing Jonathan off key turning over those books and in his hands and hallowed because they were his, sat in your apartment and snickered knew by then you and I and it would happen and you quite honestly you were that tall rock quite really Loring, anyone could see but never you anyone for nothing else had mattered, just to get someone between his image and a street anyone might travel or just to conquer maybe just to defeat him whoever was at hand and Gage.

Patently, the first and the second specimens are a long way apart in their basic pattern. Each implies a reflective and a consummately literate mind; but the two minds work in utterly dissimilar ways. The pattern of the first sentence, if you read it aright, is what is called 'periodic'; that is, it achieves its grammatical and its logical completion together, and at or very near the end. It is, in fact, an obvious transference of the Latin, the Ciceronian, period into English with only the changes imposed by the much simpler grammar of the modern tongue. The second sentence, on the other hand, is 'loose'; that is, it could be broken off at a point long before the end without logical or grammatical mutilation. The first is composed as an embroidered figure that cannot be made out until the last stitch is in place; the second is an affair of chain stitches, of which there might be either more or fewer. The contrast is rather accentuated than ob-

scured by the circumstance that the two are identical in length.

Now look at the third specimen. You find, if you are at all like me, that it has the curious effect of drawing the first two a great deal closer to each other by contrast with itself. It seems almost to wipe out the fundamental difference just described and to bring out a host of unnoticed resemblances. Both members of the first pair, we suddenly perceive, have unity, though they disclose it by different methods. Both parse. Both are rooted in a mental logic of which their verbal logic is a strict counterpart. But what elements can you find in common (except, indeed, the language to which the words belong) between the third example and either of the preceding? Could the third be rationally described, for instance, as either periodic or loose? Has it unity? If, for convenience, you referred to it as a sentence, would the word retain a single one of the well-defined meanings that are in your mind when you apply the same term to the other two examples? Can you parse it? Can you follow or even detect the parallel between a mental and a verbal logic? We agree, I take it, that if one is to describe the first two sentences as being a world away from each other, one will have to describe the third as being a million light-years away from either.

Well, the first specimen is separated from the second by some two and three-quarters centuries, whereas the third is separated from the second by little more than twenty-five years. The first, from early in the Age of Milton, occurs near the beginning of *Religio Medici*, a meditative work completed in 1635 by a young physician named Browne. (The late George Saintsbury is not the only critic who has thought him the supreme master in the entire range of English prose.) The second belongs to our own yesterday, the very threshold of this generation of rapid and radical change. In it Henry James, writing one of the

celebrated Prefaces to the New York Edition of his novels and tales, comments on an unnamed literary celebrity whose social presence furnished a suggestion for James's story 'The Private Life.' And the third is almost literally of to-day; it comes from an American novel of the year 1934.

The first passage and the second are separated, then, by the whole historical cycle of post-Elizabethan English, by virtually the whole history of America, by the whole range of modern science, invention, economic and social change; and yet they are on the same slope of a mental and spiritual Great Divide, possibly the greatest in human annals. The second passage and the third are separated by a trifling span, a moment scarcely perceptible in the sum of history — half the lifetime of a man in his prime. Yet they are on opposite slopes of that same Great Divide. For two hundred and seventy-five years the use of language shows only a natural, slow, perfectly organic evolution, a gradual readjustment of principles. Then, in the next twenty-five years, it shows a fearfully abrupt and violent revolution — a wholesale discarding of all principles.

From cosmos to chaos in a quarter century! — that, precisely, is the leap denoted by the second and third items of our little historical sequence.

II

Pray do not hastily object that my third example is unfairly chosen to prove an untruth by sharp practice. Do not say that I am arbitrarily comparing yesterday's best with to-day's worst, or normal English with a vagary. Do not, above all, declare that the last example has no reflective and literate intelligence behind it in the sense that Sir Thomas Browne's sentence has, or Henry James's.

If you brashly assert that such writing proves only what can be done with a bottle of ink when it gets into the hands

of an idiot, you are egregiously in error. The joke is, in fact, on you.

The author quoted has been, among other things, a Lecturer in English at Harvard University. He is a literary critic, social historian, and controversialist whose work abounds in both wit and intellectual substance. A decade of his reflective writing, lately stored in a volume called *Forays and Rebuttals*, shows him as a redoubtable enemy of loose thinking, cheap generalization, and knowingness without knowledge. He is the author, not only of unexpectedly astringent popular stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*, but also of searching monthly *causeries* from the Easy Chair of *Harper's Magazine* and of an urgently needed book, *Mark Twain's America*. At present he directs that force making for literary righteousness and lucidity, the *Saturday Review of Literature*. If his 1934 novel *We Accept with Pleasure*, from which I have quoted, is not from beginning to end a carefully meditated work, if in every line it is not a result of the most unremittingly faithful adaptation of means to end, then it is a contradiction of everything Mr. Bernard DeVoto has ever done and been — a hypothesis so fantastic that it has to be rejected out of hand.

There is no way whatever of drawing up a balanced report on the present status and direction of the English sentence without accepting just such seeming perversities at a very serious valuation and allowing them full weight as a momentous sign of the times. Such passages are painstakingly worked out by thoughtful writers who are competent if anyone living is competent. They are published under distinguished imprints. They are taken seriously and neither attacked nor ridiculed by the most respected critics, most of whom merely mention in passing the kinship of such writing to the famous soliloquy in *Ulysses*.

The burden of self-justification is very rapidly shifting from those who write that way to those who do not.

And lest anyone suppose this idiom to belong only to the literary stratosphere, the ultimate rarefactions where *Ulysses* and the surrealists are at home, here is one of many possible examples from an immeasurably more commonplace mental and æsthetic level. Its source, *The Big Money*, is Mr. John Dos Passos's newest installment of his saga of post-war America. (*The Forty-Second Parallel*, *Manhattan Transfer*, and *1919* are earlier chapters.) *The Big Money*, having lately figured in the *New York Herald Tribune's* weekly chart of What America Is Reading, may be presumed to lie well within the area of what a large general audience can and does accept to-day.

sirens bloom in the fog over the harbor
horns of all colors everyshaped whistles reach
up from the river and the churn of screws the
throb of engines bells

the steady broken swish of waves cut by
prows out of the unseen stirring fumblingly
through the window tentacles stretch
tingling

to release the spring

tonight start out ship somewhere join up
sign on the dotted line enlist become one of

hock the old raincoat of incertitude (in
which you hunch alone from the upside-
down image on the retina painstakingly out
of color shape words remembered light and
dark straining

to rebuild yesterday to clip out paper
figures to simulate growth warp news-
print into faces smoothing and wrinkling in
the various barelyfelt velocities of time)

tonight now the room fills with the
throb and hubbub of departure the ex-
plorer gets a few necessities together coaches
himself on a beginning

To discuss this sort of writing in terms of complete thoughts expressed in words is self-evidently impossible and would be futile even if possible. What such uses of language represent is, in fact, the general modern war of annihilation against the complete thought. According to the regnant philosophy the orderly, controllable operations of consciousness are artificial, shallow, and of little consequence. What is all-important,

what is alone fully real, is the action of unseen, unwilling swirls and eddies under the surface of the mind — in a word, the subconscious. These subsurface phenomena are what our more esteemed contemporary writers mostly try to examine and reproduce. Their concern is not the organization of thought, but the automatism of what someone has called the 'crisp organic squirms' of consciousness.

Their serious business is, in fine, the *disorganization* of thought. What is the one immensely popular and influential science, or pseudo-science? Why, psychiatry, which the layman invariably conceives as a pursuit of fascinating disorder. What is the modern notion of comprehending the universe? Why, to understand that it is incomprehensible. In human affairs we know no pattern but chaos. And the mind, long supposed to be the thread that could guide us through the labyrinth of other phenomena, is now interpreted as itself one more senseless phenomenon of behavior — a reflex, or irresponsible twitching in answer to external stimuli.

Language, naturally, becomes a faithful microcosm of the larger confusion. What is the use of sentences, we ask, when *sententiæ* no longer express our realities? The complete thought expressed in words is replaced by the chance fragment of apperception or of raw sensation refracted through words. Upon our old First Axiom of grammar the *Zeitgeist* performs a neat sum in subtraction, after which there remains but a tatter of it. Thought? Besides being painful, it is a vain illusion: we only think that we think. Completeness? Really bright persons know that this is a chimera, fit for children and other simpletons. Expression? That we have seen converted into expressionism, an æsthetic formula for expressing nothing but the instinct to express. Of the time-honored definition, then, we have left just one of the original components: —

Words, words, words.

III

A suggestive historical fact, worth pointing out as we pass, is that there has always been a striking incidence, never more striking than now, between our conception of the universe and our conception of the sentence. When the world was accepted as a potentially comprehensible whole, men instinctively stated their thoughts in forms of verbal organization resembling what they imagined the world to be; for instance, the intricate periodic form, in which all the parts of the thought were woven in and all the part-to-whole relationships made manifest. As scientific specialism enlarged and complicated the universe, making it steadily more difficult for faith to accept as single or intelligible, the sentence became progressively looser — another way of saying that it relapsed upon smaller and smaller fragments of the baffling whole and dealt with these fragments as being more and more disconnected. In the end we find ourselves inhabiting a cosmos not designed, but hurled together; not wrought to order and finish in the manner of a great style, but left to the operations of chance and of factitious relationship, like the words in a dictionary. The incidental effect upon language is what we have seen and illustrated. The sense of a total existence made up of *disjecta membra* inevitably culminates in the *disjecta membra* of the sentence without syntax — the sentence not composed, but decomposed into headlines, notes, or mere verbless jottings.

This curious phenomenon, the sentence without predication, has become within two decades, on both sides of the Atlantic and at every level from the highest highbrow to the lowest lowbrow, the nearest thing there is to a generic distinguishing mark of contemporary writing in English.

It is occasionally suggested in print that the clipped, grammarless, post-impressionist modern manner stems from

that immensely popular character, now a centenarian, Dickens's Jingle, whose conversational style jerks along in this vein: 'Oh! I see. Negus too strong here — liberal landlord — very foolish — very — lemonade much better — hot rooms — elderly gentlemen — suffer for it in the morning — cruel — cruel.' The notion is sometimes credited to Mr. Wyndham Lewis; whether he originated it I do not know. In any event it is obviously too mechanical and too pat to amount to much more than an amusingly suggestive analogy. The real culprit is not Alfred Jingle, but the aforesaid *Zeitgeist*. It is, however, easy to identify some isolated mechanical factors of which the *Zeitgeist* made ample and timely use. Four of them are singled out in the jottings that follow: —

(1) A young man who in the early 1890's was fast becoming the most popular writer alive had made a mannerism, almost a personal trademark, of pseudo-sentences on this laconic model: 'Which was unfortunate for all concerned,' 'Which is as it may be,' 'Which is another story.' Kipling's trick spread like an epidemic. By the time it was everybody's trick it had pretty well (a) established the relative clause as a viable sentence, (b) released the relative pronoun from all servitude to a definite antecedent, and (c) undermined a century of school grammarians' efforts to outlaw the same construction as an ignorant error. Typical of a practice now long unchallenged is this snippet from Aldous Huxley (*Eyeless in Gaza*): '... Her words, being *hers*, would carry weight, would have to be considered. Which [the whole preceding fact] was why he did his best not to place himself in the position of having to listen to them.' This innocuous 'which' has the historical importance of the opening wedge.

(2) About 1910 the Anglo-American printed page broke out into a rash of suspension points (. : .), or what the wayfaring reader calls 'a row of dots.' Hitherto their chief use in English —

they were already common in French books — had been as an unobtrusive substitute for asterisks (* * *); I have used them so above, to show the omission of matter from a quoted passage. Now, suddenly, they were adopted to stand for anything thought but left unspoken (or felt but left unthought), or to indicate the breaking-off of a reflection, or to suggest a woolgathering mood, a blank interval, an inexpressible something, or the presence of the ineffable. For a decade and a half this expedient raged *ad nauseam*. In the end the fashion declined rather rapidly, done to death by the absurdity of its own excesses. (There are signs that it will shortly cease to flourish even in advertising, which habitually exploits the more fashionable mannerisms of serious writing about ten years after the fact.) But meanwhile it had helped do portentous things to the sentence; and its gradual disappearance did not undo them. Writers stopped making punctuation do duty for meanings, but they did not restore the mutilated meanings. They merely ceased to label the mutilations, which had been tacitly accepted as normal.

(3) Almost at the beginning of the World War, Miss Dorothy Richardson published in England, in a volume called *Pointed Roofs*, the first section of her quasi-autobiographical novel *Pilgrimage*, a work momentous out of all proportion to any sale its successive volumes ever attained. For one thing, it was the first thoroughgoing stream-of-consciousness novel to appear in English; its text consisted chiefly of phrasal notations peppered with suspension points — images and sensations seen floating in a memory and resembling a motion-picture film reflected in ruffled water. For another thing, *Pilgrimage* promptly became a novelists' novel, producing thereby an immediate and specific effect on writers with access to a public many times greater than Miss Richardson's. Her influence, diffused and diluted, is traceable to-day in the work of writers who doubt-

less never heard of her, and traceable most of all in the flow of their sentences, or non-sentences.

(4) The period 1910-1930 was marked by a disconcerting relaxation of the control exercised by most of the great publishing houses over the textual details of their books. Publishers had been trying to maintain an exacting standard of printers' usage and had applied it as consistently as possible to whatever printed matter they issued. For a complex of reasons, some of them economic, these same houses now adopted the quite different policy of various newer competitors: roughly, the policy of printing whatever an acceptable author supplied, letting the textual blunders (and any incidental odium) be the author's lookout.

Unfortunately, no more than a vanishing minority of those who write for the public are professionally qualified to edit copy for print or proofread their work; moreover, fewer and fewer of the qualified minority will take the necessary pains. The publisher has, then, renounced his supervision at a point of history where it is needed as it never was while he still exercised it. Even outside the university presses there are still a few illustrious exceptions on both sides of the Atlantic. But all the literate and conscientious publishers, authors, editors, and proofreaders put together are pitifully insufficient to man the levees against the rising flood of corruption, and certainly they are powerless against the tide of chaos that swamps the sentence. In the body of practices once common to the great Anglo-American printing and publishing establishments we had our working equivalent of the French Academy, our authority behind all authorities. But to-day the usages of print define no intelligible standard-by-consensus. They register, rather, the clashing habits, notions, prejudices, vagaries, and delusions of private individuals, all further deranged by the uncensored whims and lapses of compositors.

Suppose we put these four specific factors together in our minds. Add to them the incalculable effect of the newspaper headline, with its ingenious nihilism about the parts of speech. Add the fact that everybody has taken to writing for publication. Add the other fact that everybody is in a hurry, a victim of the strange delusion that time is worth more to us than it ever was to anybody in the ages before us. Add the seemingly incompatible philosophy of millions who try to convince themselves that nothing really matters very much — a posture betrayed in the awful meaninglessness of most reading and in the awful impermanence of virtually all writing. Add the eminently successful attempts of all the pedagogical softies to transform the use of language from a branch of self-discipline and workmanship into an affair of the æsthetic intuitions.

The total effect upon (among other things) the sentence is exactly what we might expect: that is, licensed libertinage, chaos, wholesale devastation, annihilation.

IV

The visible form and typographic clues of the sentence are abandoned to this chaos even when the sentence itself demonstrably survives. For the modern sentence, whatever else it may or may not be, is no longer a graphic device for marking the successive units of thought, and if we are still so antediluvian as to think in sentences, we must disguise the compromising fact as best we can, whether by parading one sentence as several or several as one.

Here is a passage exactly reproduced from an official 1936 publication of Harvard University, the first issue of the *Tercentenary Gazette*: —

A pageant of early beginnings, great growth and future promise. . . . An inch of a moving film that records the progress of American civilization during three hundred years. . . . A greeting to a fourth century, about to begin, in the performance of great tasks: main-

taining and acquiring knowledge, passing it on to the future and advancing its bounds, to the common good of mankind.

Harvard's Tercentenary, as celebrated this September, will be all those things.

That, you perceive, is one sentence modishly masquerading as four, and further split into paragraphs.

Turn once more to Mr. Huxley's latest novel: —

All the things I thought I should never do again! Such as eating a square meal; but I was doing it after three days.

This is an instructive and quite typical example of the entire freedom of division claimed by the modern writer; compare the degree of logical separation marked by the semicolon with that marked by the ostensible new sentence.

The final cadence of *Eyeless in Gaza* is a long lyrical paragraph of twenty-two apparent sentences on the beauty of peace. The first of the twenty-two reads: 'Frenzy of evil and separation.' Of the remaining twenty-one, four are sentences by the orthodox canon; seventeen are appositive phrases or clauses logically and grammatically attached to the four, every one of them innocent of an independent verb. Four sentences divided as twenty-one! — an authentic sign of the times. When you have read the paragraph you know that peace means a good deal to Mr. Huxley; also that we Americans have no special preëminence when it comes to driving deceptive wedges between the printed form and the underlying construction of our thoughts. The author of *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, also British, writes in his recent *Lancer at Large*: 'There are many people and things I ought to see, but I am bored with people and things. Glutted.' There, perhaps, are two bona fide sentences, but 'Glutted' is not one of them.

If the British can sometimes excel us in the driving of these gratuitous wedges, we more than hold our own in the corollary matter of knocking out desirable and helpful wedges. In *Day of Immense Sun*,

a recent and much praised novel of sixteenth-century Peru by Mrs. Blair Niles, I read: 'And there was of course the Mad Queen, whose malady, poor lady, had taken the form of fits, when in the grip of such a convulsion, she would bite whoever came near her.' And Mr. Dos Passos, when he turns from surrealism to straight narrative, habitually writes sentences strung thus: —

The first paper he read . . . was anything but a success, they said he was crazy.

Margie was miserable hanging round the house all day, the steamheat would n't turn off altogether and it was too hot even with the window open.

In the taxi she took his hand, it was icy cold.

When he wants to get away from this construction he resorts to a sort of verbal ragbag stuffed hit-or-miss with clauses:

She had enough to think of, what with being alone in the apartment now, because Agnes had finally got Frank away to the country with the help of a practitioner and a great deal of reading of *Science and Health*, and all the bills to pay and daily letters from Tony who'd found out her address saying he was sick and begging for money and to be allowed to come around to see her.

Either mode of composition seems to me to be the writer's equivalent of mending the sock by tying a string around the hole. If anyone doubts that these practices are extremely and increasingly common or imagines that there is any particular obstacle to getting them into print, he is either no very catholic reader of current books or else a curiously unobservant one.

For generations all the teachers of English in the United States labored to impress upon their pupils the criminal enormity of writing such pseudo-sentences as these: (1) 'This town has a large sash-factory, which keeps from thirty to forty men busy. Also a flour-mill, which is kept in operation throughout the year.' (2) 'The speed of the automobile seemed to be greater than it

really was, this was due no doubt to the absence of all noise.' A good many teachers still labor valiantly to the same end, insisting that such errors may, in the words of a pre-war rhetoric, 'be taken as a sure sign that the writer does not really know what a sentence is.' But the pupils are presently to emerge into a world that is rapidly forgetting en masse what a sentence is; a world that, when it remembers, seems to be embarrassed by the outmoded knowledge and commonly tries to conceal it. To what end, one wonders, all the careful prohibitory teaching? Are the same habits vicious when pursued in ignorance and meritorious when adopted with deliberation? Are precisely identical uses of language to be at once the badge of illiteracy in a generation of schoolboys and standard practices in a generation of writers? Is the sentence, perhaps, one of those disciplines to which we must submit ourselves as children in order to get the good of our release from them as adults? Is it a sort of pedagogical spinach?

V

The confusions so far described have been brought about largely by conscious theorists, libertarian writers who think of themselves as democratizing language, re-creating it in a shape more faithful to the instinctive idioms of the modern intelligence; in a word, as emancipating it. Their way of emancipating the sentence may, to be sure, strike some of us as a little like emancipating a ship on the high seas by burning its charts, wrecking its compass and its rudder, staving holes in the plates, and tearing down the bulkheads. (This is not altogether a wild comparison: sentence and ship have in common the sole obvious utility of cargo carriers, and neither is easily emancipated without destruction.) But let it pass: grant the successful revolutionists their own vocabulary for their own innovations, and come back to the simple fact that revolution has indeed tri-

umphed. Examine a few of the conspicuous ways in which its triumph has spread outward and downward to levels innocent as yet of the slightest revolutionary impulse. Behold, specifically, how emancipation has affected the sentence as it is often written by those whose intentions are strictly orthodox, canonical, conservative; in fact, by an impressive majority of us who still tacitly define the sentence as a complete thought expressed in words, and who would continue to write it lucidly if only we could escape being infected by the prevailing anarchy and muddlement.

Here, in a handful of appropriate specimens, is some evidence of how plenty of us do write it: —

(1) Like so many events in this life which have been anticipated with zest, there is frequently a sense of disappointment in the final actuality. (J. P. Marquand in *The Late George Apley*)

(2) Roused by the yammering of Sancho, and the thuds of the marquis' stick on the door of the largest house the reluctant portal finally opened after considerable parley. (Hervey Allen in *Anthony Adverse*)

(3) But being myself nothing can keep me awake. (Francis Yeats-Brown in *Lancer at Large*)

(4) I feel that the President of the United States occupies too high an office that a discussion of his policies should be greeted with boos. (Statement by former Governor Landon, as quoted by the North American Newspaper Alliance)

(5) From his early manhood he was one of those who was 'walking up and down in the world and going to and fro in it.' (Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., reviewing *An American Doctor's Odyssey* in the *Saturday Review of Literature*)

(6) The reason that Harvard . . . has produced no objective type, is due to the fundamental quality of independence inherent in the Harvard tradition. . . . Moreover, the New Englander . . . has, also, a certain shy self-consciousness, akin to modesty, which taken with the conviction latent in his bones that gaiety and sin are somehow related, make him advance slowly in friendship and embarrassed about his emotions

even when they are entirely respectable. . . . Hence tradition as well as cultural environment lend a maturity to undergraduate values. (Arthur Train in a commemorative article written for the Harvard Tercentenary, 1936)

(7) Another important factor was that American ships are operated at a greater cost than foreign vessels, while still another reason was to put the United States on a comparable basis, with regard to tonnage, as other nations. (Politico-economic special dispatch from Washington, printed in a Sunday editorial section)

(8) I feel that while the District Attorney frequently does the work of the Police Department, if he omits to do something of it he should not be held responsible for not so doing. (District Attorney Geoghan of Brooklyn, at one of the late hearings before Governor Lehman)

(9) In time, I think she had a certain affection for me, due to the number of times she saved me from disaster, — gave her a proprietary interest.

Miraculously the table was cleared of rags, and pots and pans, the room of progeny, relations and neighbors, water boiling, the patient prepared and, in most cases, concluded with astonishing rapidity and efficiency.

Great ropes of pearls swung to and fro across her enormous breasts and stomach, the value of which I had no idea.

. . . In English I was n't so bad, and better in Latin.

. . . Plus musical activities she also took boarders.

(In *For Dear Life*, a pseudo-autobiography signed with the pen-name Belinda Jelliffe and published in 1936 by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons)

(10) I am grateful that there is one paper . . . which, if it has editorial views not wholly in sympathy with administration policies and practices, those views are so intelligently expressed as to enlighten the reader on the basis of fact rather than fancy and not in keeping with subsidized points of view reflecting special privilege ownership. (From a letter printed on the editorial page of the *New York Times*)

Now, I do not wish to make overmuch of the fact that simple illiteracy and simple carelessness, which are no new things in the world, are still with us. Mere snip-

ing at individual errors and inadvertencies is a pretty cheap and unprofitable business, anyway, and moreover it is doubtful if any individual author's work is entirely proof against just such sniping. But, as it happens, two very powerful considerations lift these specimens quite out of the class of individual errors and inadvertencies and into the class of highly representative social phenomena.

The first consideration is that such things, having been heedlessly written, are as heedlessly printed. They come to us under the sanction of the best imprints. Publishers' editorial departments have let them through; copy desks have consented by silence. Printers' proof-rooms have passed them without a query. Hardly anyone now calls them to an author's attention or makes a fight to protect him from his own carelessness or ignorance. No one resists; no sensibilities seem to be rasped; no currently respected professional standards are outraged. The trustees and custodians plainly no longer believe that enough readers to matter will notice the difference between clarity and muddle, sense and nonsense, or will care if they do notice.

And here we arrive at the second powerful consideration, which is that the custodians, be they right or wrong, have every apparent excuse for their skepticism. It would be foolishly bitter to insist that fuddled writing is a positive help to an author's prestige; but it is certainly small handicap to it. *Anthony Adverse*, incidentally to its other riches, is a veritable thesaurus of faulty constructions and makeshift diction; and so is many another best-seller. Slovenly writing can succeed, can circulate; it can be, and is, regularly accepted with unquestioning applause. Thus, our samples

point to a good deal more than petty individual accidents and vagaries.

As to whether the public acceptance of collapse is really as general or as indifferent as it seems to most publishers, I shall merely hazard one trivial personal remark and ask one suggestive question. The remark is this: I cannot explain the number of persons who send me outraged letters every time I end a sentence with a preposition, or write 'which' where Fowler's *Modern English Usage* recommends 'that,' or even place one hyphen according to a usage that defies logic — except on the supposition that an appreciable fraction of the reading public is more observant than the publishing gentry conceive. And my suggestive question, asked without at all prejudging the answer, is this: —

The ten examples cited above are arranged in rough approximation to an ascending scale of frightfulness. At what point in the little series, if anywhere, should you guess that the pressure of chaos might become intolerable to such general readers as you happen to be acquainted with? To put it more narrowly, at what point are you yourself provoked to spontaneous disgust and recoil? To what stage of vagueness, confusion, or sheer lunacy must the English sentence be pushed to evoke any noticeable volume of outcry? Just how little syntactical muddle will the generality of readers notice, and just how much will they stand with complaisance?

It is a serious practical question, asked in good faith and from a conviction that much more hinges on the answer than meets the casual eye. Therefore, let no one content himself with the cynical and glib snap-judgment that there is no limit whatsoever to the blind apathy of the public.

NAKED SHORE

BY GEORGE ALLEN

WHEN all the shore of heart sings with the foam
Of waves beating upon it full and high,
Let it receive when the washing tide comes home
The light, the shadow, and the mystery.

The curving shadow of the standing wave,
The shining drift that ebbing waters leave,
The mystery that these deep waters have
Flow full on the heart, and let the heart receive.

Let there be nothing but the waves and sand,
Nothing to hide the ocean from the shore;
Let the wave still be singing in and stand
And fall and let the heart forevermore

Be overrun with ocean bright and dark,
Be evermore the moving water's mark.

THE STRANGE CASE OF PASTOR NIEMÖLLER

BY PAUL HUTCHINSON

I

AMONG all the opponents of the National Socialist régime who to-day languish in German prisons or concentration camps, the most widely famed is undoubtedly the Reverend Martin Niemöller. Some of Hitler's political prisoners are known wherever radicals gather; a few are remembered as martyrs in every centre of the pacifist movement; churchmen, both Catholic and Protestant, hold in honor priests and pastors who have dared the wrath of the Nazi authorities. But Niemöller is known among all these groups, as well as by a world public which knows little of these restricted causes. Even before his arrest and imprisonment the defiant figure of the vicar of Berlin-Dahlem had captured world attention. To millions of Protestants outside Germany — and to hosts inside — this young pastor has taken on the gigantic stature of a reincarnation of that other Martin who, four centuries ago, defied both temporal and ecclesiastical powers before the Diet of Worms. It is fitting that the publishers have entitled the forthcoming volume of this rebellious pastor's sermons *Here Stand I!*

Contemporary Germany certainly contains no more heroic or gallant figure than Niemöller. Reaching a pulpit of national prestige within less than half a dozen years after his ordination, marked for the highest honors in his profession, sympathetic with almost all the political purposes of the Hitler government, this

cleric nevertheless has not hesitated to challenge the authority of the State and to defy it in words which have echoed around the world. Where so many others, committed far more completely to opposition to all that National Socialism stands for, have compromised, gone underground, or fled, not only has Niemöller stood by his guns, but, as the pressure on him has intensified, his resistance has stiffened. Accordingly, he has come to be increasingly the symbol of a cause which millions believe to be of transcendent importance — the cause of religion's freedom from state domination.

Yet it is apparent that large numbers of Protestants in America and England who hail the courage of Pastor Niemöller have little real conception of the rôle which he is actually playing. Because he became a sufficiently dangerous opponent of the National Socialist régime in Germany to win a cell in Moabit prison, persons outside Germany have been inclined to leap to the conclusion that this recalcitrant Berlin cleric is a thoroughgoing opponent of everything the rest of the world stigmatizes as Hitlerism. Niemöller's defiance of the efforts of his government to establish control of the German Protestant Church is mistakenly interpreted, at this distance, as putting him in that small company of 'liberal' or 'radical' clergy who, in the Protestant communions of

the English-speaking world, oppose *all* the institutions and processes of what has been an established order. Among American clergy Niemöller is most honored in the very quarters where, should he come to this country, he would soon be least at home.

Perhaps as good a way as any to make clear to Americans the disparity between the Niemöller of their imaginations and the Niemöller who has taken a historic rôle in the development of the Third Reich is to play with this idea of transporting the Berlin pastor to this country. Let us suppose that, released from a Nazi prison, Niemöller should decide to leave Germany and to join the ranks of the American clergy. Where would he find his place?

Would it be among the critical exegetes who make their pulpits a place for the dissemination of 'liberal' ideas of Biblical interpretation — men, let us say, of the Fosdick type? No; a sermon by Martin Niemöller would be found to rest on the old premise that the Bible is the literally inspired Word of God, to be regarded as fully authoritative in all its parts for all ages. Would Niemöller be among the clergy who discuss the need for new doctrinal formulations, congenial to the mind of this century? No; for him the creeds of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries — and particularly the dogmatic formulas laid down by Luther and his immediate circle — remain sufficient. Would he insist that Christianity must demonstrate its worth by taking the lead in solution of the community problems of modern life — or, in other words, in the application of the so-called 'social gospel' of contemporary American Protestantism? No; it is this sort of thing which he has excoriated as the false 'positive Christianity' of the Nazi attack on the Church.

Would Martin Niemöller, confronted by the inequities and tensions of the American order, stand up in his pulpit as a prophet of social revolution, or even as one demanding, in religion's name,

drastic social reform? No; Niemöller has, at Dahlem, been the pastor of what probably is the wealthiest and socially most distinguished congregation in Germany, and there is no evidence that his preaching has ever exposed him to the charge of being a social radical. Would an Americanized Niemöller challenge the morality of the modern, power-centred State? No; this man never questions the authority of Cæsar. 'It is reassuring,' writes Professor James Moffatt in a foreword to Niemöller's sermons, 'to find that he feels no need to repent of having taken part in war.' As to the 'reassuring' aspect of that discovery, I leave the reader to form his own judgment; but as to the fact there can be no question. Pastor Niemöller has no more quarrel with the ethical pretensions of the modern State to wield the temporal sword for the terror of evildoers than, twenty years ago, had Lieutenant-Commander Niemöller of the Mediterranean submarine flotilla.

In only one respect is Niemöller a rebel against the policies of his government; and, since that issue has not yet assumed an exigent form in the United States, a Martin Niemöller translated to clerical life on these shores would quickly become — in the eyes of the 'liberal' portions of American Protestantism — just another ultraconservative, even reactionary parson.

The one respect in which Niemöller stands in defiance against his government to-day is, of course, the situation created by the attempt of National Socialism to bring the churches of Germany within the orbit of 'totalitarianism.' Logically, the argument would seem to favor the Nazi contention that, provided the idea of the totalitarian State is not rejected entirely, such a State must include control of religious agencies as one of the most important means of solidifying and energizing the national community. Protesting pastors in Germany to-day take violent exception to such a statement as Dr. Ley, Labor Front

Führer, made when he said: 'The party claims the totality of the soul of the German people. It can and will not suffer that another party or point of view shall dominate in Germany. We believe that the German people can become eternal only through National Socialism, and therefore we require the last German, whether Protestant or Catholic.' But four years ago, when Hitler came to power, the more nationally-minded clergy — Niemöller among them — were quite ready, because of the disjointed state into which Germany had fallen, to embrace National Socialism, not only as a party but as a political philosophy.

The truth is that Niemöller's revolt has at bottom been a revolt not against Nazi ideas so much as against Nazi political ineptness and boorishness. Despite the fact that 'creed' is the central word in Niemöller's defiance to-day, and that the group which stands about him designates itself as a *Bekennntnis* Church (the term is translated 'Confessional,' but the meaning is 'creedal'), it can be seen from a study of Niemöller's own writings that a *modus vivendi* might easily have been arranged between pastors and state authorities in 1933 had the latter employed only a little finesse. It was the actual experience of finding that a National Socialist government meant the setting aside of a Von Bodelschwingh in favor of a Müller when it came to filling the new office of *Reichsbischof*, the placing of a Rosenberg with his pagan *Mythos of the Twentieth Century* in charge of all cultural affairs, the capture of church youth organizations by a Baldur von Sirach — it was this sort of thing, rather than any question of theory or doctrine, which in the first place drove Niemöller into opposition.

II

One must take into account Niemöller's entire career to grasp the significance of his present position as Hitler's most noted prisoner. Child of a Lutheran parsonage in Westphalia, he had just

become a sublieutenant in the German navy when the war broke out. Port service with the high-seas fleet bored him to distraction; when an opportunity came to seek transfer to the young submarine service he jumped at it. Practically all his active service, from that time on, was in the Adriatic and Mediterranean, with the exception of a brief period of desk duty in the Berlin Admiralty. Those early submarines required men of strong nerves. No U-boat crew in the early stages of submarine operations could be sure whether, when the order to submerge was given, the boat would go down — still less that it would come up again. In the Allied countries an illusion persists that the danger at sea during the war was almost entirely on the side of surface vessels. As a matter of fact, the proportion of submarines destroyed far outran that of the ships which the U-boats stalked, and few were the survivors in that branch of the service — especially in the German navy — who did not have their share of hair-raising escapes. Niemöller, who rose to be commander of some of the largest U-boats operating from Adriatic ports, had his full share of breath-taking experiences. He has told the story in unadorned sailor fashion in his abbreviated autobiography, *From U-boat to Pulpit*, which I understand is soon to be published in English translation in this country.

There is no need to retell that story here. But no one can read the book without sensing the full-blooded joy which the man found in his naval war service. Even eighteen years after the Armistice the Lutheran pastor could not sit down to write of that period in his career without making it clear that, despite the death and destruction which he spread, his adventures as a submarine officer left him unclouded satisfaction.

With the Armistice, however, Niemöller the confident U-boat commander became Niemöller the uprooted. He could not and did not accept the revolu-

tion which had overthrown the Kaiser or the republic of the Weimar Constitution. His autobiography declares that, from the moment when news of the downfall of the Hohenzollern empire reached him, he — in company with his fellow officers of the Mediterranean submarine flotilla — accepted fully the ‘stab in the back’ theory which found in the ‘treachery’ of Marxist and pacifist elements the cause of the defeat of the heroic German arms.

There may be in this a certain amount of reading back into recollections of that tragic period ideas which actually flowered in Niemöller’s mind at a later date. But there can be no question that when he finally brought his U-boat into harbor at Kiel he treated the revolutionary government with contempt; that he later refused to carry out orders to take his submarine to the surrender at Scapa Flow; that he finally, over the protests of his friends and despite the flattering offers of the republican government, resigned his naval commission. So deeply imbued with old imperial ideas of order and authority was he that he wanted nothing to do with this upstart government which, proclaiming democracy, seemed to him to be pushing Germany into chaos.

Left at loose ends after his resignation from the navy, Niemöller took the strange step of turning to farming. With what seems to have been a vaguely mystical idea of extracting a new strength, a new identification with the *deutsches Volk*, from the soil, this unbending aristocrat determined to turn to the land. For a time he toyed with the idea of joining a large party of emigrants to the Argentine; when he found that his financial resources would not permit him to carry this scheme through, he turned to the prospect of becoming an independent landowning farmer in Germany. Deflation, however, put an end to that idea, whereupon he settled down to the life of a farm laborer. Lieutenant-Commander Martin Niemöller, Iron Cross, formerly of the Imperial German Navy,

spreading manure on a Westphalian farm!

What finally moved Niemöller to enter the Lutheran ministry is not entirely clear. In his autobiography he tells of standing on the bridge of the UC67 during the closing months of the war, just after completing certain mine-laying operations in the course of which he had sunk 17,000 tons of Allied shipping, and suddenly saying to his second in command, ‘I will be a parson!’ He admits, however, that ‘it was just a passing thought.’ In a postscript to his book he acknowledges the influence which his boyhood days in a parsonage probably had, subconsciously, in preparing him to go into the Church. At any rate, he made the decision, and after a period of about two years’ intensive study at Münster he was ordained on June 29, 1924, and appointed curate of the Church of the Redeemer in the same city.

The words in which Niemöller tells of another incident on his ordination day throw a striking sidelight on the mixture of elements in his character: —

On the afternoon of that day and in the attic room which had been the scene of so much misery and joy during the preceding years, I baptized our son Heinz Hermann. My desk served for a baptismal altar and bore the crucifix, candlesticks and font, while the window behind it was draped with the ensign of Submarine UC67, which I had flown when entering Kiel on November 29, 1918. . . . The journey from submarine to pulpit was completed and my service for my people and native country, in my new profession, was beginning.

During those years of transition only one important incident interrupted the steady grind of Niemöller’s theological studies, but that was an incident of great significance in revealing the character of the man. As has been said, the former naval officer had never disguised his scorn for the Weimar republic; his boon comrades at Münster were former officers who, like himself, believed that the Social Democrats had betrayed the soul

and drained away the strength of Germany. But when the Spartacist movement broke out in the Ruhr, just before the French occupation, Niemöller at once put himself at the disposal of the authorities and was made commander of one of the three columns which were sent to put down this radical proletarian revolt. He displayed no compunction at serving the Berlin government when it was a question of dealing with what he regarded as simply red revolution; in reading his version of that brief campaign one is likely to agree with the literary critic of the *Manchester Guardian* who, commenting on Niemöller's account of the episode, remarked that he gave every evidence of having had the time of his life while putting down reds.

III

Until the time of his break with the Hitler government, which can be dated from the organization of the 'Pastors' Emergency League' in midsummer of 1933, Niemöller's rise up the ecclesiastical ladder was sensational in its speed. A brief vicarate in Münster was followed by a short term of service as superintendent of the Lutheran Inner Mission in Westphalia. The handsome war hero, whose everyday dress was that of a naval officer on shore leave, and whose speech vibrated with conviction that the national salvation required a revival of the faith of Luther, soon was called to the pastorate of the church in Dahlem, wealthiest of Berlin's suburbs. Here he found awaiting him a large congregation made up for the most part of members of the old Prussian aristocracy, together with a strong sprinkling of men high in the councils of state. It was, in many respects, the elite Protestant congregation of Germany.

When an attempt is made to discover the reasons why Niemöller was able to preach as long as he did in open defiance of the various church administrations set up by the Nazi authorities, this aristo-

cratic character of his congregation must be taken into account. On the one hand, Niemöller himself presented a thorny problem to the Nazis. No one wanted to put a U-boat war hero in jail if it could be avoided. But, on the other hand, the intrepid pastor had behind him a congregation of great political and social influence which supported him more than a little in his intransigence. To the Prussian aristocrat of the old school, the Nazi has always seemed a bumptious upstart. The service rendered by the Nazis in freeing Germany from foreign fetters has been acknowledged, but the aristocrat has nevertheless had much secret sympathy with any man or movement which — short of treason — showed readiness to put the noisy Brown Shirts in their place.

At the beginning of the Hitler régime, however, Niemöller had no quarrel with the National Socialists. He had been (and is) a fanatical German nationalist; he had even voted the Nazi ticket in the climactic campaigns by which Hitler moved toward power. Eventually, he enrolled as a member of the Nazi Party. He accepted without cavil the party's own interpretation of its historical mission. He saw it as an instrument approved by God for the revival of the German soul and as a bar to the further westward advance of a godless communism. His sermons preached immediately following Hitler's triumph reveal a naïve faith in this divine aspect of the Nazi mission. On the Sunday following the Reichstag fire election, for example, when Hitler obtained his first electoral mandate, Niemöller spoke with almost unrestrained enthusiasm of the prospect for 'a government which protected and confirmed the alliance between the fate of the nation and the fate of the Church' — strange words in view of what was to come!

But, as has already been said, experience with the actualities of Nazi political machinations soon destroyed the Dahlem pastor's optimism. The offi-

cially stimulated rise of the 'German Christian' party, with its ostensible aim of unifying the twenty-eight Protestant state churches in a single body receptive to many of the Rosenberg heresies; the ruthless manner in which the duly elected Von Bodelschwingh was deposed from the Reichsbischof's office to make way for Hitler's personal choice, the former army chaplain, Müller; most of all, the way in which the entire machinery of the Nazi Party, including the voice of Hitler himself, was used to swing the church elections in July 1933 — these, and other experiences of an equally disillusioning character, gradually pushed Niemöller into the ranks of the protesting pastors.

By the time the new church constitution had been written by these recalcitrants, Niemöller was at the forefront of the group which formulated the basic First Article on which the subsequent development of the Confessional Church has rested: 'The Gospel of Jesus Christ, as it is laid down in the Holy Scriptures, and as it has come forth again in the creeds of the Reformation, is the unimpeachable basis of the German Evangelical Church. The authority which the Church needs to carry out its mission is determined and limited by the Gospel.' Later, at the famous Synod of Barmen held in May 1934, he was to be one of the men who formulated the famous 'Six Principles' over which the fight within German Protestantism has, since that date, raged. The growing clarity of his defiance of Nazi claims is to be found in the first of these principles: 'Jesus Christ, as He is revealed to us in the Holy Gospel, is the only Word of God, which we hear, which we have to trust and obey in life and death. The heresy is refuted that the Church can and must recognize, in addition to this one Word, other events and powers, figures, and truths in the revelation of God.' And further: 'The heresy is refuted that the State, over and above its special task, should and can become the single and

total regulator of human life and thus also fulfill the vocation of the Church.'

It is a moving experience to take such a collection of sermons as is to be found in his *Here Stand I!* and see the transition of Niemöller's ministry from the uncritical rejoicing of the first days of the Third Reich (was not an anti-religious Marxist régime being overthrown by a government which promised to promote 'positive Christianity'?) to the days when, only two years later, he saw the Church as locked in battle with 'hell.' 'Hell,' his sermons of that later period made it clear, was the policy for ecclesiastical affairs announced by Hitler's personally selected Reich Minister for Church Affairs, Dr. Hans Kerrl.

Not always did the Dahlem pastor speak belligerently. His sermons, in fact, show a remarkable ability to combine the boldness of the former naval officer with the caution of an ecclesiastic responsible for the future of the churchly institution and the safety of his fellow pastors. Never, for example, did the minister, even in his most defiant hours, give the secret police who always formed a part of his congregations a chance to accuse him of having preached *political* treason. It was only after later state decrees defined resistance to the measures of Dr. Kerrl as treasonable that a legal case could be made against the ordained war hero.

In certain important respects, Niemöller in his defiance of the Nazi church administration accepted positions which a majority of the other rebellious pastors were not willing to approve. He saw, for example, that the logic of the Confessional demand for 'independence' from the State involved a dissolution of the privileged position hitherto held by the state churches, with a surrender of income from taxes and assumption of voluntary support for clergy and parishes. Only a small minority of the Protestant pastors have so far been willing to follow him in his espousal of this ideal for a 'free' Church; most of the

ministers who make up the Confessional ranks, steeped in Lutheran traditions, cling to the hope that the State can be required to maintain the ministry of the altar while acknowledging the freedom of the altar's attendants from state control. As to this, Niemöller's position is far more realistic; it is, in fact, the only one on which an independent Protestantism can maintain itself against a strong State of the Nazi type.

IV

It became a question of time as to how long Niemöller would be allowed his defiant freedom. The church at Dahlem was always crowded; attendance was one way of showing disapproval of the Nazi régime. At last, on July 1, the blow fell. Niemöller knew it was coming. 'The pressure is growing,' he said in his last and bitterest sermon, preached on June 27. 'I think, for instance,' he went on, 'how on Wednesday the secret police penetrated into the closed church of Friedrich Werder and arrested at the altar eight members of the Council of Brethren who were assembled there. . . . I think how yesterday at Saarbrücken six women and a trusted man of the Evangelical community were arrested because they had circulated an election leaflet of the Confessional Church at the direction of the Council of Brethren. . . . He who has indeed suffered all this cannot be far from uttering the words of the prophet . . . "Now, oh Lord, take away my life."'

Three days later he was in prison. And as this is written he is still there. So far the temper of the people has been such that the Nazi authorities are afraid to bring him to trial. The entirely unexpected acquittal of Dr. Friedrich Otto Dibelius, charged with spreading lies against the Nazi church ministry, may have contributed something to this hesitancy. But Niemöller is much too dangerous a man to be allowed to go free.

The Nazis will probably wait until the zeal of the pastor's followers has somewhat abated and the demonstrations in his behalf have ceased — then a swift and quiet trial. In any case, whatever the outcome, Niemöller's fate will change nothing in Germany. Nazi nationalism is selfish and tyrannical; it will never divide power with the Church.

Martin Niemöller will not be the first martyr whose personal courage has been of greater lasting importance than his ideas. On one fundamental he is of course eternally right: religion in the hands of the State is religion emptied of spiritual significance. But of what spiritual significance is the religion which Niemöller holds and which he would propagate? It is a narrow, mediæval faith. It would divide man into two selves — spiritual and worldly, the second subordinated to the first. The spiritual self would owe allegiance to the Church, the worldly self to the State. The chief and only aim of the individual in the Church would be the search after absolution from sin through the grace of God — in order to secure entrance into the company of the saved. To the State the individual owes absolute obedience, for the ruler is ordained by God, and only where the State acts contrary to the Word of God, as written in the Bible and interpreted by the Church, dare the citizen protest. The Church must therefore be more powerful than the State, for it must be able to check the State when it wanders outside its worldly province of keeping order and punishing evildoers.

American churchmen tend to ignore Niemöller's faith for the sake of Niemöller's fight against the Nazis. The man who awaits trial, who is ready to die for his faith, has more in common with Martin Luther than his strength; he belongs more to Luther's day than to ours. He is not the man to bring peace or spiritual life to Germany. If Germany is to go forward it can be no more through Niemöller than through Hitler.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MR. WEATHERLY ON TAXES

MY old friend, Mr. Weatherly, has given up farming. If he were a city man he would now be in that condition of polite senescence which is called 'retired'; but 'released' better describes his blessed condition. All he does now is to milk one cow, feed a few chickens, and tend a garden patch. No more extensive ploughing, harrowing, seeding, or harvesting for him. Ninety-nine one-hundredths of his land can go to weeds for all he cares, unless someone comes along to rent it and his rickety barns. He explained his situation in a cryptic sentence: —

'It don't cost much to live if you're not doin' anything.'

This sounds odd, but has sense in it. At work, Mr. Weatherly would be wearing out shoes, clothes, and tools. He would have to buy seed that might not sprout, teeth for the mowing machine to cut hay that might turn musty, wire to repair his fences, and lumber to repair his barns. Now he can scratch a living, and sell off a little timber or a few unwanted implements or vehicles around tax time. With economy, the farm will outlast the Weatherlys.

Mr. Weatherly is one of the few remaining mortals who do their own thinking. He can read if pushed to it; before he bought his radio he used to read market prices and reports. But he never would admit that wisdom could be won merely by conning print. Said he: —

'Readin' rots the mind. I've seen it ruin many a spry young feller. Me — I'd rather spend my spare time thinkin'.'

Since he is not burdened with misinformation and mass prejudices, Mr. Weatherly's thinking follows no ruts. After hearing startling news on the radio, he switches the instrument off and ponders. He did that when the 'ever-normal granary' came to ear.

'Who ever saw ever-normal anything on a farm, 'ceptin' animals? Some things you can depend on in animals — that cows are like to freshen on time and sheep to get their backs

covered by winter. But with crops, there's weather. In all my years I never saw normal weather for a month on end. Most of the work a man does on a farm is trying to catch up on the weather and its tetchy doin's.

'I'll tell you what ails farmin'. It's taxes — cash-money taxes to be paid by a given day. Farmin's not geared up to being that punctual. You plant a money crop so's to have the money ready, and then the crop does n't come off and where are you?'

'But farmers,' I said, 'don't pay much in taxes — only three or four hundred million dollars a year, all the farmers taken together.'

'And how much is the gov'ment forkin' out to farmers?'

'Once it was almost a billion dollars a year. Now it's less.'

'More even yet, I'll bet, than all of us farmers pay in taxes. There'd be a saving if no one bothered collectin' land taxes from farmers and everyone let us alone from then on.'

'The idea was to control surpluses that beat down prices.'

Mr. Weatherly fanned his placid features gently with his straw hat. 'So that's it, hey? Think we'd have hefty surpluses if we did n't pay taxes? Here's the how of it. I plant a money crop for taxes. But I dasn't figure close on the acreage, because I might get only half a crop and then I'd be short on cash. So I plant double allowance, and get a swash of rain, to find a bumper crop on my hands. A million or two farmers doin' the same puts your surplus all cut and threshed in the barn, with the price way down. Taxin' farm land is what breeds surpluses.'

I chewed on this awhile. 'But a good many farms are mortgaged, with interest to pay on a given day. So wiping out farm taxes would n't be an entire answer.'

'And why are so many farms mortgaged?' demanded Mr. Weatherly, tossing his beard at me. 'Right around here there's two classes of mortgaged farms — old family farms that was once clear and then was mort-

gaged to raise tax money in a bad year, and farms sold to newcomers with a purchase money mortgage hung onto 'em. Before the new feller gets settled into the place rightly, there's his taxes to pay. With a hard year or two coming along, he never gets his nose above water enough to pay off. That's the how of mortgagin'. Besides, if farmers didn't have to pay land taxes, they'd get their interest cheaper. It stands to reason.'

All I could do in the grasp of Mr. Weatherly's economic theory was to ask blankly, 'Why?'

Mr. Weatherly gazed upon me pityingly, as one whose mind had grown frail through reading. 'Because taxes is a risk to the lender, too. A mortgaged farm comes back to him plastered with two, three, four years in back taxes, with penalties and fees appertainin'. Maybe the mortgage holder can't pay 'em off. Then the state gets it.'

'All right,' I said, in desperation, 'but surely farmers ought to pay some part of the cost of government.'

'Well, now,' said Mr. Weatherly, with a sigh for my stupidity, 'let *me* ask why. What do we get out of gov'ment? Maybe a road and a feeble sort of school somewhere. We have to do pretty much all our own policin' and all of our fire fightin'. If there was n't any gov'ment at all, we'd manage about as we do now, providin' for ourselves some kind of a road and some kind of a school. But if we have to pay, there's better ways than a tax on land. Tax us on what we sell, tax us on what we buy, tax us on what money we make if we make any; but don't tax our land. Land don't raise crops, Mister — it just helps or hinders, like the weather and the insects.'

This was too much for me. 'Then what does raise crops?' I asked, as one groping toward the heart of mystery.

'Labor,' he said, tersely. 'That is, it does sometimes, when land, weather, and bugs ain't too much for it.'

Now that he has stopped trying to beat this combination, Mr. Weatherly is applying his uncorrupted mind steadily to the problems which beset the nation. If he were as sound physically as he is mentally, we should run him for Congress. As it is, we are trying to persuade him to stand for township representative on the Board of County Supervisors, on a platform of economy and lower taxes, preferably none at all.

SWINGTIME AND CHERRY BLOSSOMS

WE had not known that we were homesick until we came to Takaradzuka. That nostalgia was a paradox more complicated than we suspected, a mystery not to be fully appreciated until months afterward. Our visit to the Kansai district was due solely to curiosity.

The wife of a Peiping doctor had told us about the girls' school for American dancing. One day at the Shanghai track she said: —

'It simply goes to show how the Japanese mind works. In the Takaradzuka school there are six hundred beautiful and talented girls, specially selected to take five-year courses in American jazz in a government-subsidized seminary. The purpose is to make sure the Japanese theatre shall have a supply of native performers, and that the people shall believe that syncopation is a Japanese instinct. And perhaps it is.'

Naturally when we landed in Kobe we made inquiries about Takaradzuka. Soon we were in a car and on our way, with a tiny guide called Mr. Higuchi. Three thousand feet above the harbor we followed what they call the skyline driveway, along the crest of the Rokko mountain range, and then began to skid gently downward until we reached level land and Takaradzuka.

Observed from its outskirts, the town — forty minutes from the two large cities, Osaka and Kobe — was an incoherent scramble of buildings in modern architecture; parks and pond water and thin little lanes full of late cherry blossoms and early wisteria, and frantic cyclists ringing their bells.

Higuchi wanted to show us everything. He pointed vaguely toward nondescript structures and foliage where wonders were to be seen — little lakes with boats for hire, a tropical zoo with seal ponds, elephant sheds, wild-animal cages, a monkey island, billiard rooms, dance halls, and a studio where we could have our pictures taken. He extolled the classic decorum observed in the tearoom, the succulent cooking of Chinese, Japanese, and foreign restaurants, and the perfumed conveniences of public bathtubs for men and women.

We asked to be led at once to the great sight of Takaradzuka — the Recreation and Opera House, which encloses not only the School for Girls, but three full-sized theatres, one of them among the largest in the world.

Even when we had reached the entrance, paid our yen, and passed through the turnstile into an open space surrounded by the theatres and an amusement park, Mr. Higuchi hung back. Should we not fancy a turn in the children's recreation ground? Later I learned that Mr. Higuchi, aged fifty-seven, had a happy passion for midget auto racing cars — one ride, ten sen.

As we labored with his disappointment — he was blue as the mountain ranges framing the whole scene — three laughing girls hurried by. They were wearing sedate green aprons, like uniforms, over flowered kimonos. Their pretty faces were young, but held the settled and honest look that comes from a difficult discipline. One almost always sees that expression on the faces of young musical and dancing students. These were some of the six hundred Nogi girls probably passing from one studio classroom to another — girls signed up for five years in this place to learn tap dancing, singing, and all the arts of Broadway.

How had the school come to be? Later I was to learn that since 1913 such a school had been here; in 1918 it was formally recognized by the Japanese Department of Education. For two years students are taught the fundamentals of Japanese training, in which the sterner womanly virtues are emphasized. The next three years are devoted to 'nip-ups,' 'back-flops,' 'cartwheels,' and double somersaults. These girls live nun-like lives; they work hard, and they are sustained through the training period by the feeling that a bright future is in store for them. The performers of the opera company — in a single production there may be twenty principals and anywhere from thirty to two hundred chorus girls in line — are drawn entirely from the graduates and undergraduates of the school. In addition to their five-year course of study they must also sign a contract for five years in Japanese playhouses — and for salaries that would not be beauty-parlor money for American girls.

Higuchi marched us by a parking space filled with undersized bicycles and thence into the lobby of the Grand Theatre. A spacious hall with a grilled roof, it had comfortable seats for those who must wait, charcoal burning in great urns for smokers, booths at which baubles and kickshaws were sold, a checkroom for the Japanese stilted sandals called getas. Crowds of men and

women moved quietly about. Some were in Japanese costume with babies asleep in pouches on their backs. An enchanting sight, those Japanese women in their lovely kimonos, obis, getas, and tabis. We mingled with them for a little while, then passed on into the main auditorium.

The Grand Theatre, as it is called, where the 'star troupe' was performing, was one of the largest theatres we had ever seen. Although it is in the country, yet on this rainy Monday afternoon nearly every one of four thousand seats was taken. We had to buy tickets for what down in Baltimore we used to call 'African Paradise,' far up near the roof. From this lofty perch we looked down like foreign birds upon a strange scene. The vast interior, with its two balconies, was done in the modern German style, with shrewd and restful house lighting. A large orchestra was playing, and just as we were seated the curtain fell on a preliminary act of traditional Japanese entertainment.

The audience sighed and broke into talk with a kind of light, high-pitched, and gentle expectancy. Soon the principal attraction was to begin, a piece called — in translation — 'The Manhattan Rhythm,' a musical play alleged to have been written and directed by Utso Hideo, with music by Sakai Kyo and Tsukui Yuuki, all strangers to us. Then the orchestra blared and whined, the curtain soared, and there on the brilliant stage was a long chorus of beautiful Japanese girls dancing and singing in their smart top hats, white ties, tails, and ebony sticks — a full threesome of yellow, slant-eyed phantoms of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers moving with Alabama abandon in a swing-time parade.

With knowingness and skill some Nipponese George White had scolded and coaxed these girls into line. They had a Broadway precision of attack in every tap of toe and heel, and in everything an intense joy of ragtime — a pleasure with no evil in it, child-like and innocent. That feeling was in the high head tones of their singing, the merry flip of hip and shoulder — *boom-a-laddie, boom-a-laddie, boom-a-laddie, boom!* It was as if all Japanese youth had watched a Broadway show and said: 'You mean — do it like this?' and did it a little nicer than that.

The song they were singing was a New York ditty with a squalid little tune from

the slums of melody; I had heard it in New York before we sailed to the Orient. As the chorines of Takaradzuka sang its wilted measures in their native tongue, I remembered that programme and looked again. Yes — it said, in so many words, that the music had been composed by Sakai Kyo and Tsukui Yuuki. But then, I reflected, even on Broadway songs have been attributed to others than their composers. When the Japanese set out to copy, they copy not a feature, but a system.

The only trouble I had was in trying to understand the plot of the play, but then I had often had that trouble in New York, too, and here the Japanese had actually improved on Broadway. In the programme I found a synopsis of what was going on — a device which I recommend to friends in Longacre Square.

I quote the synopsis: —

'In order to raise funds for her daughter, Juliana, to go to Broadway, the mother and Louise sell flowers. But no matter how much they earn, all their money are taken by their debtor, Angels. Louise gets acquainted with Goldman, a wealthy man who offers to lend them enough money for Juliana to make a start in Chicago.

'Angels captures Juliana on her way to Chicago and forces her to work in his bar as a cheap singer. There he takes Goldman and shows him the girl whom he thought had left for Chicago. Goldman is outraged at the insult done to so fine a girl as Juliana but is helpless to save her as Angels' men had surrounded him. His friend Eddie comes to his rescue and Angels puts the room into darkness. In the uproar Juliana finds Goldman and with tears of joy thanks him. Angels shoots, aiming at Goldman, but Juliana is shot instead. The curtain descends on the dying Juliana in the arms of Goldman.

'And this is the end of the Revue called "Manhattan Rhythm."

All the parts were taken by girls and two of them imitated men much more convincingly than some of the Rosalinds and Portias and Violas I have seen in the American theatre.

A climax was reached when suddenly across the whole stage was flashed an American flag, symbolic of a great moment in the plot. The audience sat in perfect silence while the flag was displayed. I occupied

myself by counting the stars in the blue field. There were only thirty-six — which, as I whispered to my wife, showed clearly that the Japanese underestimate our resources.

When the show was over we came downstairs and in the lobby purchased a souvenir phonograph record of the troupe singing that familiar ballad. Even on the phonograph label the authorship was attributed to the Hon. Mr. Kyo and the Hon. Mr. Yuuki.

As we walked through a tunnel of cherry blossoms on to a crooked bridge over a little lake, we suddenly felt saddened. The memory of those piping, adolescent voices, singing a cheap little ditty from home, had filled us with a sudden yearning for our own place in the world. That we thought was strange — but stranger still it is now that we are home. For when we play the Japanese records a little mist comes, and we are homesick for the dancing girls of Takaradzuka.

FULTON OURSLER

SLOW SUN AND MOON

Across the slow arc of this little bridge
Spanning the narrow garden river walked
My proud ancestors robed in silk and ivory.
Under this pale mimosa tree they talked.

One carved this panel in the Wall of Friends.
One with eager toiling curved the long
And twisting pathway. Here on flowery days
Came the young and old with laughter and
song.

Now they are gone. No remnant of their
music
Floats upon the quiet air. Alone
I cross the grass and in deep solitude
Gaze upon the gray ancestral stone.

The very names are dimming into dust
On the rain-worn rock, and time will see
My own name losing here, slow sun and moon,
The deep grooves of its ancient character.

Sons of my son will lean upon the bridge,
Scan the ancestral stone and say, 'Here walked
Our fathers whose proud names are dimmed
to dust.

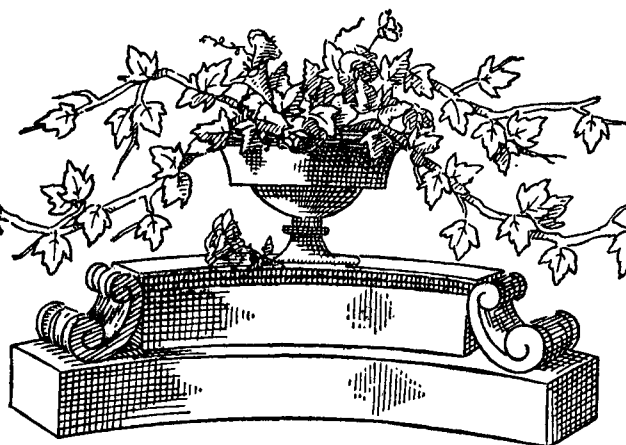
Under this pale mimosa tree they talked.'

GERALD CHAN SIEG

THE
ATLANTIC NOVEL
ENCHANTER'S
NIGHTSHADE

BY
ANN BRIDGE

CHAPTERS 9-15



If You Missed the Earlier Chapters . . .

IN the spring of 1905 the provincial nobility of Gardone migrated as usual to their large, rambling country houses in the hills a few miles to the north of the town. To Odredo came the household of the widowed Count Carlo di Castellone, including besides himself his eighteen-year-old daughter Elena, his son Giulio, three years her senior, and the family's indispensable factotum, Fräulein Gelsicher — affectionately known to the Count as 'La Signorina Gelosia' and to the children as 'Gela'; while to Castellone itself came the Countess Livia, Carlo's widowed sister-in-law, his nephew Ernest and his family, and two spinster cousins, notorious for their zeal as gossips — the Countesses Aspasia and Roma, dubbed 'the Sorellone' by the less respectful members of the family. Roffredo, Livia's only son and an inventor whose ardent temperament admits but two passions, — motor cars and the fair sex, — had taken for this summer a small villa on the Pisignacco road. And from Rome to Vill' Alta came the ninety-nine-year-old Marchesa — a distant cousin of the Castellones, her son Francesco, his beautiful foreign wife Suzy, — 'the Enchantress,' — and their daughter Marietta, a serious child of fifteen.

There seemed to be no good reason why this summer should be any different from countless others that had gone before. Count Carlo would resume his flirtation with the Marchesa Suzy — under the nearsighted eyes of the Marchese Francesco, who lived for his botany; Elena would play her usual pranks; Giulio would read his beloved Croce and chafe against a scheme of life which kept him from pursuing his studies abroad; Fräulein Gelsicher would exercise her Swiss fortitude and bear with the irregular behavior of those about her; and La Vecchia Marchesa would see and hear only what she wished to.

But the arrival of Marietta's English governess, Miss Almina Prestwich, — promptly nicknamed 'Postiche' by Count Carlo, — alters everything: for, contrary to all expectations, she proves, despite her Oxford degree and intellectual attainments, to be both young and exceedingly pretty. Giulio and Roffredo are at once smitten — a circumstance which does not please the Marchesa Suzy, since, beginning to tire of her liaison with Count Carlo, she has herself determined to captivate the latter young man. Such a state of affairs is naturally fraught with ominous possibilities — and yet more so in the present instance, in as much as Almina's careful Victorian upbringing has not in the least prepared her for the exigencies of so difficult a situation.

Further to complicate matters — especially for La Vecchia Marchesa, and, in fact, for all the Vill' Altas — the Marchesa Nadia, another daughter-in-law, announces suddenly that she wishes to separate from her husband, Pipo di Vill' Alta, on grounds of infidelity. To the ancient Marchesa, with her strong feeling for solidarity where the family is concerned, this is unthinkable. So, Nadia is summoned from Bologna, and all the forces of persuasion are brought to bear in an attempt to reconcile her to the recalcitrant Pipo's philandering. By birth a Russian, however, she cannot be convinced that a marriage can endure without love. Thus —

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

BY ANN BRIDGE

IX

THE final upshot of all the discussions about the Marchesa Nadia's affairs was a decision to hold a *consiglio di famiglia* on the matter. So the lawyer was summoned, the date provisionally fixed, the invitations sent out — to the diplomat son, the son who was a cardinal, the playwright son who lived in Paris, and all the rest. And Nadia, meditatively bending her graceful dark head, went back to Bologna till the time came.

Almina's distress over this business had gone rather deep. She had been charmed by the Marchesa Nadia and her archaic and grave beauty from the first, and the discovery of those depths of unhappiness under the fair-seeming surface of this pleasant Italian family life disturbed her; still more, she was troubled by the airy way in which Elena had spoken of it. She consulted Fräulein Gelsicher about this, telling her what had happened, and blaming herself a little for not having checked the two girls' conversation sooner.

'You cannot prevent them, at their ages, either from knowing of these things or from talking about them, my dear Miss Prestwich,' the Swiss said, with a small sigh; 'all one can do is oneself to express a just opinion, and so help to form theirs.'

'But that isn't easy for me,' Almina said. 'You see, I have never heard such things talked about. They are n't, at home.'

'No — nor much with us in Switzer-

land,' the older woman said. 'But here, they are. One must take people and places as one finds them, Miss Prestwich. If Marietta speaks of it to you again, I should refer her to her mother.' She sighed once more, a sigh for which Almina could not quite account. Fräulein Gelsicher was wishing that either girl had a mother who would be of some use in such matters. She was also rather impatient at the English girl's extraordinary innocence; she liked her, she respected her acquirements and still more her uprightness, but the spectacle of a governess who knew so much less of the world or of life than the pupil seemed to her slightly absurd. How like the Marchesa Suzy to have pitched on this pretty inexperienced creature, out of all the governesses in the world! — when what Marietta most needed was a wise, firm, middle-aged head and hand, to guide her through the distressing complexities of her family circle.

The Marchesa Suzy, however inadequate she might be about governesses, was always at pains to live on pleasant and correct terms with her relations, even those whom she liked least; and in pursuit of this laudable end she set out one day soon after the Marchesa Nadia's departure to call on Roffredo's mother, the Countess Livia, at Castellone. She took Almina and Marietta with her for the drive, exhorting them to put on 'something suitable' — Almina interpreted this as an indication for more or less her 'best,' and wore a frock of pale

green silk and the famous green hat. Sitting opposite her in the carriage, Suzy observed her, thinking, 'If she knew how to do her hair, she would be quite devastatingly pretty'; she smiled with rather malicious amusement to think how acutely the Countess Livia would disapprove when she saw her.

The Countess received them in a high cool room with heavy hangings, smelling faintly of damp and of camphor, where they sat on high-backed carved and brocaded chairs, and were offered *petits fours* and dark syrupy Marsala in small glasses. The Countess Livia, long, thin, and black, glanced from time to time at Miss Prestwich with precisely that expression of slightly martyred condemnation which Suzy had expected. Then there was an interruption — the Countesses Aspasia and Roma di Castellone were announced. '*Dio mio*, I might have known it!' Marietta whispered irrepressibly to her governess — 'they must have seen the carriage from the window!'

Their entrance enlivened the atmosphere, all the same. The good sisters had a perfectly sound piece of news. Ernest di Castellone had suddenly reopened the question of selling or otherwise disposing of Castel Vecchio, a small property of the Castellone family lying some miles away to the south, which had been standing empty for years.

There was a difficulty about the title, however — before selling the house, it would be necessary to arrange one owner who could be empowered to treat. 'But whose is it?' the Marchesa Suzy asked, surprised.

'That is the point — it appears that it belongs in equal shares to eighty-one members of the Castellone family,' Aspasia said, with a sort of measured amusement in her tones. 'Francesco, Suzy, would be a holder, and I suppose Marietta too. It is very complicated — all the collaterals have a share.'

Marietta, her name being mentioned, was encouraged to open her mouth. 'Oh, Mama, I have never even seen Castel

Vecchio! Could we not go there, for a picnic? I should so love to see it.'

'You want to survey your property, do you, you mercenary little thing?' her mother said, laughing at her. 'I don't know — it is a long way; thirty kilometres at least.'

While the picnic plan was under discussion, there was a further interruption. Count Roffredo burst in, exclaiming, '*Dio mio*, Mama, where in the universe are all my books?' — and then stopped short, finding the room full of people. Only for a moment, however — then he went round the circle, with his usual pleasant assurance, kissing hands all the way, except for the two girls. Marietta at once invoked his support for the picnic plan, and he gave it enthusiastically — any jaunt which involved driving his car perilously about the province was sure of Roffredo's approval. Then, with a further inquiry as to the whereabouts of some engineering books which he wanted, he bowed himself out with skillful ease.

What the Sorellone had really come for, however, was to learn all they could about the Marchesa Nadia and her affairs, a matter on which the Countess Livia herself was not without curiosity. A polite inquiry from Countess Roma as to the Russian's departure soon produced the desired effect — Livia, with a repressive glance, suggested that Marietta must be tired of sitting indoors, and that she might like to show Miss Prestwich the garden. Marietta dutifully agreed, but just outside the door, far sooner than her governess thought prudent — 'Now they will set to!' she exclaimed, 'and have it all out. *Povera Zia Nadia!* Why should they discuss her misfortunes?'

Once they were out of doors, however, her attention was quickly distracted. From the lowest of several shady terraces they looked out over a sort of steading or farmyard, surrounded by buildings in the casual Italian manner, where fowls scratched among wagons, and a

couple of bullock teams stood, waiting to be unharnessed. In one of the sheds a number of women were gathered, and Marietta cried out, 'Oh, see, they are taking the silk! Come and look.'

They made their way down to the yard. There, in a long open-fronted shed, a dozen or more women and girls were at work, unwinding the raw silk from the still living cocoons of the silkworms. The two girls watched the process. 'It's like drawing out starlight and winding it up,' Marietta said, her dark eyes alight with pleasure.

At this point Count Roffredo strolled up — he had observed them from above and came down to see, as he said gayly, what they were up to.

'It is I who teach Miss Prestwich now, about silkworms,' Marietta said. The young man wandered about, rallying the women in the shed — he slipped a bundle of the loose golden floss off one of the filled distaffs, and gave it to Almina, saying, 'It is just the shade of your hair.' Almina colored — the women, overhearing, laughed and echoed the remark. But Roffredo was soon bored with the silkworm shed, and suggested showing Miss Prestwich the garden. Marietta was by this time involved in listening to a long recital by old Ida about the doings of her grandchildren. 'Yes, go — I follow you in a minute,' she said hastily.

So the young man and Miss Prestwich went off together, up into the garden again. Almina was rather acutely conscious that this was by no means what Countess Livia had intended, but comforted herself with the reflection that Marietta would join them in a few moments. That, however, was by no means Count Roffredo's intention. He led his companion off along the terraces, out to a part of the garden which lay beyond the red wing, where the Sorellone lived — this was wilder, with open stretches of rough grass between groups of stone pines, and straggling thickets of privet and arbutus. A curious disquiet, like the

thunderous overcharged heat of the day, held them both; they had never been alone together before, and this solitude was heavy with possibilities of which both were aware. Almina was at once nervous and excited, and yet full of a strange physical lassitude — she would have liked, from sheer weakness, to sit on one of the rather tumble-down wooden seats which appeared here and there, but was too timid to suggest it. She was waiting for she did not quite know what — for something vaguely wonderful to happen, in which the young man beside her would play a prominent, perhaps an alarming part.

Roffredo was waiting for something too, but in a much more practical way. He knew perfectly well what he wanted: to take the small delightful figure into his arms, and kiss her a great deal, especially at the delicious place where the fine pale gold of her hair melted into the golden-white skin of her neck — all turned now to an incredible delicate transparency in the green shadow of her hat. But it was more complicated than that, too; he liked her enormously, this little English girl, with her quiet, rather definite manner, her surprising botanical knowledge, — Roffredo loved precise knowledge about anything, — and a sort of dainty firmness that there was about her altogether. Besides kissing her, he wanted to make her like him, and like being kissed by him — and he was not at all sure that she did, or would. Anyhow, these things had to be done nicely, gracefully — had to be led up to; and he found himself slightly at a loss how to lead up to it with this girl of another nationality — which all added to his sense of tension. While he was making conversation, with unwonted awkwardness, he noticed a flower growing in the grass on the slope above them, a flower with small bluish-purple stars at the top of narrow trumpets. In a moment he was after it, and brought it down to her — 'Of course you know what that is?' he said, smiling.

She examined it carefully. 'I think it is *Gentiana amarella*, only it is out rather early,' she said. 'But then, of course, it is hotter here.'

'Won't you wear it? It is pretty,' he said; and Almina pinned it into the breast of her green dress. The skein of raw silk was in her way, and he took it from her hand. When she had finished, he held it up beside her hair, smiling, and said, 'They do match exactly. Your hair is like sunshine — did you know?'

'No,' Almina said, coloring.

'But your eyes are grave,' the young man went on, still studying her face, 'like the day, before sunrise. That is beautiful too. *Cara signorina*,' — his persistent glance was half gay, half tender, — 'have you any idea how beautiful you are? I want so much to know.'

The directness of this attack put Almina quite out of countenance. 'Signor Conte, I wish you would not say these things to me,' she protested.

'Why not? Since they are true, and must be pleasant to hear?'

'It — it is not suitable,' the girl said, with a rather pathetic attempt to recover her usual self-possessed manner. But it was too hard for her. He was standing so near her, out there in the lonely end of the garden, with nobody about — surveying her so serenely, so freely, as one might a bird in one's hand; smiling so quietly. His smile reminded her of something — what was it? Yes — she remembered; it was her dream of two or three nights before, when she had seen herself as a bird caught among the limed twigs, and him standing over her. That memory gave the moment an intolerable quality — obeying an impulse that she could neither analyze nor control, she turned away, and walked a step or two forward along the path.

At once he was beside her again. '*Signorina*, what is it? I have n't offended you, have I?'

'No — but I would really rather you did not say those things to me,' she said, recovering herself a little.

'Because you are the governess? It always seems so ridiculous to me that you should be a governess at all! Why are you?'

'Because my father died, and now we have so little money,' she answered.

'*È vero?* I did not know.' He made some inquiries about her relations, which the girl answered happily enough — it pleased her to talk about them, and she felt that she had safely turned a dangerous corner. But there she was mistaken. Her sudden movement away from him had taken him by surprise; it had roused both his curiosity and his instinct for pursuit — shaken him, in fact, out of his rather calculated methods of dealing with her. To kiss a girl the first time one got the chance was always a mistake, and he had been telling himself so for some minutes past — but now, coming to a seat, 'Let us sit,' he said; and then, turning to her, 'Why did you turn away from me, just now?' he asked, urgently.

'Because I did not like you to say those things to me,' she said.

'But I was not speaking then. I was only looking at you,' he protested. 'May I not even do that?' — and he bent forward to peer in under the brim of her hat. And as she colored and was silent, unable to think of a reply, suddenly he took her two hands. 'Ah, *cara*, you are too lovely — you must let me look at you,' he said, with a sort of half-mocking tenderness. The startled helplessness of her face, now so close to his, was too much for him — forgetting all calculations, he drew her towards him and kissed her, slowly and gently, but with expert mastery.

The girl was too shaken and too inexperienced in such things to attempt any protest, when at last he let her go. 'I must go,' she said tremulously, getting up. 'The Marchesa may be waiting.'

'Yes, you must go, *cara*,' Count Rofredo said, springing up too. 'Along there — it is shorter. I shall go straight to the car — I have made my adieux. But I shall see you again — soon!' He

turned down another path and was gone.

Almina walked quickly back towards the house. In the heaving confusion of her feelings one thought alone stood out clearly — the fear of being late. And where was Marietta? To her great relief, on one of the terraces she came on her pupil, seated on the parapet propped against an urn, one long black leg dangling, gazing out at the mountains — it was obvious that she was making, and had made, not the smallest effort to rejoin her instructress.

'There you are! I thought you were going to follow us,' Almina said.

The child looked tranquilly at her.

'I did come up, quite soon,' she replied, 'but I saw your dress through the trees along there, and I thought Roffredo was probably going to take you for a regular walk, so I stayed here. You're not cross, are you?' she said, slipping off the wall and tucking her arm through that of her governess. 'Roffredo is always amusing, and you see me so much. Where is he?'

'He has gone to his car. But we had better hurry in — your mother may be waiting,' Almina said.

'She will not be. They have plenty to talk about,' Marietta said easily. To Almina's relief the child did not appear to notice her failure to take up the question of whether she, Almina, was cross or not. It would have been a difficult one to answer — she did not herself yet know, in her turmoil of emotions, whether she was glad or sorry that this had happened. She must think it all out later. But on the long drive home she did not really think at all — she sat silent and dreamy on the swaying small seat of the victoria, looking back at that tree-strewn slope below the red wing at Castellone, when now and then a turn of the road brought it into view, as at some strange outpost of a magic realm, a place that did not belong in the real world at all.

But the day's emotions were not yet

over for Almina. They got in late, and found Giulio hanging about, rather cross — he had brought over an essay to be corrected by Miss Prestwich, and now there was not time. His aunt charitably suggested his staying to dine, if Miss Prestwich did not mind dealing with the essay afterwards; Count Carlo was also coming over to the six-o'clock dinner, and they could drive back together. It was still hot in the schoolroom when Miss Prestwich and her second pupil repaired there after coffee, and Giulio suggested an adjournment to somewhere out of doors. Almina, tired and with a headache, was glad to agree. The terrace was still occupied by the family party, so they went and sat in the *torrino*, and Almina tried to listen carefully to Giulio's odd English constructions; but all the time, across his words, her mind heard others, and how different! 'Ah, *cara*, you are so lovely,' and 'I wonder if you have any idea how beautiful you are.' The essay corrected, they sat on for a little while in the *torrino* — it was cool there, and quiet, and Giulio was a silent and unexacting companion. At last, however, he broke the silence.

'The day you came, Marietta and I sat and watched for you here,' he said. 'Did she tell you?'

'No.'

'We were so anxious for you to come, to teach us both,' he pursued. 'We talked about what you would be like. Of course we expected you to be just like Gela, only more learned. And when I saw you, just at first, I was horrified! You were so young. I thought, "How can *she* teach anyone anything?" Did you see how aghast I was?'

Almina laughed. 'No, I was too flustered, I think — it was all so new.'

He looked at her, gravely now. 'The reality is no longer a disappointment,' he said, earnestly.

Almina said, with equal gravity, that she was glad. Oh, that was what was so wonderful about her, the young man thought, watching her quiet face — her

seriousness, her simplicity. So young, so lovely — but she could sit with a man in an arbor, on a summer's evening, without any smiling or beguiling or airs or tricks; without consciousness. For all her youth and beauty she *was* like Gela, after all — learned and grave and good; the only sort of woman with whom one could be at peace, with whom one's heart could find a home. A feeling that was close to adoration stirred in him as he watched her sitting there, so unconscious and quiet — adoration and yet comfort. 'I am so glad you came,' he said suddenly.

'So am I,' Almina said, smiling happily back at him. But she was thinking, as she spoke, of the smell of the privet and the pines over at Castellone that afternoon.

On their way back to the house they took the longer path, which dropped down through olives and cypresses to join the one which led along the ridge towards Odredo. As they descended, they saw Count Carlo and the Marchesa Suzy strolling leisurely along this path, talking; they were too far off for their words to be audible, but their gestures made a sort of diagram of their conversation — of a request or affirmation on his side, an amused negation on hers. Something about the intimacy of the whole picture struck sharply on Miss Prestwich's consciousness; it gave her a slight shock. Then, as the two figures moved slowly out of sight behind a group of arbutus, she pushed the thought from her. Italians were always so expansive in their manner — she must not start imagining things.

Giulio, however, had no such scruples. Coming on top of his meditations about Miss Prestwich, the picture presented by his father had struck him, too, with unusual force.

'How I dislike my aunt!' he exclaimed abruptly.

'You should not do that,' Almina said, as in duty bound.

'But I do! It is not only that — I dis-

approve of her,' he said vigorously. 'She has always been the same — the Enchantress! — she must have a man dangle after her! At her age, it is ridiculous. She makes a perfect fool of my father. And now it is Roffredo she is after — so Elena says. Certainly it would not surprise me! She was flirting with him enough the other day. It — it is unseemly!' he said, striking his essay angrily against the trunk of an olive tree as he passed it.

This was more than Almina could let pass. 'Count Giulio, I cannot allow you to say these things in my hearing,' she said, with a firmness that he had never seen her use before. 'That is unseemly, if you like. The Marchesa is my employer, and I live in her house — I cannot have her so spoken of.'

'That is just what I hate,' the young man muttered furiously. 'You, of all people! I cannot —' he subsided, obviously struggling to regain his self-control.

'All this is very foolish — you exaggerate,' Almina said, with a coldness that she did not quite feel. 'Elena is very reckless in what she says, and she does not mean half of it. You should not pay any attention to her.' She was startled and puzzled by Giulio's outburst, and felt that she must rebuke him for it; but she had come to have a warm, almost a motherly feeling for him — his enthusiasm, his difficulties, his eager desire to learn; the same sort of sympathetic affection that was growing in her for Marietta. They both needed so much help, from someone — help which she was happy to feel that she was beginning to give. But they both had this extraordinary recklessness and openness of speech and thought about their elders, which must be checked. Well, she had checked it now — Giulio walked silent and submissive beside her on their way back to the house. But before she slept that night Miss Prestwich found herself thinking a good deal about his words. Coming on top of her own shock at the

sight of the Count and the Marchesa, they made a very uncomfortable impression, which she could not wholly brush aside. She remembered how she too had noticed the Marchesa's manner with Count Roffredo the evening after their walk to the bird catcher's house. Ah, but as far as Roffredo was concerned, it was not true; she knew better! She fell asleep with a smile on her lips.

X

Giulio drove back to Odredo with his father that night in a very angry and dissatisfied frame of mind. Miss Prestwich's firmness had silenced his words, but it was very far from having suppressed his feelings. Indeed it had increased them. He glanced now and then with aversion at the silhouette of the Count's head and beard, as he sat beside him, profiled against the warm starlight — smoking a cigar, humming an air, with every appearance of a man very well pleased with himself; and when his father asked him some kindly question about his progress with his English lessons, he actually swallowed before replying, as though it required a physical effort to overcome his distaste.

Now Giulio was filial enough to be distressed by this. Like both Elena and Marietta, and indeed most of the poor man's immediate relations, Giulio had hitherto slightly, but on the whole tolerantly, despised his parent; but nothing like this acrid anger and disgust had ever moved him before, and it made him very uncomfortable. He spent a wretched night. Waking, next morning, in his sun-filled room at Odredo, he went out on to the balcony, and there, drinking his morning chocolate, he tried as usual to think it all out. Almost unconsciously, shocked by his feelings of the night before, he endeavored to push the whole onus for them on to the Marchesa. He was fair-minded enough to ask himself *why* he should so much dislike her flirtations, and found, or thought he found,

his answer. She was frivolous about Love; even that she could not take seriously. If she had had a despairing *grande passion* for someone, he could have forgiven or even approved it — but not this laughing lightness.

But these meditations did not console him much, and, as was his habit in any distress, he eventually turned to Fräulein Gelsicher for reassurance and comfort. He found her in her room, her gray hair up, but still arrayed in her petticoat and cambric peignoir. She turned with a pleasant smile and said, 'Good morning, Giulio. Can I do anything for you?'

The young man fidgeted about the room for some moments before replying, picking up the things on the toilet table and setting them down. At length, coming to a halt in front of Fräulein Gelsicher — 'Gela, can nothing be done to stop this business between my father and Zia Suzy?' he burst out. 'It is so — unpleasant.'

This was completely unexpected. The Swiss looked at him with concern, and then said, in her usual measured tones, 'They are very old friends, Giulio.'

'They are not friends at all!' he replied, explosively. 'It is a regular flirt! She behaves with him just as she is beginning to do with Roffredo, only more so. Last night we saw them together when they did not know it — it was horrid. It is unseemly, Gela — one's father and one's aunt!'

This was so precisely the governess's own view that she found it hard to answer. She wondered exactly how much the boy *had* seen — without knowing that, she was rather in the dark. Knowing Suzy, it might have been anything! She said very gravely, 'Giulio, if you wish me to listen to statements like this, you must be more precise. Tell me exactly what happened.'

'*Dunque*, Miss Prestwich had been correcting my essay in the *torrino*, because it was so hot; and afterwards —' he rehearsed the small episode. 'It was

somehow particularly disagreeable, seeing it with her,' the boy concluded.

'Did she speak of it?' Fräulein Gelsicher asked, relieved that it was no worse.

'I did. I said I disliked Zia Suzy and her goings-on. And she shut me up, and said she would not listen if I spoke so —'

'Perfectly right,' Fräulein Gelsicher interjected.

'But Gela,' the boy went on, more quietly now, 'it is horrible. It made me feel horrible towards Papa. I do not think it is his fault — it is hers; but I dislike him for it, and I hate that. And it does no one any good, this flirtatious sort of love; it is a travesty. Love should engage the whole energy of the spirit, and teach the soul to use her wings still more. It aspires, or kneels; it does not flirt and laugh.' He went on in this strain for some time; Fräulein Gelsicher listened patiently, and now and then she sighed. Giulio treated her to these philosophical discourses occasionally, but she had never heard one on love before, and guessed, shrewdly enough, that Miss Prestwich was at the bottom of it. This was a complication she had early foreseen; and, once again, it was the Marchesa Suzy they had to thank for it — getting a girl like that for governess, with no inquiries! However, when Giulio had done she merely gave him a few quiet words on the unwisdom of attempting to judge others without full knowledge and comprehension. 'You will find plenty to do to manage your own soul, my dear Giulio,' she ended up; 'be a dutiful son and an affectionate brother, and leave your elders alone.' And since he had been allowed to say his say, this rather flat admonition seemed to pacify the boy, and he took himself off to his work.

¶ Giulio di Castellone was not the only person in the province of Gardone to spend that morning in disturbing thoughts. Miss Prestwich woke early, to see the eastern sun pouring through the olives outside her windows. She lay watching it, running her forefinger round

the edges of the large squares of lace let into the coverlet on the bed, and thinking about herself and Roffredo di Castellone. Last night, what with the changing for dinner in a hurry, Giulio's essay, and then the fuss he had made about the Count and the Marchesa, she had had no time to think the whole thing out — now she must, she must get it all straight.

After all, she was the governess, and a member of the family was making love to her. That being so, she realized that she ought really to go straight to the Marchesa, tell her what had happened, and ask what she wished her to do. But that might involve her leaving, — she had no idea how much or how little fuss such an admission would cause, out here, — and then she would be back on her mother's hands, and all the fearful expenditure on these clothes wasted, when it was not her fault. Besides, the scene she had witnessed the previous evening, and still more Giulio's words about the Marchesa and Roffredo, seemed to make it impossible to speak to her, of all people, on the subject. And yet not to tell her was not quite straight. At last a solution occurred to her — when she got the chance, she would consult Fräulein Gelsicher. From her she would certainly get trustworthy advice.

The next few days passed, however, without Almina's getting any chance to speak privately with the Swiss — Elena or Marietta was always around. And so it came about that the day of the picnic to Castel Vecchio arrived without Almina's having unburdened herself of her secret to anyone.

Castel Vecchio lies well away to the south, in the flat part of the plain of Gardone; the cavalcade of carriages, widely spaced because of the dust, soon left the little crumpled hills, crowned with tufts of acacia, behind, and drove through flat fields where the maize and *granturco* were taking on the yellowish tinge of late summer, and a smoky purplish bloom was beginning to overspread the bunches of grapes that hung

from the vines bordering the road. The castle itself stands on a high hillock or mound, and for more than an hour before they reached it the picnic party could see, first its high square tower, then the great oblong block of the main building, and finally the curtain wall which runs round the entire circumference of the hill. As they drew nearer, they could see that the whole place was considerably more ruinous than they had expected; there were breaches in the topmost battlements of the tower, and great loops of ivy and wild clematis hung from the broken stonework; hawks wheeled and cried about it. There were gaps in the curtain wall, too; the Marchese Francesco observed to Countess Livia that it would cost more than all the eighty-one heirs together could put down to bring the place into repair.

However, on arrival, lunch was the first consideration. Rugs were spread and baskets opened on a stretch of smooth turf beside a small stream which wound round the foot of the mound, in half-shade from a group of poplars which crowned the bank above; bottles of wine were stuck in the running water to cool, salad was rinsed out to refresh it, Umberto and Valentino, the Vill' Alta butler, ran about arranging cold pies, cold roast duck, sandwiches, and rolls on tablecloths on the grass.

As far as the lunch went, the picnic was as near perfection as need be. Almina remembered long afterwards some of the details of it: the coffee, steaming hot from squat Chinese teapots in padded wicker cases, the little squares of butter floating in water in screw-top jars, to keep them cool — mixed with the picture of Roffredo lounging on the grass at the Marchesa Suzy's feet, indulging in rather lazy gallantries with her, while the checkered sunlight played over her white dress and his white flannels, and made broken metallic lights on his red head. Almina sat rather quietly watching the whole party, as was her habit when 'company' was present, and think-

ing out schemes for getting Fräulein Gelsicher to herself later on.

The meal over, there was a general adjournment to the castle. Great beauty the place undoubtedly had. The main building was entered by an outside staircase of stone, with a carved balustrade, which led up to a fine doorway on the first floor; passing in, one entered a chain of great rooms, each the full depth of the building, their high windows looking out over the courtyard on one side and the plain on the other. All the rooms had fine floors of black marble and white stone, and magnificently carved chimney pieces — there were certainly the makings of a splendid mansion here. A stone staircase led on to the upper floors, but only a few of the elders — Suzy, Count Carlo, and Ernest's wife among them — had the energy to inspect even the floor immediately above. The young people, however, ranged everywhere, and carried Almina along with them; she saw from a window that Fräulein Gelsicher was firmly anchored by the Countess Livia's side down in the courtyard, and gave herself up to the always exciting pleasure of exploring an empty house. She stuck closely to Marietta's side, however, determined to avoid an encounter with Roffredo tête à tête. One room at the eastern end had also a small oval window, now unglazed; leaning out of this to see the view, she noticed a fern growing in the stonework below her. It was difficult to reach, and while she lingered, trying to see what it was and wondering whether it was worth while climbing up on to the sill and trying to pick it, she failed to notice that Marietta had left the room. She was recalled by hearing the door, creaking heavily, pushed to behind her — she turned round, and there stood Roffredo.

'Is it the view or is it a flower?' he asked, coming over to her.

'A flower,' she replied, leaning forward and indicating the fern. He too leaned out to look, slipping his arm gently round her as he did so; then he stepped back

into the room, drawing her with him, and said: 'I will pick it for you in a minute. But there is a flower I want to pick for myself first — if I may.' And as she glanced up at him, embarrassed and uncertain, he stood back from her, holding her so that he could look at her face. '*Cara*, do you know that ever since we walked together at Castellone, nine whole days ago, I have thought of little else but you,' he said, 'and of when I should see you again like this? Have you thought of me at all?'

Now was of course the moment for displaying that prudence and firmness on which Almina had been resolving for those same nine days. But with his arm round her, his eyes on her face, her heart drinking in the sweet flattery of his words, it was not easy to be firm. And her own good breeding in a sense stood in her way — she found it difficult to say anything so abrupt and awkward as 'Let go of me, please,' or even brusquely to release herself. She made one small struggle.

'Yes, I did — but not quite like that,' she said. 'Signor Conte, I really don't —'

'You did think of me too? Then I shall pick my flower,' he interrupted, with a sort of triumph, and drew her to him and kissed her again. Held in his arms, under his kisses, a physical disturbance of such violence overtook the girl as she had never known before — thought, scruples, prudence, vanished, blotted out by a sort of anæsthesia that was half bliss, half something terrifying that she did not understand. Presently the young man raised his head and looked at her again; her hat, the childish hat held by the green ribbons under her chin, had fallen back; her closed eyelids, the look of drowned defeat on her face, lying so still there on his arm, moved him curiously. 'Ah, lovely little one, how I love you!' he murmured, carried away by an impulse of tenderness which surprised himself; and gently pushing her hat further back, he stroked

her sun-silky hair. She opened her eyes then, and with a gesture as if to sweep some veil away she moved gently out of his arm, and made one more effort.

'Signor Conte, this makes me unhappy,' she said. 'I — I think we should stop.'

'You are unhappy with me?' he said, moving over to her again, and taking her hand, while his eyes searched her face. 'Does it make you unhappy that I love you?'

Those words again! She could not say it — her eyes went down before his.

'No — only, like this —'

He would not have it. 'I do not believe it,' he interrupted again, drawing her once more into his arms. 'Little foolish one, it is not true!' Like the bird snarer's hand, his face came down on hers again; his kisses silenced her words, that secret anæsthesia engulfed her, sweeping away doubts and prudence on a tidal wave which carried her out of all known depths. When he had gone, slipping prudently away and bidding her not to follow for a moment or two, she leaned again on the stone sill of the oval window, gazing at the view, the fern forgotten, and telling herself in shy secrecy that this must be love.

XI

The Marchesa Suzy di Vill' Alta was not really very fond of picnics. She had agreed to the Castel Vecchio expedition mainly out of pure good nature, because Marietta wished it, partly because she had thought it likely that the day would afford further and possibly amusing opportunities for her rather lazy flirtation with Roffredo di Castellone, which was beginning to entertain her a good deal. However, the day had not been a success from this point of view; Carlo had stuck to her side with tiresome persistence, and Roffredo had disappeared into the upper regions of the castle with the children, and been no more seen. By the time the party began

to reassemble by the stream for more coffee before the drive back, Suzy was thoroughly bored. She dispatched Carlo to summon the young people, and then sat chatting, with mechanical politeness but without interest, to the Countess Livia and Ernest's wife, fanning away the mosquitoes which began to assail the party as the sun drew westward and the shadows lengthened, and wishing that the others would come quickly. Odd that Roffredo should have made no move to seek her company the whole afternoon, she thought — if he had, she could easily have detached the Count and arranged it. What could have kept him?

When the younger element at length appeared, all together in a chattering, laughing group, herded by Carlo, she watched Roffredo more attentively than usual. In his manner now she noticed, or thought she noticed, something which she had not seen before — a subtle air of disturbance, almost of triumph, hard to define but to her experienced eye fairly evident. And looking round the group to find some counterpart of this expression, her attention was caught by Miss Prestwich's face. The girl had a heightened color; her eyes were absent and dreamy; though she was behaving with her usual pretty quiet propriety, there was somehow a bloom, a glow, about her that could hardly be mistaken.

The Marchesa Suzy surveyed the pair with a sort of amused impatience. Really, Roffredo might have better taste than to start a flirtation with the governess! And Postiche, too, with her mousy ways — could she be allowing herself to receive attentions on the sly? That sort of thing would never do; it would have to be put a stop to, if it were really so. Her years of triumphant beauty made it difficult for her to believe seriously in the success of another woman in her own house.

Suzy's immediate, instinctive method of putting a stop to it was to apply herself to Count Roffredo. By a little ingenious manipulation, a little laughing

display of curiosity, she contrived to arrange that she should drive back to Vill' Alta in his car. Seated beside him, she set to work, and the lively run of her wit, employed on mutual acquaintances in Rome and Milan and on concerns familiar to them both, soon brought him back, as it were, into her orbit — made him show himself, as usual, charmed and amused. When they got back to Vill' Alta, she extended to the young man an invitation to remain to an informal dinner. He accepted, and stayed. During the meal they were a good deal more discreet than they had been on their drive, but there was enough possession in the Marchesa's manner to make Almina distinctly uncomfortable; and when coffee was over the girl was glad enough to plead the excuse of fatigue to quit a field where it was impossible for her to go, so to speak, into action.

In the house her room was still hot, and she felt vaguely restless. She shepherded Marietta to bed, and then, throwing a scarf round her shoulders, she slipped downstairs, floated like a shadow through the dusk of the hall, and went out on to the southern terrace; passing round under the eastern wing, she went on to the ridge leading towards Odredo. She left the path presently, and in the shelter of an arbutus dropped on to the dry grass — leaning back against its red trunk, she stared up at the sky overhead. How lovely it was here, she thought — and how beyond measure lovely it would have been if *he* could have been with her. But in a sense he was, still — his words still rang in her head, the pressure of his hands and lips came back to her with dizzying force. Oh yes, this was love all right; and she told herself that her love must arise and shine, be faithful and unafraid, and not let small trials like the Marchesa's manner to Roffredo dim its glow.

That lady, meanwhile, had been making her own use of this summer evening. The terrace emptied gradually of its after-dinner occupants, but even in the

gloom under the ilex, where she lay idly in her hammock, rocked by Roffredo, it was rather raked by the windows of the house, and eventually she proposed a stroll. They too took the path along the Odredo ridge. Success with a man always went a little to Suzy's head, lit up her beauty like a torch; and she was succeeding with Roffredo. As they walked along now, her face pale, her eyes splendid in the dusk, she was infinitely alluring; her scent, her warm low laugh, were intoxicating. He took small freedoms, with her scarf, her fan; she permitted them, laughing at him while she did so. They came presently to one of the many seats with which the ridge was dotted, and sat down. Her hand was stretched along the back, and — 'How beautiful your hands are,' the young man observed, looking thoughtfully at it.

'Well, hands are always something!' she returned, with the merry irony which was one of her strong suits. 'For an engineer, you are getting quite expressive, Roffredo.'

'There are other and perhaps better ways of expressing oneself than in words,' the young man answered; he was at once stirred and provoked by her manner and her presence. And, as she merely continued to laugh, with a brusque movement he took her in his arms and kissed her, with a vigor which had an element of temper in it. She neither yielded nor resisted; supple and pliant, she was self-possessed even in his arms. But she was stirred all the same — his youth and strength, his healthy mouth, his offhand ways, woke a deep secret response in her. And when, the long kiss over, she rose and led him back to the house, letting him know amiably that he was a fool and rather uncouth, in her heart she was telling herself that she would let this go on, for a little while at least.

But Almina, crouched under her group of arbutus, had seen everything; and the shock of what she had seen had been very great. It was not only her personal feelings which were wounded at the very

moment of their unfolding; all her instincts, all the traditions of her upbringing, were scorched by the sudden picture of this double infidelity. Sheltered as her life had been, with her narrow experience, shades and grades of feeling meant nothing to her; they had kissed, with passion, so they must love. Then what had Roffredo meant that afternoon? Oh, but she could not remember that now! It was profanation. She must bury to-day forever, never think of it again. This was the end. She had been imprudent, foolish — oh, but what *did* it all mean, her heart cried against these arguments. Why kiss her, why speak so to her, if he did not love her? Who would not have believed him? Had she been so foolish?

XII

The picnic to Castel Vecchio was the last gayety at Vill' Alta for some little time. A couple of days later, members of the family began to arrive for the *consiglio di famiglia*. The diplomat son arrived from Brussels with his wife, a lively Frenchwoman who treated the whole thing as a rather amusing novelty; the playwright son arrived from Paris, and sat scribbling at small sheets of manuscript all the time — even, furtively, during the actual discussion; the cardinal son came from Rome, an austere and rather splendid figure, who amused Suzy by showing at least as much concern for the welfare of his little Pekingese as for that of his brother's immortal soul; Nadia came, graceful and silent as ever; Anastasia, the sister who had married a Colonna, came without her husband — he had, she explained to Suzy, no settled convictions on such subjects; the lawyer came, a little withered man with an apologetic manner, which became dogmatic when he felt sure of his ground, as in the matter of settlements; finally, at the very last moment, Pipò himself arrived, lively, breezy, and amusing. Before he came, however, Marietta and Miss Prestwich had been dispatched to

Odreto, to be out of the way. 'You see, it is essential that you avoid contact with the leper,' Elena observed to them, laughing. Almina winced a little at this levity. Her last picture of the Marchesa Nadia had been sitting in one of the high-backed brocaded chairs of the *salone*, on the evening before they left, while the tide of family talk flowed about her, the fingers of her right hand — her hands that were usually so still — moving to and fro, to and fro, over the broad carved arm, with a curious uncertain movement, as if she were feeling her way in the dark. The girl had found something strangely distressing in that one movement of the silent, impassive, beautiful figure; even in her own unhappiness she could not get the memory of it out of her head.

Meanwhile at Vill' Alta, both in the general conferences — sitting round the great table in the big library, with its huge carved and painted beams crossing the ceiling — and in private talks, the alternatives were set so squarely before the Marchese Pipò that not even his cheerful suppleness could evade them. He must give up La Panelli, or face the disagreeableness of a separation. Suzy, with her usual merciful common sense, was all for a separation, thinking that it would be, in the end, the best for Nadia's peace of mind; and in this she was supported by the cardinal. But Antonio, the diplomat, abetted by his wife, was dead against it; so was Anastasia; Edoardo, the bachelor, unexpectedly and to Suzy's mind rather absurdly came out with a declaration in the same sense; and, more formidably, La Vecchia Marchesa declared herself unalterably opposed to such a course. The Marchese Francesco stubbornly refused to express an opinion; he merely sat at the head of the table, and asked for, and listened to, the views of others. It was impossible to find out what Pipò really wanted; Nadia, whenever addressed, merely repeated very quietly, 'I should prefer to separate.' But in the end family opinion

was too strong for her, and for Pipò too, for that matter. He agreed, with his usual insouciance, to give up his liaison with the Countess Panelli; there was to be no separation. He and Nadia were to return to Bologna together and 'try to make it work.' Suzy kissed her and wished her well, whispering, 'Come to me whenever you want to breathe'; the cardinal gave her his blessing, formally, and informally murmured, 'God be with you, my child,' when he bade her good-bye; La Vecchia Marchesa kissed her briskly, and adjured both her and Pipò to have another baby as fast as possible. And Nadia, still gracious, still silent, bowed her head and went away beside her husband. Gradually, unhurriedly, the rest followed, for their various destinations. The *consiglio di famiglia* was over.

Suzy saw them go with mild relief. It had all been a great waste of time, she thought, as she lay in her hammock on the terrace, empty now save for herself and her mother-in-law — it had left everything exactly where it was. Pipò would not change; she knew him too well for that. If it was n't La Panelli, it would be somebody else. The one satisfaction was that it was safely over without doing Bonne-Mama any harm — she looked better than ever. But how fantastic, really, to suppose that it could change anything, a whole roomful of relations sitting round the table discussing! How could that affect the secret emotions, glad or bitter, of the urgent human heart? The heart took its own way, always. A tiny smile changed the delightful shape of her mouth — thinking of the secret waywardness of the human heart reminded her of Roffredo. In retrospect, that evening with him had somehow gathered weight, become more important. She had set out, half idly, to cure a foolish young man of a foolish infatuation by the surest means she knew; but all through the days of the *consiglio*, talking, caring for her guests, listening to opinions, putting in a word

of advice here and there, she had been aware of a secret sense of having a little private hoard of riches in the background which, presently, she could return to enjoy. She had been surprised at the persistence and vigor of this feeling, and its reviving effects on her; surprised too at the kindling vividness of her memory of Roffredo's hands on her shoulders, his lips on her face. She had not expected to remember them like that. It was surprising, but it was also pleasant. And now the *consiglio* was over, and the temporary isolation of Vill' Alta from the rest of the province — there would be meetings again. She blew out a cloud of smoke, on a long contented breath, and applied herself cheerfully to amusing La Vecchia Marchesa.

To Almina the move to Odredo had been a relief. It had at least removed her from the daily necessity of seeing and being polite to the Marchesa Suzy, whose mere presence, since that evening under the arbutus, aroused in her a sort of nervous horror. She liked the quiet, cheerful informality at Odredo, where the life of the soil, from which the whole great household derived its sustenance, was much more in evidence than it was at Vill' Alta. And Fräulein Gelsicher was in herself always a solace and a support. She had now become, so to speak, an indirect one; all question of consulting her on the subject of Roffredo was finished with. That problem, and the dreams which it had fed, were set aside — all that was over, but Almina returned now more earnestly than ever to the governess ideal, to becoming for her pupil what Gela was to Elena. She threw herself with fervor into Giulio's lessons, giving him extra time, making him talk English; with Marietta she made him undertake English readings, all three together, sitting round the marble table under the stone pine.

She took up the pursuit of wild flowers once more, rising early and going for long walks before breakfast — though wild-flower hunting had bitter-sweet as-

sociations of its own. Wandering homewards, once, her thoughts far away, she found herself unexpectedly in the little spinney where she had picked the butterfly orchis earlier in the year; she remembered how Roffredo had asked her its name, and begged to be taken there at dusk to smell its evening fragrance — it was the first time that he had shown her marked attention. In a rush of sentimental misery she poked about among the later summer growth till she found one or two of the dead orchises; the frail stalks had given way, but the withered flower heads lay, dry, papery, and brown, on the dead leaves. She took one home with her and put it between the leaves of her Tennyson, where the gentian which he had given her that day at Castellone already reposed, carefully pressed.

But in spite of this secret weakness, she was steady and consistent in her avoidance of Roffredo. He came over several times to Odredo, but the cousins made a four at tennis without her, and she always contrived some excuse to absent herself when he was coming. If he arrived unexpectedly, she gave him the minimum of civil greeting and then slipped away. She exercised all her small stock of ingenuity to make these evasions look as natural as possible, but the change in her manner with the young Count did not escape the watchful eye of Elena — still less did it escape Roffredo's own notice. Without any clue to the reason for it, the young man was thoroughly puzzled. Was it coquetry, or an exaggerated prudence, or some real change of feeling?

The uncertainty fretted him, and made him think of her incessantly. This worried him too. He was at a crucial stage with his experiments. The N.S.A. at Milan had seen a demonstration of one of his inventions, had praised it, and suggested one or two modifications — if these could be made satisfactorily, they held out hopes of taking it. As a result he was working feverishly at the villa, often sitting up the night through,

with sheets of squared paper scattered round him, drinking cup after cup of black coffee, trying to work out the requisite formulas.

After one such night, when he had worked later than usual, the light was already beginning to filter in through the slats of the Venetian shutters when he lay down — it fretted his eyes, hot and sore after the night's work, and, though he turned on his other side, he could not sleep; into his tired brain, drowsy and uninhibited, crowded visions of Almina, there with him, in the room, in all her delicate fragility — his weary fancy showed her in maddening perfection. He sprang up, at last, unable to endure the torment of these thoughts which he could not control; he would go out and walk — that would put an end to it, and he would be able to sleep. Regardless of the slumbers of Alba, his old housekeeper, he banged open one of the side doors of the villa, and went out.

He walked a few yards along the road, and then turned off to the right, where a tiny path led across the pastures towards the Monte Sant' Antonio. Roffredo knew the path well — it had been trodden originally by the feet of smugglers, bringing salt and tobacco in over the mountains from across the Austrian frontier.

Out in the pastures, a light mist lay over the grass; the poplars, just beginning to turn color, rose through it; while he walked their tops were turned to gold by the first rays of the sun. And now, through the mist, he saw a figure moving ahead of him. He quickened his pace, walking noiselessly on the soft turf — now he was near enough to see that it was a woman; and not a peasant, for she wore a pale dress. A sudden suspicion overtook him — he ran; and as he drew nearer, with one of those sweet pangs with which we salute the impossible joy, he recognized Almina.

All his usual deliberate skill in such encounters forsook Roffredo then. Panting, he came up with her, and took her by the arm. 'It is you,' he said, as she faced

round towards him; and nothing else. They stood so, in silence, for a moment or two, while his eyes traveled over her, coming to rest at last on her face, where the delicate color came and went. At last — 'Good morning,' the girl said, with the chilly primness she had used to him lately. 'Surely you are out very early?'

'Yes, and why? Because of you — because I could neither work nor sleep last night because of you,' the young man burst out.

'I am sorry for that — but I cannot help it,' she said coldly, walking on again. She carried a little spray of some green plant in her hand, and raised it to her face as if to smell it, to emphasize her detachment.

'Almina, what is it? Why have you changed like this?' he asked urgently, again catching at her arm.

'In England we think it is insulting to — to tell a person you love her, and to — act it, and then make love to someone else, on the same day,' the girl said bitterly, her grievance escaping at last.

He stood stock-still and stared at her, retaining his hold of her arm, which this time she had made no move to release.

'*Dunque!* So that is it!' he said at last. 'You saw me and Suzy?'

She nodded, turning away her head, but he saw two bright tears fall.

'*Cara signorina*, I owe you an explanation,' he said very gravely. '*Dunque*, you know Zia Suzy — she is — well, very attractive. Well, that night, I don't know why — I suppose she felt flirtatious,' he said, with a rather engaging flat simplicity; 'anyhow she teased me, and I *did* flirt with her. And — it may be less so with women, but you know how it is with men — they are easily aroused. And I am particularly so,' he said, with disarming candor; 'red-haired people are always the worst for that. And I did kiss her — I do, in such cases! I can't help it. Besides, it was necessary; one cannot do less than is expected of

one! But — oh, dear one, lovely one, do try to understand this! — when I kissed you, it was with my heart also — it meant something; and when I kissed her it meant nothing, except that I was aroused, as I said. Do you believe that?’

She stood with averted head, as she listened. It was all very strange, and rather disagreeable — but it was all of a piece with so much else that was strange, in Italy; it fitted in with things that she had heard Elena say, often. And there was something compelling about his very frankness and sincerity. ‘Yes, I suppose I do,’ she said at last.

‘Then will you forgive it, and forget it? *Almina cara?*’ He slipped an arm round her as he spoke, and she let it stay; after her days of misery, the comfort of it was so sweet! ‘Yes, I will forgive it,’ she said. He drew her very gently and gradually towards him. ‘And you won’t be cruel to me any more?’ he whispered; and as she turned her head at last to him, he slipped his mouth on to hers.

‘What is the flower, *cara?*’ he asked her presently, pointing to the little spray in her hand.

‘Oh, that is something rather nice, — I found it in the copse over there, where the spring is, and the little ruin, — enchanter’s nightshade,’ she said, holding it up.

‘Enchanter’s nightshade, did you say? What a curious name! It should be called *enchantress’s* nightshade,’ he said, giving it back to her.

‘Why?’

‘Because of Zia Suzy.’

But he would not explain, when she did not follow — he only laughed, and made her renew a promise to come out next morning into the park and walk with him there.

XIII

‘*Ecco, Papa, see what our Postiche has brought you!*’ Marietta cried, twirling the spray of enchanter’s nightshade before her father’s eyes as he sat at his

study table, on their return to Vill’ Alta. ‘Did you ever see *that* before?’

The Marchese Francesco examined the small plant, with its dark delicate leaves, heart-shaped at the base and pointed at the tips, with eager care. ‘Yes — I know it; it is *Circœa lutetiana*,’ he said; ‘I saw it once in England. But where does this come from? Not from the province, surely?’

‘Yes, it does. She found it herself, the clever thing! At Odredo.’

‘Where?’

‘In that thicket by the ruined grotto and the Holy Well.’ And, as her father looked blank — ‘O Papa, *cara*, you go nowhere! It is near Trino’s hill. She can take you there one day.’

The Marchese Francesco was delighted with his new treasure. He sent for Miss Prestwich, congratulated her, and examined her minutely as to the location and quantity of the plant. Oh yes, there was plenty, she told him, and she could easily find it again, only the bushes were very thick. ‘But I can go there now and then, and when it is properly out, I can fetch you another piece.’ As she spoke the thought darted into her head that if she could only manage to let Roffredo know, these expeditions would offer an admirable opportunity for meeting him again. They had had two or three morning walks before she and Marietta left Odredo, and the happiness, the heady sweetness of them, had, as it were, fortified her to face the Marchesa Suzy once more. She had no longer any doubts as to the truth of Roffredo’s explanation, or as to his feelings towards her. This gave her that sense of inner justification which lovers know so well — and, paradoxically perhaps, the fact of the Marchesa’s flirtation with Roffredo seemed to her to excuse her own concealment of her meetings with him. It was now not only impossible to reveal them — it had become unnecessary as well.

The only difficulty — over which, in her room upstairs, later, she drew her fine eyebrows together in a puzzled frown —

was *how* to let him know. Except for those early walks, she spent practically the whole day in her pupil's company, especially at Vill' Alta; and because that company was pleasant, and there was nowhere in particular to go, she had allowed that one afternoon off a week, stipulated for in her mother's correspondence with the Marchesa, to lapse. She could, of course, quietly walk out of the great gates beyond the south terrace, cross the white, dusty village square with its squat hollow-trunked elm, under which the loungers congregated in a black patch of shade, and post a letter in the Vill' Alta post office; but, to begin with, that was unusual, since the Castellone letters were taken daily in a bag to Sant' Apollonia by a man on a bicycle; and, further, the postmistress took every letter with her own hands, scrutinized the address, and chatted cheerfully with the senders on their reasons for writing — Marietta and Almina, going in to buy stamps, had often watched this proceeding and laughed over it. There was no privacy about village posts in the province.

It was Roffredo himself who found the solution, and a very fantastic and ingenious one, for this difficulty. On the very day after their return to Vill' Alta he came over to tea and tennis; Giulio and Elena were there too, and afterwards the young people walked back with them towards Odredo. Roffredo had found the moment, fetching himself a glass of lemonade from the table by the court, to murmur to Almina, 'Sweet-heart, when do I see you again? Properly?'

'I don't know,' she murmured back, putting a lump of ice into his tumbler. 'I could walk sometimes early; if only I could let you know when. But that is difficult — I don't see how to manage it.'

'I will think of something, little love. *Grazie tante, signorina,*' he said loudly, as Suzy approached.

Now, walking back along the ridge, Almina branched off down a side path,

saying that she was going to look for a flower. She had half hoped that Roffredo would escape and follow her alone, but the whole party came too. Down off the crest of the ridge, the ground was moist and smelt damply of dead leaves; elders and privets grew thickly, their branches stretching across the path.

'Goodness, what an awful smell!' Elena exclaimed suddenly. 'What on earth can it be?'

'It smells like a dead dog,' said Giulio. 'Come on, do.'

But Almina, stepping carefully, began to range about, pushing and peering through the bushes. 'I thought so!' she exclaimed after a moment. 'Here you are, Giulio — here is your dead dog!'

They followed her through the bushes to where she stood pointing triumphantly at some tall narrow toadstools, of an ugly grayish white flecked on the top with dirty brown — the smell here was almost overpowering. 'They are stink-horns; we have them at home,' she said.

'Not a romantic subject for nostalgia,' Roffredo said, poking gingerly at the largest of the unpleasing objects with the toe of his shoe — it fell over sideways, revealing thin fleshy gills, of an unhealthy-looking spongy substance, under the domed top. 'Pew! It is horrible.'

'Come away, *per carità,*' Marietta said, tugging at Almina's arm. 'Postiche, you know some nasty things! Don't let's ever come here again.'

It may have been that last remark which gave Roffredo his idea. He walked back with Marietta and Miss Prestwich to Vill' Alta, when they had bidden the cousins farewell, and went into the house to fetch his hat and dust coat. He was gone some time, and when Almina went into the schoolroom that evening to tidy up she noticed a tiny slip of folded paper sticking out of Marietta's exercise book, which lay on the table. She pulled it out, and read her own name on it, in a round firm writing; with a little pang of surprise and suspicion she opened it. Yes, it was from him. 'Country post

offices smell frightful, but some are safer than others,' she read. 'Go and fetch your own letters, in the dogs' cemetery, and be sure to post some!' Laughing at his nonsense, half frightened at his audacity, — for he must have run up to the schoolroom himself, a scandalous proceeding, — she carried the note off to her own room, and locked it away in the jewel box in her little dressing case. She went down to dinner with a sort of dancing inner confidence, and after coffee ran upstairs, put on thick shoes, and scudded away along the ridge and down the side path to the elder thicket. It was nonsense to come, she told herself — there could be nothing there yet. But all the same she made her way to the ill-odored spot, and looked about in the dusk. No, not a sign of a note. Then she noticed that the fallen stinkhorn, the largest of all, was no longer there. Yes — there it was, broken at one side by Roffredo's foot; but it was standing up again, propped on a twig. She stooped and picked it up — stuck into the spongy tissue beneath the domed cap was another little folded note. She carried it up out of the wood on to the ridge, and, leaning against one of the stone pines, read it by the last glow from the west. It was her first love letter, and, though short, it was a satisfying one — ardent, tender, and mischievous, suggesting a rendezvous in the park, early, on the day after to-morrow. She went back to the house, penned an answer to be slipped into the stinkhorn next morning, and went happily to bed, the precious note under her pillow.

This absurd means of communication now secured, and supported by fairly frequent meetings with Roffredo, Almina was able to look on, almost with indifference, at the progress of his flirtation with the Marchesa Suzy.

Others, however, regarded it differently. Elena, whose sharp ironic glance little ever escaped, was by now perfectly well aware of the Marchesa's goings-on with Roffredo, and registered each man-

ifestation with rather malicious amusement. At the same time she had not failed to notice the young man's manner to Miss Prestwich, or those minute changes of color and inflections of voice which the latter, for all her careful behavior, could not quite control; in spite of their discretion, she made a pretty shrewd guess at the state of affairs there.

'Senta, Gela,' she began one morning as she sat sewing and gossiping in her governess's room, 'have you noticed Zia Suzy and Roffredo lately? I think they are getting on rather too well. Although I think Roffredo does n't in the least want to be Zia Suzy's *cher ami*, because he is much too fond of Postiche. At first I thought it was only a flirt, but now it is more — I am sure of it. Have you noticed nothing?'

The Swiss did not answer — instead, she asked a question herself. 'Why do you think so?' she inquired.

'Their eyes — their voices! And they meet; I am sure of it. Once or twice he has referred to something which happened when he was not there, and we have not seen him since, so that he could not know of it unless she had told him; he has caught himself up, and covered it, but I have seen her face then. She was afraid.'

'When could they meet? When she was here, she saw nothing of him — she avoided him rather pointedly,' Fräulein Gelsicher said.

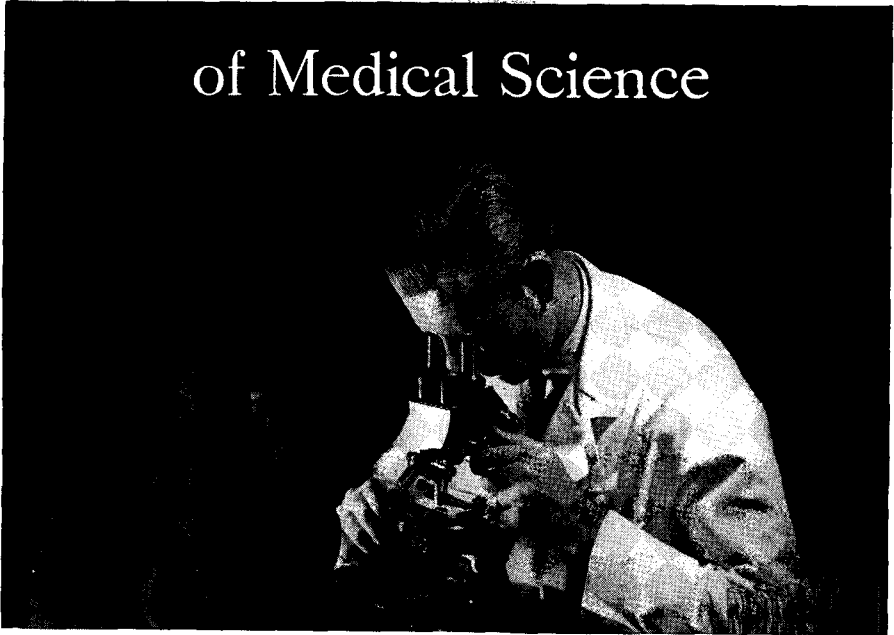
'I know — at first! There was some quarrel, I am sure — and pretty certainly Suzy was at the bottom of it! But the last few days she was quite different to him — and you know she always went for those long walks before breakfast.'

'I certainly did *not* know it, or I should have stopped her! She is far too young and pretty to walk alone. How do you know this?' the older woman asked.

'Oh, Annina told me, for one thing — and then she brought in that flower that Zio Francesco made such a fuss about, one morning early. But Gela, the thing is this — what are we to do? She is so

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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

innocent, she is like a child; I don't suppose she realizes in the least about Zia Suzy. But really, I do not like the whole thing at all. You know, I think Zia Suzy is *capable de tout*, if her own way is threatened,' Elena said, very seriously.

For once Fräulein Gelsicher let the criticism pass unrebuked. Some profound instinct — for she had never seen the young Marchesa other than courteous and charming — made her think the same thing herself. If Elena was right, it was a rather menacing situation. She sighed, and drew out a long thread on her needle, but without speaking.

'I wondered if one should speak to her,' Elena said. 'After all, she is alone here. And you know I don't altogether trust Roffredo either; he is passionate, and he is rather *volage*.'

'Do you think Marietta knows anything about all this?' asked Fräulein Gelsicher.

'It is very difficult to be sure what Marietta knows and what she does n't,' the girl replied. 'But I should think that she must have *some* idea about Postiche and Roffredo, at least, boxed up as they are together all day.'

'And about the other — thing?'

'No,' said Elena decidedly. 'I am sure not. It would never occur to her. She is odd about Zia Suzy; all that is tiresome in her she just closes her mind to. She thinks her nearly perfect, I do believe. Though, you know, I cannot guarantee that she won't see it, one of these days, if Zia Suzy goes on at this rate,' the girl said. 'But really I am more worried about Postiche. What shall we do, Gela?'

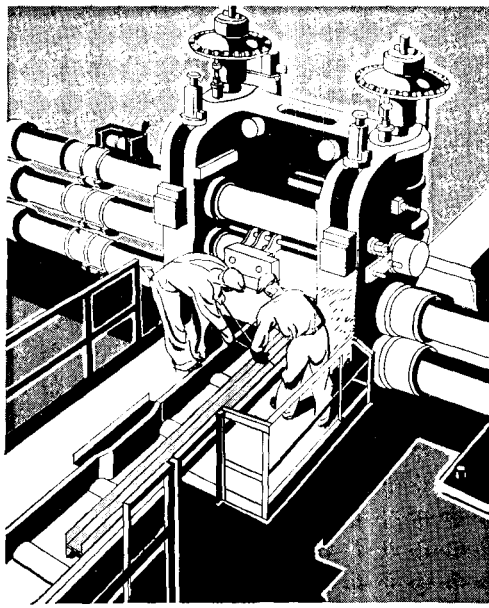
'I shall reflect about it first,' the governess repeated.

She did both think and watch during the next few days; and what she noticed, once put on the track, entirely confirmed Elena's impression. The young Marchesa's preoccupation with Count Roffredo she had already noticed with her usual calm disapproval; but this fresh development disturbed her much more.

She considered the possibility of giving a word of warning to her little colleague; but the girl's extreme discretion in all her visible behavior gave small handle for it, and Fräulein Gelsicher did not like acting on suspicion, or on the gossip of servants. The proper person to have watched and warned was her employer, the Marchesa Suzy — and she was being far more indiscreet than the governess, Fräulein Gelsicher thought bitterly.

In her concern, she thought, as before, of taking La Vecchia Marchesa into her confidence. But she dreaded upsetting her; the hundredth birthday, to which the whole circle of relations attached an almost superstitious importance, was little more than six weeks off, and the old lady had only recently undergone the strain of the *consiglio di famiglia*. In the end Fräulein Gelsicher decided to leave it for the moment, and trust to the Marchesa's tact and *savoir-faire* not to let matters come to a head. After all, she had always managed such things very well before. It was surprising, the Swiss thought with cold matter-of-factness, that she should be so careless of appearances this time.

The reason for Suzy's relative disregard of appearances in the matter of Count Roffredo was simple enough, although Fräulein Gelsicher did not hit on it — it was largely an impulse of feminine jealousy. Having once suspected that there was something between him and the governess, and having decided to detach him and annex him, so to speak, herself, it became almost a matter of policy with Suzy to display his flirtation with her, rather than to conceal it. In a way, too, it was a kindness to do it, and stop the silly little thing from getting absurd ideas into her head. That, at least, was how it began. She did not bother about it very much — Suzy had a light touch as a rule. And she was very well content with life. Bonne-Mama was extraordinarily well, and the birthday was now such a little way off, surely she would remain well for those few more weeks.



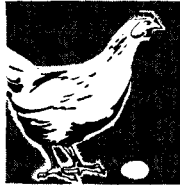
SOMETIMES IT'S WISE TO BE A CRYSTAL GAZER



The spectacular new railroad trains of aluminum illustrate a bit of business philosophy.

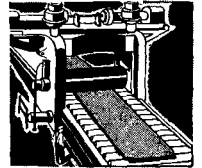
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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

The little governess was quiet enough; she seemed to have taken the hint, and subsided. And she herself was seeing a very satisfying amount of Roffredo. He always accepted her little notes of invitation, and was constantly at Vill' Alta.

But presently a gradual change began to come over the gay contentment of her feelings. Once or twice, when Roffredo had been over to Vill' Alta for tennis, and had stayed on to dinner, they went for a stroll afterwards along the stone-pine ridge. Slightly to her surprise, he insisted on taking her down into the shelter of the privet bushes before kissing her. She put this down to the fervor of his feelings, and was not displeased; in fact, he was merely afraid of being seen by Almina. But her seductiveness exercised its usual power, and he did kiss her, with energy and passion. She was strangely moved by this; she actually trembled in his arms, and asked herself, almost incredulously, if she were really falling in love again at last.

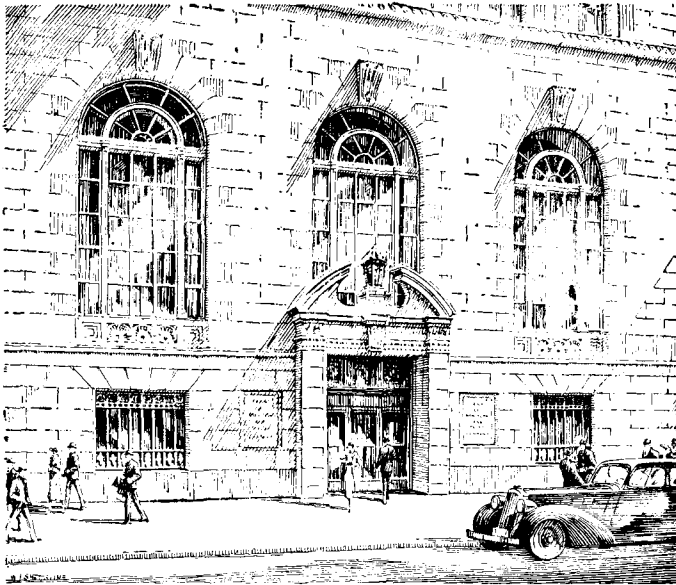
XIV

Her cousin Elena's recent observations on Marietta contained a good deal of truth. It was the fact that such of her attention as was given to human beings at all was chiefly concentrated on one or two people, who were really important to her — for the rest, though amiable and affectionate, she slipped about between human relationships like a little fish, skimming easily and gracefully, but making no close or lasting contact. Her relation to her mother, for instance, was rather peculiar — Elena had made by no means a bad shot at it. Her mother stood in the child's mind like a sort of statue, dressed, as images in Continental churches are sometimes dressed, in all sorts of rich trappings of perfection — her beauty, her social skill, her gayety, her kindness, her warm laughter. But she was, to her own daughter, ultimately an abstraction; they never reached one another; there was between them no real

intimacy such as existed, holding fast across their vast disparity of ages, between Marietta and La Vecchia Marchesa. The two people who really occupied the child's attention at present were her cousin Giulio and Miss Prestwich.

Marietta had become surprisingly devoted to her governess. Almina's real love of knowledge for its own sake, her scholarly attitude to the glory and value of pure learning (acquired at Oxford, where, thirty years ago, women students had an attitude of discipleship which would be unrecognizable and incredible to-day), answered an untutored but profound instinct of Marietta's nature. That had been the first link. Then Miss Prestwich's youth, and the honest simplicity which Elena found so amusing, were curiously appealing and endearing to the young girl. Not yet fully or adequately interested in people as such, when her scanty attention was directed to them she found most grownups baffling and puzzling; but this simplicity offered no puzzles — it was comfortable and restful.

And her instinct — that doglike instinct by which the attachments of a child are formed — recognized and saluted the real goodness and integrity of the English girl's character; her immature mind, struggling confusedly to shape the values that were to make its world, — which is the supreme task of adolescence, — was supported by Miss Prestwich's small disciplines and her rigid sense of right and wrong, even when they seemed to her, as to her cousin, so unwonted as to be slightly comic. The bright hot weeks of that summer in the province were an extraordinarily happy time for Marietta: her intelligence, nourished by the fresh knowledge and ideas which Miss Prestwich provided, grew, expanded, flowered; her feelings grew too, stimulated by the constant companionship of the two people she cared most for in the world; fresh possibilities of intercourse, new points of contact with other minds, opened before her eager



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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

eyes. Her world began to take shape — and a safe and happy shape.

But during the last week or so she had become aware of some vague element of disturbance in this happy atmosphere — like the sudden harsh cry, on a day still hot and cloudless, of a peacock, presaging rain. With both Giulio and her dear Postiche, she felt that there were things going on which she could not quite fathom.

Her feeling for Giulio was turning imperceptibly into something rather more mature — more watchful, less blindly adoring. She had at first rejoiced in the pleasure he took in Miss Prestwich's instruction, and indeed in her presence; it had seemed a pupilship like her own, and a further link between the two of them. But just lately she thought she had seen traces of another feeling. She could not be sure — the very young are curiously reluctant to trust the evidence of their eyes, and still more to trust the promptings of that sixth sense which, by glimmers or flashes of intuition, informs the unobservant and indifferent as to what is going on about them. Such glimmers were troubling Marietta now about Giulio, and about Postiche too. She was half aware of something at work in Miss Prestwich, something more profound than could be accounted for by what was obvious in Roffredo's manner to her, his laughing evident admiration.

Confirmation of one part of her hesitant suspicions followed quickly on her first forebodings. Finding Giulio one day up in the schoolroom, perched on a low settee under the window, a copybook at his side, reading a book, — to her surprise she saw that it was Dante's *La Vita Nuova*, — she seated herself beside him, without comment, and looked over his shoulder. Giulio, also without comment, shoved the book in her direction till it rested on her knee, so that she might read too — much of their intercourse was conducted with this wordless ease. He was reading the sonnet in which Dante describes Beatrice's complexion.

*Color di perla quasi informa, quale
Convienne a donna aver, non fuor' misura;
Ella è quanto di ben può far' natura;
Per esempio di lei, beltà si prova.*

(Of the color of a rough pearl, such as
Is suited to a gentlewoman — not too high;
She is the most that Nature can do;
Beauty itself is measured by her likeness.)

Marietta read it, and her light breathing quickened with a little pang of foreknowledge.

'I had thought I would make a translation of it for her — she likes me to do translations,' Giulio said at length — 'but it is too difficult, I think.' He tapped his teeth with a pencil, meditatively. 'It is like her, is n't it?' he said, turning round now to his little cousin. 'She has just that broken-pearl complexion, with hardly any color — and her air of quality! They say Beatrice was fair, too.'

'Yes — I suppose she is like,' the girl said, a little hesitatingly. 'Only I think Beatrice was more heavenly-minded.'

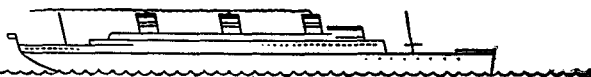
'Why do you say that? Do you think she is earthly-minded?' Giulio asked, in a disturbed voice.

'No, no — not that. I don't really know why I said it. Let me think,' Marietta said, pressing her small thin fingers over her eyes, a gesture Giulio knew well. 'Yes, this is it — Postiche is good, and her mind turns towards Heaven, but she has — she has somehow a lot of links with earth; and Beatrice — as Dante makes her out, anyhow — had hardly any links with earth at all, except other people's eyes, holding her there.'

Giulio considered this. 'That is good and true, what you say about Beatrice,' he said at length; 'but what do you mean about Miss Prestwich?' (Giulio would never use the name 'Postiche.') 'I think she is very much turned to Heaven. What are her "links with earth"?'

'I cannot say exactly. But I feel that it is more than just our eyes holding her there!' Marietta said, with a sparkle of amusement.

'If you do not know what you mean,



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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

I don't think you ought to say things like that,' Giulio said, a little discontentedly. 'I think she is more turned to Heaven than anyone I know. She is so good, and pure, and gentle, and loyal — oh, Marietta, you and I have never known anyone like her, and we never shall again!' the young man said, turning dark impassioned eyes on the child.

Marietta sat gazing back at him; in her crumpled white dress, with her long black legs and black plaits, she was a very childish figure, but her face at that moment was not childish — Donatello's St. John the Baptist had given way to the Medusa, her delicate mouth open in a voiceless circle of despair. And her words, when at last she spoke, were not childish either. 'Dear Giulio, do you love her?'

The young man ran his hands through his hair, got up, and walked about the room, with its mildly educational litter; he touched one or two things, — the time-table on the wall, Miss Prestwich's black ruler on the table, the flower press on the bookshelf, — and the gestures of his shapely hands as he did so really gave his answer; they so evidently loved what they touched. He came back and stood before his cousin — she had not moved, and sat where he had left her, her eyes all the time fixed steadily on him.

'I don't know,' he said slowly. 'Perhaps not. I don't know much about love. But she has filled my life, since she came, with — well, with a new meaning; and that meaning is beautiful. I could kneel to her — I want to, sometimes, but it would be silly, and it might vex her. She is so sensible! — and she has no idea, I am sure, how good she is.'

Marietta took a deep breath, like a swimmer before a plunge. 'That is love,' she said, with great finality. 'One sort — our sort, yours and mine.'

'You have no sort yet!' he said, smiling — he put out his hand and fondled the dark head. 'Little Marietta!'

The young girl, quite gently, moved her head aside.

'It will be my sort, then, when I have a sort,' she said, getting up.

'What is the other sort?' he asked, rather dreamily.

'Elena's!' she answered with decision. 'And Roffredo's, too.' She stopped abruptly, as if she had meant to say something more.

'You know a lot! And *hers?*' Giulio asked.

'I don't know which sort hers will be,' the child said.

'But surely hers will be the same as ours?' he asked, almost urgently, catching her arm.

She twisted it away, brusquely, now.

'I don't know — nor does she!' she said.

'Marietta! What do you mean?'

'I don't know! Not even that! Giulio, do leave me alone,' she cried passionately, and ran out of the room.

Marietta was speaking the truth then. Her instinct had for once outrun her reason, and in the torment of those moments had spoken aloud. Thinking of it, afterwards, she could still find no real grounds for what she had said. But for her distress she had a definite ground. It was all too clear that Giulio's whole soul went out in worship to Miss Prestwich, and she — little Marietta! — was told so much because she was too young and childish to matter! She clenched her small brown fists at the thought. To be told, to be his sole confidante, was of course something. And the fact of his love for Almina she accepted, as the very young do, in agony and silence. But she could not even rest, unselfishly, in the thought of a happy future for him. With sharpened eyes, she watched her governess on the next day and the next; of whatever sort Miss Prestwich's love might be, it was not given to Giulio! And with her Continental realism, Marietta saw nothing but misery in store for him.

In her pain, she withdrew into herself more than ever. Even with Miss Prestwich and the cousins, she became singu-



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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

lary silent — sometimes apparently lost in thought, so that she did not always answer when spoken to, sometimes still and watchful, her eyes traveling from face to face, saying nothing. Almina, for all her absorption in her own affairs, at once noticed this change in her pupil, and redoubled her normal efforts to interest and amuse her. She even went the length, after a couple of days, of asking if she had anything on her mind — an effort for a person of her reticence and shyness. Marietta raised her eyebrows with a cold stare and said, 'No — why should I have?' Then, catching sight of the hurt astonishment in her governess's face, she darted over to her and flung her arms round her neck. 'Oh, I love you! But what can I do?' she cried, bursting into tears, and rushed from the room. Almina let her be, and made a brew of senna pods for her that night — so her mother had always treated her own emotional outbursts. When the senna was all imbibed she kissed her pupil warmly, told her to go to sleep, and went out. She did not know that Marietta lay awake for hours, after that, staring with hot wide eyes at the glimmering oblongs of the windows; heard her own light steps on the gravel below, going and then returning — coming upstairs; heard, much later, the little gate down by the road whine on the stone, and other footfalls crossing the terrace; did not know that the child sat up in bed then, straining her ears for sounds in the house to indicate where those last steps went, but hearing nothing — till at last, exhausted, she fell asleep.

Almina took her early walk next morning. There had been a pressing note from Roffredo the night before, saying that he had news for her, and she fled along the ridge, and dipped down through the larch plantation into the park with quick light breath, flying color, and a bounding heart, wondering what the news might be. Roffredo, having engulfed her in a vast embrace, and told her that she was looking like Aurora

('Whoever she may be, *cara!*'), burst out with the tidings that he had at last worked out the modifications for his invention satisfactorily. He could speak and think of nothing else, and nothing would satisfy him but that Almina should come to the villa and see the triumphant arrangement. Very much against her will, she went with him — in those days, to visit a young man's rooms unescorted, in any circumstances, even at half-past six in the morning, was a dangerously disreputable thing to do, and Almina knew it. From the workshop, constructed roughly on a foundation of greenhouse in the garden, he led her through a covered passage into his sitting room and showed her the plans, set out on the sloping draftman's desk. 'See, here! The cylinders are now set so — this makes the whole difference.' But her anxious eyes strayed constantly from the blueprints and the incomprehensible drawings dotted with figures to the door, fearing at any moment to see it open and old Alba's head appear round it. She did, however, take in, with thirsty curiosity, all the features of this room where he lived and worked: the divan in the corner; the printing frame set in the south window; the great untidy writing table; the bookshelves full of technical volumes; the signed photographs of racing motorists on the mantelpiece. The top drawer of the writing table was open — glancing in, among the litter of papers, she saw a revolver. 'What on earth is that for?' she asked curiously.

'Oh, I carry one when I travel — when I went to San Francisco I was quite glad of it, once or twice!' he answered, laughing carelessly. He took it out, quickly shutting the drawer, — *per carità*, where had he left those notes of Suzy's? — and showed it to her, and the neat mechanism for loading and ejecting; any good piece of mechanical craftsmanship had interest and actual beauty for Roffredo. They lingered long, in spite of her anxiety, for when he had shown her everything he remembered to kiss her again,

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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

and both were stirred by his doing so there, in his house, in the enclosed privacy of his room — it was past seven when at last she glanced at the watch in her belt. Nervous, unhappy now, she left; he too looked anxiously all round before they slipped out, hurried through the pastures, and so to the edge of the park. Neither saw — neither could have seen — old Alba, just out of bed, peering through the slats of her closed shutters. But she saw the pretty *inglese* clearly enough, walking away with the young Count.

On the afternoon of that day, Antonio, Roffredo's chauffeur-groom-factotum, was dispatched by Alba to Odredo to request from Anna the cook a good boiling of black grapes for jam. Antonio being Anna's nephew, it was not unnatural that he should confide to his aunt Alba's confidence to him on the subject of Almina's morning visit to the villa; and no one familiar with Italian country life will be surprised that Anna, in the course of next morning's household colloquy with Fräulein Gelsicher, should have passed this exciting item on to her.

This piece of information upset Fräulein Gelsicher very much. Elena's account of the morning walks, and her own opinion of the girl's character, preserved her from worrying over any possible implications of the fact that Miss Prestwich had only been seen to leave the villa, which by direct questioning she elicited from Anna; but, if true, it was quite bad enough as it was. It was madly indiscreet; it was impossible. She must be stopped. Sighing, seated at her toilet table, the Swiss poked dejectedly at her gray hair, through which one of the brown pads peered coyly, and thought when she could see Almina. Not to-day — the whole Vill' Alta party was going to a tennis tournament at Macerbo, which Elena had refused to attend because she said the play would be too bad. And to-morrow would be difficult too, because it was laundry day; and in addition they wanted, she and Anna, to make

a last brew of grape jam before they got involved in the preparations for Count Carlo's picnic to Meden at the end of the week. However, to-morrow it had better be. The children were going to Vill' Alta for informal tennis, and she could easily go too, without any fuss or explanations. And she must think to-night, when she was quiet and less busy, exactly how she could most helpfully talk to that poor child. For Fräulein Gelsicher was one of those people who always go behind effects to causes, and seek to help *there* — it was one of the secrets of her influence. And she realized that this was no casual freak, or piece of outrageous daring naughtiness such as some girls went in for. She knew Almina too well for that. The girl must be head over ears, crazy with love, to have done such a thing. And it was that groundwork, that fundamental fact, which had to be tackled; and to tackle it wisely, knowing all that she knew and Almina did not, she must learn all she could about it, from the girl herself. To-morrow, then.

But before to-morrow came a fresh perturbation overtook Fräulein Gelsicher. Anna was again the source. Late in the afternoon they were weighing out grapes together in the huge vaulted kitchen, to get ready, with the loose sugar over them, to disintegrate in vast copper preserving pans against the next day's boiling, when Anna, having sent her rough-haired kitchen girls flying on various errands, said, finger on lip: '*Signorina*, it is n't only the little *signorina* who goes to the young Conte's villa. There has been also the Marchesa from over there' — she jerked a thumb over her shoulder; 'last night Antonio saw her, going away. Nearly midnight! He brought back the basket just now, and told me. *È brutta cosa, questa, sa!*'

This confirmation of Elena's guesses and suspicions — for it is noteworthy that in the Marchesa's case she had no doubts either as to the accuracy of Antonio's statement or as to *any* of its



*Is he
hurt?*

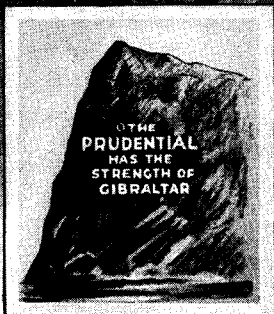
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implications — made the whole thing much more difficult for Fräulein Gelsicher.

Miss Prestwich and her indiscretion must of course be dealt with, but it was not much good dealing with her alone — the matter must really be treated as a whole. Like Miss Prestwich, Fräulein Gelsicher had noticed Marietta's curious listlessness and abstraction, these last few days, and it shot across her mind now, with a spasm of real fear, that some inkling as to her mother's behavior might be the reason for this change in the child's manner. And that that should go any further, should become a real revelation, was to her strong benevolent goodness simply unbearable. It must be prevented. But to deal with the thing as a whole was, she felt, beyond her powers. This, hundredth birthday or no hundredth birthday, was a matter for La Vecchia Marchesa. Before taking any other step, she would see her. To-morrow.

XV

The conversation between those two women was, in its way, something of a masterpiece. La Signorina had let it be known (by means of Luigi and his bicycle) that she was accompanying the young people to Vill' Alta, and that her visit was primarily a call on La Vecchia Marchesa. This announcement was perfectly normal, since the old lady did not receive an unlimited number of guests, and permission had, so to speak, to be obtained; but while creating no suspicions, it was quite enough to make the shrewd old woman glance sharply at the Swiss when they were seated together in her sitting room upstairs, where the sun blinds, lowered against the glare, made the light dim and yellow.

'The children are well? And Carlo?' she asked.

'Very well. But, Marchesa, I am not perfectly at ease about Marietta,' Fräulein Gelsicher said. She had decided that

this was both the easiest and probably the most efficacious line of approach.

'No? What do you find amiss?' the old lady asked.

'She is pale, and absent-minded, and unusually silent, even for her,' the Swiss answered. 'For some reason, I think that she is unhappy.'

'And have you any idea what the reason may be?' the old Marchesa inquired.

'I know, unfortunately, of something which might be the reason, though I cannot say if it is or not,' Fräulein Gelsicher said, gravely. 'It is a disagreeable matter, Marchesa, and I make my apologies for the necessity of mentioning it. I do so most unwillingly, but I feel that you alone are capable of dealing with it.' She sighed, and straightened her hat.

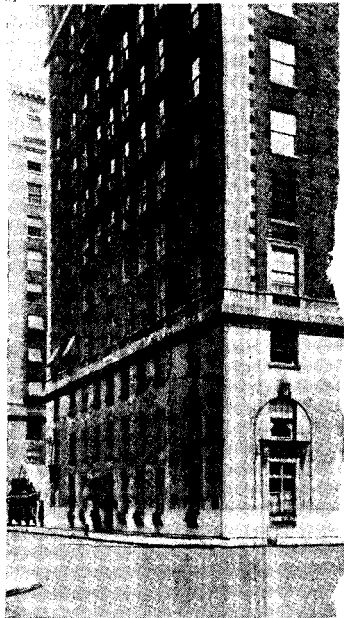
'Speak out, my good *signorina*,' the old lady said, rather sharply — suspense always made her impatient. 'We know one another, after all.'

'Had it struck you that Count Rofredo was on rather — affectionate terms with the young Marchesa?' Fräulein Gelsicher asked — for all the old lady's encouragement, she found it hard to say what she had come to say.

'Everyone flirts with Suzy,' said La Vecchia brusquely. 'Of course he does too — naturally I have seen this. What else?'

'If it is a flirtation, it is being carried beyond the bounds of discretion,' the governess said, firmly. 'The night before last she was at the villa till nearly midnight. The servants are talking. That in itself is not so much, but Elena has noticed it too. And it is possible that Marietta, also, sees something, and if so it might be this which is distressing to her.'

The old Marchesa took these matters with admirable calm. The fact was that she had seen a good deal more than she was prepared to admit to the governess — she had noticed Marietta's pallor and silences, the last few days, and she had



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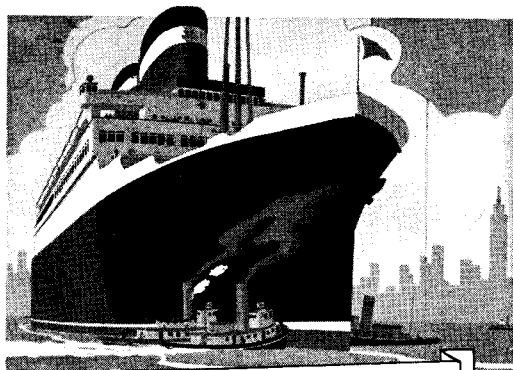
'As for Marietta,' the old lady went on, after a pause, — and on the name her voice lost its businesslike brusqueness and became almost wistful, — 'all we can do, I think, is to watch, and see. If you are right, and if there is no further cause for her —' she checked, for once, to find a word — '*malaise*,' she finally pronounced, 'she may forget it all. Have you her confidence?'

'No. Miss Prestwich has.'

'*Ecco!* There you are!' said the old lady almost angrily. 'Impossible! In any case,' she continued, after a moment's thought, 'it would be cruel to send Prestwich away now; the child loves her.' Again there was that softening of the old voice. 'No — you do your part, *signorina*, and for the rest, I will deal with it. Will you ring the bell?'

But when Giacinta had summoned Roffredo, and he had escorted Fräulein Gelsicher downstairs, the old lady sat for a long time in the golden-shadowed room, thinking. What an imbroglio! Three quarters of a century of ironic observation of human follies had made her very much awake to the element of comedy in such a situation. At the same time she was sorry for Suzy. She was fond of her, and she knew that these things go hard with women at her age. And Roffredo — she knew it well — was very attractive; the old woman's experience recognized at once in him a dominant sexual quality, over and above his

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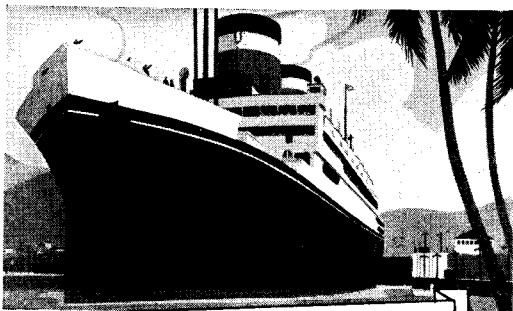
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physical splendor. One could not wonder at Suzy. But — the old face hardened — she had got to behave, now. Suzy had had her day — and a long and agreeable day, too; now it was the child's turn. 'I won't have her sacrificed,' the imperious old creature said to herself. 'My darling, my treasure!' No — at any cost she must be saved from such a moral shock. She sat on there, quietly resolved; she would tackle Suzy, finally and completely. There was no great hurry. After nearly a hundred years of life, time does not seem so short, nothing is so pressing. She would take a quiet moment, when she herself felt strong; she *was* a little troubled with her breath, just now. To-morrow Suzy had some party, and the day after there was Carlo's picnic to Meden — but after that, sometime. Now she was going to rest a little. No suspicion that events might move too fast for her and her arbitrary decisions troubled her mind. The old eyes slowly closed.

The Odredo picnic to Meden was an annual event, much looked forward to in the province, where picnics played a large part in the life of the community; it was one of the most romantic and exciting of these excursions, because it was so far away, and the scenery, in among the steep foothills of the eastern range, was beautiful and thrilling after the plain. But the expedition was a considerable undertaking; the distance and the rough mountain roads made it unsuitable for a good many of the local conveyances, so there was always a general rendezvous at Pignacco, where a reshuffle of passengers took place; a rough brake, generally used for the conveyance of goods, was sent down from Meden to meet the party and take some of them on. So at this moment the Sorellone's pony carriage was being trotted homewards by a small boy and the Casertas' heavy, tumbril-like barouche was majestically leaving the square, to return and fetch their owners in the evening; Roffredo's car was being shoved into the inn

yard among an enthralled crowd of on-lookers. The square was full of carriages bright with parasols, glossy horses, and shining harness; baskets were being carried about, greetings exchanged, and people hustled into vehicles with loud cries, only to be hauled out of them again and made to sit somewhere else. Suzy ejected Almina and Marietta, who were to crowd into the Meden brake with the other young people; she collected Dino and Carlotta di Caserta for herself, and added Countess Aspasia di Castellone, with a few low lazy words.

Roffredo contrived to sit beside Almina in the brake; this meant knees touching under the striped linen rug, and once or twice he managed to touch Almina's hand too, stroking the palm with his fingertips, while he joked, with a perfectly blank face, with Giulio opposite. Almina had not so much control — the soft urgent movement of his fingers in the curve of her palm sent little shivers running all through her body; she was afraid of her too ready changes of color, and turned her head over her shoulder to look out behind her. At last she put both her hands outside the carriage rug; this brought her a reproachful pinch on her knee, but she paid no attention. When they got out, Roffredo contrived to murmur in her ear, '*Cara*, I must do my duty now, but after lunch, will you walk with me?' She nodded. 'If it's possible.'

At this picnic, Suzy had no responsibilities — it was Fräulein Gelsicher's task to see that lunch was correctly set out on the terrace before the sub-bailiff's house; she was free to wander round the village with Roffredo, stared at with astonishment by the dark-faced, round-headed inhabitants, who curtsied with guttural greetings, and to go and look at the waterfall. The Count was busy fussing about the wine — they were to drink white Meden wine, from the best slopes, at luncheon, and after were formally to inspect the site for his new experimental vineyards, to be planted in the French



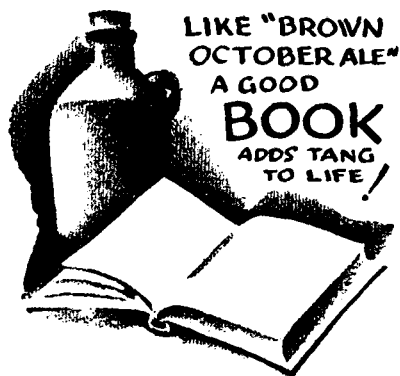
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manner; this, for him, was the *raison d'être* of the picnic. Walking with Roffredo now, enjoying her temporary freedom, Suzy thought of Carlo. Poor Carlo! — with his vines and hopes and experiments, his futile gallantry. Under the compulsion of her feeling for Roffredo, she had latterly modified her relation with Carlo, on various excuses, and his slightly fatigued acceptance of her denials had shown her, at last, her liaison with him for the poor thing that it was. Looking covertly at the young man beside her, with his youth and vigor, his abrupt hawklike swoops of mirthful comment, his grace and his laughter, she sighed with happiness, thinking how wonderful it was to have this splendor for her own, to hold his devotion. But — her thoughts turned back to Carlo — she could not, would not, withdraw her friendship and interest so abruptly; these were what he really needed from her, and he should keep them. She even took a new subtle pleasure in being what Carlo wanted, as perfectly as possible, for Roffredo's sake — and when the time came, after lunch, to make the tour of the vineyards, she put up her parasol, and with a gallant gayety walked about on the hot rough earth of the terraces in her thin small shoes, asking questions, showing interest, being what was wanted, with exquisite and easy skill.

But after a time she became aware that Roffredo was no longer there to mark the perfection of her performance. Suzy's interest began to flag then — she noticed how hot and sore her feet were, and how rough and nubbly the ground; but she held up heroically till the grateful moment when Fräulein Gelsicher suggested quietly that they had seen enough — all the proposed new part — and that the gentlemen might go on alone if they wished to examine the high slopes further on. So they retired to the little meadow by the stream, fringed with wild raspberries, where coffee was to be drunk, and sat on rugs in the shade.

Fräulein Gelsicher had her own reasons for this adjournment. She had counted on a chance at this picnic of speaking to Miss Prestwich. But as Almina had sought in vain for an opportunity to speak to Gela at Castel Vecchio, and failed to get it till too late, so now the Swiss sought vainly for her colleague. Even when the party gradually reassembled, tired, hot, and ready for lemonade or coffee, there was no sign of Miss Prestwich, and it was presently observed that both Giulio and Count Roffredo were missing too. And suddenly — it might have been due to Fräulein Gelsicher's obvious fussing — Suzy's suspicions flared up again. Though tired, she had been so happy and serene, waiting there by the musically flowing water, thinking of the drive back and the evening at Vill' Alta, remembering the pleasure of the morning stroll — now it was all turned again to poison and pain. With unusual energy, she declared gayly that they must be found, those three wanderers — let there be a search! And, no great enthusiasm showing itself, she set an example by rising herself and starting off, — it was cooler now, and pleasant to walk! — escorted by the Count.

'Misfortune on her!' Elena muttered to her governess. 'Now she may find them!' And she herself set off too, in the direction where she had last seen Roffredo and Almina, seeking a hilltop whence they would get a view.

But it was Suzy and not Elena who at last found them. Was it blind chance, or some sharpened subconscious faculty which led her to take that high path near the waterfall? Anyhow, there, where the roar of the falling water drowned footsteps and voices alike, walking a little ahead of the Count, she came on them. They were sitting in a hollow far below the path, leaning against a rock — at least Roffredo so leaned; the girl half lay with her head on his shoulder, her face upturned to his, utterly surrendered, while with his free hand he played with

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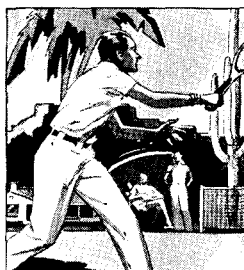
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her hair, arranging a yellow chestnut leaf in its paler gold, trying it this way and that. The tender absorption of his gestures, the utter rapture of her up-turned face, told a tale of mutual passion so clear that it could not be mistaken.

At the sight Suzy stopped dead. She reached out and touched the nearest tree, as if to support herself — her other hand hung limp and inert. She felt cold and slightly sick. She opened her mouth, but no sound came out of it. Count Carlo, coming up behind her, said, '*Cosa è, cara?*' — and she realized that he had seen nothing. Suddenly she knew that he must not — that *no one* must see this sight which was her private humiliation. She turned and faced him, manœuvring him back along the path. 'It is no good going on,' she said; 'the path stops at the waterfall. Let us go back' — and she pushed him gently ahead of her. She must do this now, what was necessary; try not to think, to feel, till later. 'Let us go down,' she said, when they had retraced their steps some distance. They took a downhill path, and when they reached the bottom, safely out of sight of the hollow, she stopped again.

'Call, Carlo,' she said. 'They may be somewhere about. *Fortel!* Because of the torrent.'

The Count shouted — and there was a faint answering cry above the distant roar of the waterfall.

'*Benel!* That was Roffredo. I wonder where he was, that we did not see him,' he babbled cheerfully — then, as she did not answer, he looked at her. '*Cara*, you look pale,' he said with concern. 'Are you well?'

'I am tired,' she said; 'it was so hot in the vineyard. Come — let us go back; they will follow.'

They did turn up, eventually, where the rest sat drinking coffee by the stream, but separately — Miss Prestwich first, carrying a bunch of wild flowers, Count Roffredo a few minutes later. Giulio had already reappeared; so

had Elena. That young lady noted the separate arrivals and the wild flowers with amused approval — 'Postiche is coming on!' was her inward comment. Fräulein Gelsicher was not quite sure what to make of it. But Suzy eyed the flowers in the English girl's hand with real hatred. Artful little creature! She used every ruse to protect herself and cover her duplicity. And when the girl civilly offered to take away her cup, she refused, saying that she had not finished, though the cup was manifestly empty. The icy tone and obvious rebuff were observed by Elena with a faint lift of the brows — '*Dio mio*, did she see something, I wonder?' she thought to herself. 'Then there *will* be broken plates!' But she was unable to keep her entertained but watchful eye on her aunt much longer — the carriages were ready, and everyone was marshaled into them.

But on the return of the brake to Pisignacco it was at once evident that something had gone wrong. The occupants of the carriages which had already arrived were standing about, looking slightly disconcerted and irritated, as people do when a contretemps occurs at the end of a day's pleasuring. The Caserta tumbril and Countess Livia's victoria from Castellone had both failed to arrive, it appeared, and there were now not nearly enough carriages to take the party home to their various destinations.

This muddle gave Suzy her chance. She had resolved during the drive that she must deal with Roffredo at once. Even now she could hardly credit the fact of his defection — she clung to the belief that it was a mere fancy, and that if she applied her full powers she could yet win him back to her; but her stormy resentment and her terrible anxiety alike could bear no delay. It was all quite easy, she said — if Count Carlo would give the Casertas and the Marchese Francesco a lift, sending the former on to Macerbo, the Vill' Alta carriage could take back the Castellone party. 'The

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children can perfectly well wait here a little, if Fräulein Gelsicher will stay with them, till we send something back to pick them up — and Roffredo will give me a lift, will you not?’

He would, of course — and so it was settled. The carriages rattled away out of the square, and Fräulein Gelsicher, Elena, Giulio, Marietta, and Almina were left to wait, and to amuse themselves as best they could. Elena and Fräulein Gelsicher settled down on the church steps, on cushions which Elena resourcefully borrowed from the sacristan. But Giulio was in a mood of exaltation — he insisted with unwonted firmness on taking Miss Prestwich down to the bridge to look at the church from there. And having once detached her from the others, he was in no mood to part from her again. He talked continuously, as Almina had never heard him talk before, on the meaning of life and the significance of beauty — moral and intellectual beauty as well as the beauty of things seen; some barrier was broken down in him, and his heart poured out. He never spoke of his immediate feeling for her, but, unaware still of that, she realized that his soul was being spread before her, and it moved her. Half drugged with love, — for Roffredo had been more articulate than ever before, that afternoon in the hollow among the chestnut trees, — she was yet reached in her dream by this spiritual emotion, and answered with vital comprehension.

To and fro, up and down, they went, on the white dust in the shadowed streets, under the strengthening shining of the stars — and now and again, oblivious of onlookers, they crossed the square. Marietta had not joined the others on the church steps — seated alone in the shadow of a pillar, under the loggia of the town hall, she watched them pass and re-pass; she could barely see their faces, but something about their rapt unobservant movement, like that of a sleepwalker, told her quick

intuition what was taking place. She watched, and when they were out of sight still brooded on them, in agony and exaltation. ‘Oh, for once he has what he wants,’ she murmured to herself, as they moved out of sight up a side street.

Elena watched them too. She was amused and a little surprised, but her interest was wholly concentrated on the Suzy-Roffredo aspects of Miss Prestwich’s affairs, and Giulio’s feelings had entirely escaped her observation. Sitting on the steps of the church munching Biscottini Delser, those nasty little over-sweet marzipanish affairs of Austrian importation which were the nearest approach to a biscuit then obtainable in the province, ‘Gela,’ she began, ‘did you notice how unpleasant Zia Suzy was to her at tea? Do you suppose she saw something? Because, if so, there is going to be trouble.’

‘I cannot tell,’ the governess replied wearily; ‘but if there was anything to see, it was most unwise.’

‘Poor Gela! You are tired. *Pazienza!* The carriage will be here in no time.’ Then she was off again. ‘Anyhow, I think *she* is unwise, to seek a tête-à-tête with Roffredo at this moment! She was angry, and Roffredo has a temper too. It would not be a good occasion to *lui faire la scène*.’ She chuckled a little. ‘I wonder how they are getting on.’

She chattered on, but Fräulein Gelsicher paid little attention. It was true that she was very weary, and her feet hurt terribly, after all that walking about in the heat; she was discouraged by her failure to get in her talk with Miss Prestwich, and more alarmed than she cared to admit at the possible repercussions of this first open indiscretion on the girl’s part. She must see her tomorrow, whatever happened. Meanwhile she was really too tired to think about it any more to-night. Oh, her feet! She sat dejectedly in the starlight, and thought about her corns.

(To be continued)



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AMERICANS will agree to disagree on almost any domestic issue worth mentioning, but in their wish for international peace they are as nearly unanimous as a nation can be. The questions are, first, what can we do to help maintain peace abroad, and second, what precautions should we take to preserve our neutrality if other powers elect to fight. It is in this transition from the ideal to the practical that we so frequently come to grief. Congress has labored to define our passivity as a bystander in the midst of hostility, but there are plenty of skeptics who assert that our neutrality legislation will defeat its very purpose if war breaks out.

A Southerner and a realist, **David L. Cohn** (p. 545) is determined not to put his trust in wishful thinking. Recalling our neutrality laws from the void in which they repose, he seeks to show what would happen were they applied to-day to those two inflammable arenas, Europe and China. The results of such a test are hardly encouraging.

From his home in Greenville, Mississippi, Mr. Cohn makes periodic forays north to stir up his friends and his publishers. Those who want to know him better should read his first book, *God Shakes Creation*. His second, *Picking America's Pockets*, is a devastating indictment of our tariff policy.

A scholar all his life, **Henry Osborn Taylor** (p. 554) established his reputation as an historian with his famous trilogy, *The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages*, *The Mediæval Mind*, and *Thought and Expression in the Sixteenth Century*. Not long ago Mr. Taylor wrote to the editor as follows: 'I've been occupying myself for the last three or four months with an old Greek fighter, who was a great poet, though we have only a few fragments of him. I let him tell the chances of his life (as we know them), and then follow on with his mind, after the spear had let out his breath, as it takes up the thoughts and impressions of the Greek centuries, and then the Roman and Christian, and so forth — all making his comment on the ages. . . . It has nothing to do with papyrus finds, but is formed out of large knowledge by the intellectual imagination, and should be read with some imagination.'

When the manuscript arrived it was found to contain a creed of singular beauty.

Logan Pearsall Smith (p. 565) was born in New Jersey, of Quaker antecedents. His father was a glass manufacturer and an amateur evangelist of compelling exuberance; his cousin was M. Carey Thomas of Bryn Mawr (*not* Marion Park, as was erroneously stated last month); his elder sister was an eager student who eventually married Bernard Berenson. From this sister and an aged Camden neighbor, Walt Whitman, young Smith first learned the magic of words. Academic exposure at Haverford and Harvard left him unresolved; then, like another American stylist, Henry James, he went to England, where at Balliol College, Oxford, and at large, he developed the critical faculties and the gift of expression which have earned him his place in the world of letters. The account of his Boyhood and Youth began in our October issue and will be concluded in January.

Recognition of Labor's increasing power in industry is nothing new to England, whose regulation of industrial conditions is two full decades in advance of our own. Thus, when talk arose about the obligations which American unions should — or should not — assume, it seemed expedient to turn to the old country for advice. The editor wrote to the head of the London School of Economics, asking for an English spokesman, fair-minded and experienced: he was referred to **John Hilton** (p. 573), professor of Industrial Relations in the University of Cambridge.

John Hilton was educated in the elementary schools and apprenticed as a mill mechanic in 1896. He attended evening classes at Bolton Technical School while by day he was first foreman, then manager, of engineering works at Bury and Heywood. Studies in Russia occupied him in 1907–1908; thereafter he was a lecturer, a technical writer, and for twelve years Assistant Secretary and Director of Statistics, Ministry of Labor. He was president of the third and fourth Conferences of Labor Statisticians and of the Textile Wages and Hours Commission, Geneva. In short, he knows whereof he speaks.

It seems appropriate to hear from young poets, both under forty, at a time when Armistice Day compels us to pay more than lip service to the thought of wars, past or future. Graduate of

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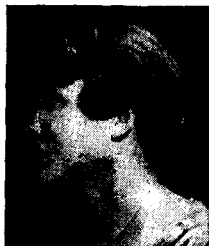
Rugby and Oxford, **George Allen** (p. 579) is a poet who has studied in Germany, Austria, and for two years in the United States. At the moment he says he is having 'a fascinating time inspecting schools for the Board of Education. I wander round Cheshire and live in Chester. No two schools are the same. I have my fill of children, whom I love, and I am getting a very interesting training in administration, and a decent salary. It is more interesting now than in M. Arnold's time.' **Edward A. Richards** (p. 580), who makes his first appearance in the *Atlantic*, was a protégé of Robert Frost's at Amherst. He received his doctorate at Columbia, where he is head of the Home Study Department.

Writing of Theodore Roosevelt in 1930, John Jay Chapman had this to say:—

I have just read in type-writing a book about Roosevelt — which ought to be called the Night Side of T. R.; for it is wholly malignant — and to that extent ineffective. But it's true. He was very nearly mad at times — and broke down his mind by his egotism and mendacity. I had a quarrel with him — political, and personal, and deadly. He was a great genius for handling a situation, and with men, in such a way as to get credit — but he was a damned scoundrel. His genius was to flash a light, put someone down a well, raise a howl to heaven about honesty, and move on to the next thing. Such a genius for publicity as never was — and our people, being boy-minded and extremely stupid, found him lovely. His feebleness of intellect appears in his writings — which are dull and bombastic — and I doubt whether he will go down as a great man. He's more like a figure out of Dumas.

The statement is characteristic of one of the most trenchant, discerning, and perverse critics America has yet produced. It is a reproach to our reading public that Chapman's writing should be better known after his death than ever in his lifetime. **Edmund Wilson** (p. 581), who with the aid of M. A. DeWolfe Howe's new volume has drawn the *Atlantic* portrait of Chapman, is himself a skilled interpreter and critic. Graduating from Princeton in 1916, he served in an editorial capacity first *Vanity Fair* and then the *New Republic*, to the latter of which he has contributed many a notable essay.

Elizabeth Hollister Frost (p. 596) is the great-great-granddaughter of Clarissa de Montfort, the spirited French lady who gave her daughter in marriage to Thurlow Weed. 'The Wedding Ring,' one of a group of dark tales of the incredible village of St. Cirq-la-Popie, introduces Mrs. Frost's first prose,



ELIZABETH FROST

and seems to stem back to her Gaelic beginnings. The author was born in Rochester, New York, and married Elliott Frost, psychologist and writer. He died in 1926. She now lives in Tarrytown-on-Hudson and high above the River Lot, in the Gothic fastness of St. Cirq itself, whenever she 'can get there.' Harpers has published three volumes of her poems, *The Lost Lyrist*, *Hovering Shadow*, and *The Closed Gentian*.

Joseph Fort Newton (p. 603), rector of St. James's Church, Philadelphia, sent us this explanatory note enfolded in his manuscript:—

I wonder if you would be interested in the enclosed article for the *Atlantic*. As you discover, it is a kind of report, or interpretation, of my experience in conducting a feature in the American press; the most interesting thing I have ever done. After reading more than ten thousand letters — real documents, too — some thoughts become clear as to the things people struggle with and against. . . .



ERSKINE CALDWELL

The *Atlantic* editors have given every encouragement in their power to **Margaret Dana** (p. 608). Miss Dana has befriended millions of consumers. As a merchandising counsel with offices in New York, she makes it her business to see that the commercial standards in this country are as nearly as possible what they should be. A college graduate with years of business experience, she is fearless and undeviating in her effort to perfect a better understanding between the manufacturer, the retailer, and the consumer. The technical statements in her articles have been checked by the United States Testing Company, the largest neutral laboratory in the country. It is with no small pleasure, then, that we have scheduled a series of her articles for our fall and winter issues: in them Miss Dana will endeavor to tell the consumer what he or she ought to know before the purchase is made.

A lawyer of international repute, **Newton D. Baker** (p. 612) was mayor of Cleveland from 1912 to 1916. He was then appointed Secretary of War by President Wilson, and served that office with remarkable efficiency until his retirement to private life in 1921.

A Southerner with an inquiring and sympathetic mind, **Erskine Caldwell** (p. 617) is the author of *Tobacco Road*, *God's Little Acre*, and *We Are the Living*, to mention three of his better-known works. Here is an abbreviated account of his youth extracted from *Authors Today and Yesterday*:—

Born December 15, 1903, in a manse near White Oak, Coweta County, Georgia, where my father was



informing

NEWSPICTURES burst their dams in 1937 and flooded a new informing force over the world.

This year has been reported in pictures as no other year has ever been. Already countless people feel they can't know all about a news story unless they see its pictures.

This is a year they have seen . . . seen the Coronation, seen the Flood, seen the Sit-Down Strike and the Hindenburg Crash and the Windsor Wedding. And it wasn't until they saw the pictures rushed from bombed Shanghai that people everywhere knew and understood what non-combatant warfare really means.

With people insistent to see — with editors everywhere more and more insistent for pictures, pictures are forthcoming as never before.

LIFE applauds all good pictures. LIFE feels that its first year has been well spent if it has helped establish picture-journalism as a responsible and powerful new arm of all journalism.



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the pastor of a Presbyterian church. I received no formal education until I was fourteen years old. During that time my father, who was home mission secretary of his church, moved frequently, and it was not thought wise to send me to school for two or three months at a time. So, whatever education I had by the time I was fourteen, it had been derived from reading and listening and looking in the Southern states west of the Mississippi River.

I attended public school for the first time in Atoka, Tennessee. I completed the eighth grade that year. Two years later I completed a year's work in the high school at Wrens, Georgia. A year or two out for informal travel (informal travel: travel without my parents' permission), during which time I discovered the Gulf of Mexico, Mexico, and something of Central America, and I was pushed into preparatory school in South Carolina. After several efforts to escape, I finally managed to reach the University of Virginia. . . .

I first began writing at the University of Virginia, continued my efforts, or training, or whatever you wish to call it, at Atlanta, Georgia, in the city room of the *Journal*, and at last found that a lot of work could be done in Maine in a day's time.

This year in company with Margaret Bourke-White, the photographer, Mr. Caldwell journeyed through the Delta and the scraggy foothills to secure a clear-eyed, unretouched portrait of the tenant farmers of the South. The book which resulted from the collaboration, *You Have Seen Their Faces*, will be published in November.

Elsie Singmaster (p. 628) lives in Gettysburg, in that golden valley so coveted by Lee and so well-stocked by her neighbors, the Pennsylvania Dutch.



ELSIE SINGMASTER

Nebraska-born and a graduate of Yale, **Edwin R. Embree** (p. 636) served with the Rockefeller Foundation for twenty years before becoming president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund. He has specialized in the

study of races and particularly the education and health of the Negroes and whites in our South.

Seldom, we feel, have the horrors of bombardment, the heart-rending uncertainties which confront noncombatants in war, been more poignantly described than in the words of our two correspondents from the Far East. **Captain Walter C. Kent** (p. 644), a United States Army reserve flier, was one of a group of Army and Navy trained aviators who sailed for Shanghai in 1932, under contract with the Chinese Government to train the Chinese air corps. His sister sends us this thumbnail sketch of him:—

'Foxie,' so nicknamed because his Negro mammy thought his hair exactly the color of a red fox's brush, is a native of Kentwood, Louisiana, where his grandfather and father were pioneer lumbermen in Louisiana longleaf pine. He spent his early life with a gun in one hand, fishing rod in the other. At the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, he made a notable athletic record, having been selected for the All-Southern football team in 1926, the year of his graduation.



CAPT. WALTER C. KENT

After some time in Mexico with a construction company, he succumbed to a long-felt urge by entering the 'West Point of the Air,' Brooks Field, Texas, as a flying cadet, finishing at Kelly Field. Since his was the first class, under a new ruling, not to be automatically absorbed into the regular Army air corps, he was enrolled in the Army reserve corps with the grade of lieutenant. It was in this capacity that he went to China in 1932 with Colonel John H. Jouett, under contract with the Chinese Government to train a Chinese air corps and establish flying schools there on the pattern of America's Randolph Field.

Equally acquainted with the ebb and flow of events in the Far East, **Lillian Shively Rice** (p. 648), a young American graduate of one of our Middle Western colleges, has spent the past four years in the offices of an American law firm in Shanghai.

A native of Chattanooga and president and editor of the *Chattanooga Daily News*, **George Fort Milton** (p. 653) is well qualified to represent the consumer's interest in TVA. His article carries on the discussion introduced by Wendell L. Willkie ('Political Power,' in the August *Atlantic*) and answered by Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, Chairman of the TVA ('Public Ownership of Power,' in the September *Atlantic*).

The informative debate on Power in the *Atlantic* led to voluminous correspondence with the Tennessee Valley Authority. By vote of the Board, in which the Chairman, Mr. Morgan, did not concur, certain of these letters were given to the press by the Authority, including a flat and wholly untrue statement that the *Atlantic* 'did not see fit to open its columns to both sides of a public issue.' Such a charge, as our readers well know, is as unfair as it is gratuitous.

Toward the close of the correspondence, which we trust has terminated, the *Atlantic* asked a question which, with its reply, seems to us to cast essential light on the important policy of the Authority which should be borne in mind when its value as a 'yardstick' is considered.

The editor wrote: 'The controversy is involved and would be greatly simplified if the methods of accounting of the Tennessee Valley Authority



"SONATAS OR SIMPLE LULLABIES ... ALL THE MUSIC I PLAY IS RICHER, MORE COLORFUL!"

Percy E. Barbour, 176
Dams St., Quincy, Mass.
had never played an organ
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He says, "My joy in music
has been increased many-
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of this new instrument."



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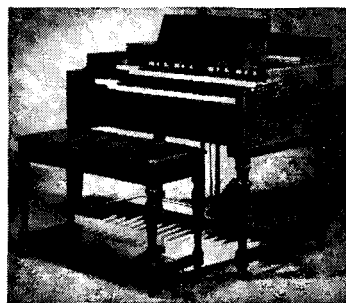
He always loved the piano,"
Mr. Barbour, "but, prob-
ably because I lacked sufficient
I never could play music on
it truly satisfied my desire
for self-expression.

With the Hammond Organ,
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a spiriting musical experience.
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could be brought into line with the methods of accounting of the large private companies. Obviously, the yardstick is no yardstick at all unless parallel results can be placed side by side. Will you, then, state quite definitely whether it is the purpose of the Tennessee Valley Authority to keep their books and to publish their figures in the manner of the private corporations with which the public is familiar?’

To this pertinent inquiry the Authority replied formally through its Director of Information: —

It is the practice of the Tennessee Valley Authority, pursuant to specific statutory provisions, to keep its books in accordance with a detailed classification of accounts as prescribed by the Federal Power Commission, which agency also prescribes the classification of accounts by which the private utilities engaged in interstate commerce keep their accounts. As to the publication of such figures, under the TVA Act we are required, and it is our practice, to present annually to the Congress and to the public the results of our financial operations, in a simple, understandable way.

Your question goes further than this, however, and asks whether it is the purpose of the Tennessee Valley Authority to keep its books ‘in the manner of private corporations with which the public is familiar.’ The laws governing the Tennessee Valley Authority and the policy of the Board alike forbid following the precedent of private utilities with respect to their books and figures. The ‘public is familiar’ with the financial and accounting practices of the private utilities as a result of an investigation of public utility financing and accounting carried on by the Federal Trade Commission during the administrations of Presidents Coolidge and Hoover. After a six-year inquiry, that Commission reached the conclusion that in the books of these utilities there were ‘write-ups, improperly capitalized intangibles, and inflation’ in eighteen large companies and their subsidiaries, totaling \$1,491,000,000. (See Senate Document 92, Part 72-A, 70th Congress, first session, page 302.)

I am sure you will agree with me, in my specific reply to your question, that the public interest would not be served if ‘the methods of accounting of the Tennessee Valley Authority could be brought into line with the methods of accounting of the large private companies,’ as such methods are disclosed by this investigation.

Very truly yours,

TENNESSEE VALLEY AUTHORITY
W. L. STURDEVANT, Director of Information

It will be obvious to our readers that the *Atlantic*’s question was based upon the familiar and proper methods of accounting generally used and meeting the requirements of the Federal Power Commission and the Securities and Exchange Commission.

The Editor declares — and so, for that matter, do a number of readers — that *Enchanter’s Night-*

shade is the best novel that has yet come from the urbane pen of Ann Bridge (p. 663). As a young girl, the author occasionally visited her Italian relatives in the north of Italy, and to those serene days of 1905 and 1906 the present story is traceable. *Enchanter’s Nightshade* is a novel about the provincial Italian nobility in their great country houses — large and complex families they were, with the manners and morals of the eighteenth century. Into their midst comes an innocent, flaxen-haired English governess — and so the trouble begins.

Ann Bridge is married to an official in the British Foreign Office. As the wife of a diplomat and the mother of three grown children (a son and a daughter were at Oxford this past year), she did not begin her literary career until middle life, when, in the words of Virginia Woolf, she had a room of her own.

Mr. Taft has his day in court.

Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Atlantic, —

The article by George E. Sokolsky in the September issue, entitled ‘The CIO Turns a Page,’ has been called to my attention because it contains a reference to the Federal Steel Mediation Board.

While Mr. Sokolsky’s attitude in the article is anything but impartial, he is of course entitled to his opinions. On page 316, however, his statement of the facts is entirely inaccurate. He says that the Board was authorized: ‘(a) to investigate issues, disputes . . . that are burdening or obstructing . . . interstate commerce; (b) to conduct hearings, take testimony under oath, and make findings of fact and recommendations for settlement; (c) to act as voluntary arbitrator on request of the parties to the dispute.’

He implies that this was the whole commission to the Board, and goes on to say: ‘The Board ignored a and b of its commission and without request from the steel makers immediately started to act as arbitrator. Undoubtedly this made for failure.’

In the first place, Mr. Sokolsky confuses arbitration and mediation. The Board made no attempt to arbitrate because the parties did not request it. It did attempt to *mediate* because the order of appointment read: ‘Now, therefore, I, Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, by virtue of and pursuant to the authority vested in me by Section 8 of the Act of March 4, 1913, do hereby appoint Charles P. Taft, Lloyd K. Garrison and Edward F. McGrady, as Commissioners of Conciliation, to mediate the said labor dispute which has arisen in the steel industry.’

Furthermore, Section 8 of the Act of March 4, 1913, is headed, ‘Mediation of Labor Disputes,’ and reads in part as follows: ‘The Secretary of Labor shall have power to act as mediator and to appoint commissioners of conciliation in labor disputes whenever in his judgment the interests of industrial peace may require it to be done.’

There is no authority in the Federal statutes for the power attempted to be given in the part of the order quoted by Mr. Sokolsky. In particular, neither our Board nor the Secretary of Labor had any power



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to subpoena witnesses. We therefore proceeded as the statutes provided.

Mr. Sokolsky has the reputation of a publicist who knows a good deal about business and industrial relations. It is difficult for me, therefore, to understand how he could confuse 'mediate' and 'arbitrate.' Because, entirely apart from statutory authority, the first effort of public agencies in nearly every strike is the same as our first effort — namely, to mediate. That means to try to find some common ground upon which both parties can agree.

In mediation the personal opinions of the government agent about the dispute, or about labor policies in general, have little or nothing to do with the case. His success or failure usually depends upon his familiarity with the viewpoints of the parties, his ingenuity in working out intermediate positions, and his persuasiveness in getting the parties to come together. The more matters there are in dispute, the easier it is to mediate, because more concessions can be made without yielding principles. The difficulty in the steel situation was that there was just one point of dispute, and neither side could yield without a public defeat. Under these circumstances it was quite unlikely that either one would make such a concession. Even so, the settlement of the Inland Steel strike at Indiana Harbor, Indiana, was substantially on a basis previously suggested by us at Cleveland.

As to whether a different 'arbitration Board might have accomplished more,' as Mr. Sokolsky suggests, he might talk to the leaders of the steel companies and of the union about it. He'd be surprised.

CHARLES P. TAFT

Chairman, Federal Steel Mediation Board

To which Mr. Sokolsky makes reply.

I think Mr. Taft makes too legalistic a distinction between mediation and arbitration in a labor dispute. The job is to end the dispute. This job his Board, in my opinion, was not fitted to do, because its members had expressed a biased opinion concerning the one issue at stake. One side of the dispute could not trust them — and did not.

As to the technique employed by mediators, which Mr. Taft describes in his letter, it is generally regarded as a process of wearing down the resistance of the weaker side, usually the employer. In this instance the employer was not the weaker side, and therefore the process could not and did not work.

So many suggestions were made to the employers by the mediators that I suppose they can lay claim to any outcome. The employers had only one proposal — namely, that the plants be reopened on the basis of May 26. This was done in each case. There is no difference between the opening of the Inland Steel plant at Indiana Harbor and any other struck plant. Mr. Taft ought to know that.

As to his final *tour de force*, that I should be surprised if I spoke to 'the leaders of the steel companies and of the union about it,' — 'it' meaning his Board, — I did talk and I was surprised — but not as Mr. Taft means for me to be.

GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

A question of morality that well deserves answering. First, the 'Dutch Uncle' speaks.

Portland, Oregon

Dear Atlantic, —

I wonder if any of my experiences have become sufficiently mellowed to enable me to sign this letter 'your Dutch Uncle'? You know, I have always considered the *Atlantic Monthly* as my Alma Mater, and the mere thought of a change of relationship makes me feel just a little uncomfortable. Here are the facts: If you will go back into your records of the early nineties, you will find that the writer of this communication was a perceptible cog in your office machinery. I entered the employ of Houghton, Mifflin and Company in the spring of 1892 and worked some three and a half years at 4 Park Street, Boston, along with Allan Jacobs, Ernest Show, and George Tucker, the mulatto porter. Our job was to sweep out the office in the morning, — that was before the invention of vacuum cleaners, — attend to the getting and sending out of the mail, answer the telephone, and run errands. We were the first to get there in the morning and were supposed to be the last to leave at night — once, however, I inadvertently locked in Miss Frances and she had to make her escape out the back window and across the snow through the Old Granary Burying Ground. I heard all about it the next morning.

At that time Mr. Horace Scudder was the editor of the *Atlantic*, and Mr. Garrison secretary to Mr. H. O. Houghton. Mr. Scudder wrote all his letters in long hand, but Mr. Garrison dictated his to Miss Plunkett. Have you ever had another stenographer with a more fitting name or a more efficient worker?

Once each week the dignitaries of the office, Mr. H. O. Houghton, Mr. George Mifflin, Mr. J. Murray Kay, Mr. Scudder, Mr. Thomas B. Tichnor, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. H. N. Wheeler, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Kimball, would assemble for two or three hours in Mr. Scudder's room on the third floor for the 'Pow-wow.' Many a time I have had to break into the static with some message from the Press which required an immediate answer.

We boys were stationed right at the main entrance on the second floor and were the ones to greet the public and carried the name of the caller to the official whom the caller wished to see. I gasp when I think of some of the distinguished visitors whose names I have announced. Harriet Beecher Stowe, F. Hopkinson Smith, Elihu Vedder, Lucy Larcom, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Margaret Deland, Agnes Repplier, Sarah Orne Jewett, John Fiske, George H. Palmer, Phillips Brooks — I believe I saw James G. Whittier once, and soon after his death I heard Oliver Wendell Holmes, the father of the late Justice, tell Mr. Garrison that he was now the butt of his own wit, 'The last leaf on the tree.'

I used to like to see manuscripts come in through the mail from Lafcadio Hearn. He put so much of his personality into the address on the wrapper. I still have one of those wrappers in my possession which I swiped from the waste-paper basket.

We office boys were not encouraged to be on intimate terms with those who came to the office, but I remember that Thomas Bailey Aldrich used to tempt us to break through the rules and we would jolly with him occasionally. Once, when George Tucker



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THIS might be any of twenty Hollywood or Los Angeles night spots where stage, screen and radio stars gather. The hat on that star at the next table will be all the rage in three weeks; and there's what's-his-name doing his column for a hundred newspapers, and behind you (don't look now) is the actress MGM is grooming for the spring schedules...

Wouldn't you like to be part of this mid-winter whirl? And wouldn't you like days on a tropic isle or at a sun-soaked desert oasis, or golfing in shorts, riding through orange groves, watching the races, or exploring Pasadena, Glendale, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Pomona, Beverly Hills, and others in Los Angeles County and its neighbors?

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ALL-YEAR CLUB OF

Southern California

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had been sick and got behind in his rent and was in grave danger of being ejected from his home in Chelsea, the men in the office made up a purse; Mr. Aldrich was the only one outside the office whom we felt like asking to contribute, which he did most liberally.

Now, why all this reminiscing? Well, I think you will agree with me that the men and women I have named were not only clear-minded, but also clean-minded. I doubt if any one of them would have written or would have approved for the sake of humor or frankness or even for the cause of sociology the printing of such lines of a shady character as those which appeared on page 581 of the May *Atlantic*. Oh, yes, I know we are not living in the early nineties and life is supposed to be freer now than then — but all the same, smut is smut and no one can use it without himself becoming smutty.

George Tucker used to say to me, 'Never mind, a hundred years from now it won't make any difference' — but that is one piece of philosophy upon which we did not agree.

Your Dutch Uncle,
J. A. L.

And the Editor's reply.

Dear J. A. L. —

How your letter brings back the old days! During the first years when I was editor of the *Atlantic*, circa 1908, we were an adjunct of Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The smell of Aldrich's pipe had not yet been thoroughly aired out, and though business methods had progressed, they bore a definite relation to those of the days you describe.

As to changes in the *Atlantic*, a magazine lives in its own time — or it does not live at all. I should be very sorry to see anything in the magazine that could not be read aloud, or that was in any sense, near or remote, prurient. But the line that divides pruriency from frankness is very wide, and I am not sure that the increased candor in expression is not a healthy sign. Certainly it wrought no evil in Shakespeare's day and had not the corrupting influence of the lascivious prose and verse of the Restoration. As I turn the pages, the *Atlantic* seems to me a pretty decent magazine.

Among those who speak up for the 'new *Atlantic*' . . .

East Lansing, Michigan

Dear *Atlantic*, —

It's fine to come home from vacation and find the *Atlantic* in new dress! Becoming, too! Maybe, being an optimist, you'll think you can beat the September issue, but I have my doubts. Moving the 'Column' to the 'front porch,' and enlarging the book-review type make me clap my hands. Of course that outside cover with *Atlantic* in white, and the larger, clearer type of the contents, are fine steps forward, as well as the enlargement of the page. If your choice and treatment of *Atlantic* portraits will equal the initial, I shall be tickled to the point of saturation. I propose,

too, to find a cosy sitting in that 'Sun Porch,' and enjoy it. In short, both in make-up and in contents you have surpassed yourself in this September edition, and I proffer congratulations! You may subject this letter to the 'Oxometer' if you wish.

Very sincerely,

MARTIN LUTHER FOX
Associate Minister, The Peoples Church

New York City

Dear *Atlantic*, —

I must say that the *Atlantic* gets better and better. This last issue was simply corking. I read 'The Oxometer' piece out loud and everyone nearly had hysterics. George Sokolsky's story was fine, too. And of course, being Hoover fans, we liked the Hoover thing immensely. Could n't the short stories be as good as the serial? That, by the earmarks, is going to be a honey. Anyway, what I'm trying to say is that the *Atlantic* seems more alive to me than ever before, and I hear many others mention the same thing. I don't know exactly what is the explanation, but I like it, at any rate.

MARGARET DANA

Galesburg, Illinois

Dear *Atlantic*, —

I have just finished reading Herbert Hoover's article in the current September issue. *Atlantic* is to be congratulated on the splendid presentation of our national problem.

I wish this article could be published in pamphlet form and broadcast over the entire nation. I should be glad to be a subscriber to a fund for that purpose.

EDWIN NASH, M.D.

Straight from the heart come these tributes to Dwight L. Moody, whose 'portrait,' drawn so tellingly by his son Paul, appeared in the September number.

Altoona, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Moody, —

I am an old Catholic — Roman, if you will — priest, sixty-two years in the priesthood. I have just read your most interesting article in the current enlarged number of the *Atlantic* telling of your dear good father, and want to send you a word of thanks for the same.

What a wonderful father you had! From your sketch of him, so vivid that I can now see him, I am in admiration of the father and the man. May I say this to his worthy son: if he were a member of the Catholic Church he would or should be enrolled among her great saints — a confessor non-pontiff at least.

Will you kindly tell the *Atlantic* that it has done well in leading the new series of its Portraits with Dwight L. Moody.

Very sincerely,

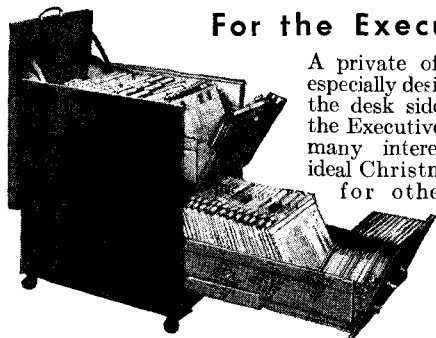
MORGAN M. SHEEDY

Middlebury, Vermont

Dear Mr. Moody, —

When I tore off the wrapper of our September *Atlantic*, the first thing that my eyes beheld, after its white-lettered cover, was your name, and I said to Mother, 'Why, here is an article by our President

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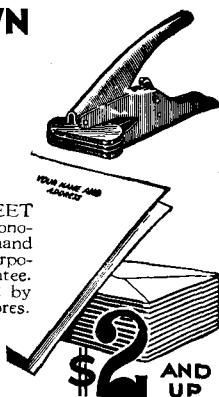
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By

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For the Winter Years

Nothing gives a man such peace of mind and full sense of security as to be able to say:

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"I have sold, up to date, nineteen features to the Detroit Free Press and have been made their correspondent here," writes Mrs. Leonard Sanders of 218 Union St., Milford, Mich., on completing the N. I. A. course. Her skilful handling of feature stories was the reason given by the editor for her appointment. Mrs. Sanders' first feature was sold less than four months after she enrolled with N. I. A.

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Writing talent seems rare because many people with latent ability do nothing about it. You may be one of those people — always hoping to make a start, but afraid that well-known authors have preempted the field.

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Frankly, some aspirants fail to pass this test, although they lose nothing by trying. Only those who succeed are qualified to take the home-study writing course for which the Newspaper Institute is noted.

Newspaper Institute of America is an organization of seasoned newspaper men who teach you what it takes to sell stories and articles. Training is by the New York Copy-Desk Method which has schooled so many newspaper men for successful writing. Its chief principle is that you learn to write by writing!

At home, on your own time, you "cover" the very same kind of exciting assignments metropolitan reporters get. Your work is criticized constructively from the *practical* viewpoint of a city editor.

Acquire the "Professional Touch"

The object is to develop your own style. Not to make you conform to the style of model authors. You are encouraged to retain your own fresh, individual appeal while acquiring the "professional touch" editors look for.

Thousands of successful writers have learned their profitable art at home by this quick, moderately priced training. It is a unique, thoroughly established channel to paying journalism that is open to any investigation you want to give it.

But first send for the free Writing Aptitude Test by simply filling out the coupon below. Then mail it today . . . now, before you forget. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Moody,' which I promptly proceeded to read to her. We both enjoyed it so very much that I was moved to write and thank the author.

It cannot be an easy thing, I should imagine, to paint the portrait of anyone so close to you, especially to make it both accurate and appealing, as you have done. The big, warm-hearted, dominant type portrayed reminded me a little of Clarence Day's 'Father,' though of course there was no religious element in the latter. 'There were giants in the earth in those days' occurs to one after reading both. 'If a man die shall he live again?' seems as though it could be answered, 'Yes, if he has a son who makes him live again, with love and artistry.' Please accept the congratulations of one *Atlantic* reader.

VIOLA C. WHITE
Curator, Abernethy Library

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Moody, —

I am a Hebrew of somewhat advanced religious tendencies, hence am not particularly interested in your late distinguished father's religious views. I am, however, moved to write you to say that, all matters of controversy apart, I think your article upon your father's domestic life and attributes in the September *Atlantic* constitutes one of the most beautiful tributes that I have ever read and must, I feel certain, elevate and stimulate any reader, regardless of his sectarian or theological allegiance.

I take the liberty as a stranger to tender my hearty congratulations upon a lovely piece of prose writing and a very worth-while article.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM

Concerning Persepolis.

University of Chicago

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Canby's interesting article, 'A Letter from Persepolis,' in the August *Atlantic* is a refreshing glimpse of that great site. Perhaps he is unnecessarily severe on the Persian art, which he accuses of an ignorance of portraiture and a lack of life. This may be true if one compares it directly with the best pieces of contemporary Greek sculpture, but Mr. Canby passes over the fact that ancient Oriental art was not interested in portraiture. It was interested in representing scenes as a decorative setting for a building in which personages took action. The ancient Oriental would have felt it a sacrilege to represent living and important individuals too concretely in stone.

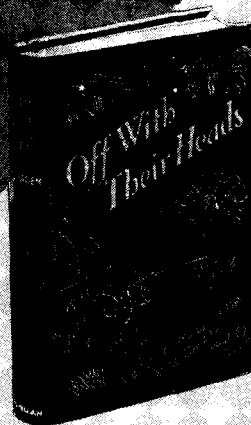
Mr. Canby refers several times to 'the expedition' which is operating at Persepolis. Until 1930, French archaeologists had a monopoly on excavation in Iran. The first concession granted to another nation went to an American institution, the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, under the able field directorship of Professor Ernst E. Herzfeld. The work at Persepolis has been excavation with a view to restoration. At present the expedition is under the joint auspices of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the University of Pennsylvania Museum, and the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, with Dr. Erich F. Schmidt as Field Director.

JOHN A. WILSON
Director, The Oriental Institute

Oleander River

By G. B. STERN

"By far the best of her novels; it has the charm of *THE CONSTANT NYMPH*."
—*Chicago News*. \$2.50



Off With Their Heads

By VICTOR WOLFGANG VON HAGEN

Here is an exciting book of actual adventure among the head hunters of the upper Amazon. The author spent eight months with the tribes, participating in their daily life and accompanying them on a war raid. His photographs add to the interest of his vivid story. \$3.00

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By HECTOR CHEVIGNY

One of the greatest and most tragic love stories connected with North American history is embodied in this life of the high Chamberlain of Alexander I of Russia. \$2.50

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A unique and fascinating anthology—a collection of the most famous cat tales written by a dozen noted authors. \$2.50

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BAXTER HATHAWAY

A novel that is freshly alive in story and of utter realism in background and characters. The story is of a middle western paper-mill town. \$2.50

The Atlantic BOOKSHELF



A Guide to Good Books

AN historian by training and an artist by talent, Hendrik Willem Van Loon graduated from Cornell in 1905, studied for two years at Harvard, and took his Ph. D. at Munich. His knowledge, and his ability to delineate what he thinks, have qualified him as one of the ablest interpreters of our time. His *Story of Mankind* (1921), his *Geography* (1932), and now his new work on the Arts, will extend the horizons of many readers.

THE ARTS

by Hendrik Willem Van Loon

[Simon and Schuster, \$3.95]

THIS is precisely the sort of introductory treatment that the arts have always needed, and have never had. It is a conspectus, taken from the point of view of the primary purpose for which the arts are practised — namely, the humanization of man in society, or in one word, *civilization*. The arts are aids to man's progress in the humane life; that is what they exist for, and all they exist for. Men have always practised them in obedience to the urge to civilize themselves. Even in primitive times, and among peoples so primitive that their level of general culture seems to be little, if any, above that of the anthropoids, there is evidence that men were vaguely conscious that the arts had this purpose and that they should be practised with this end in view. This fact, as Mr. Van Loon shows, is the one drop of truth in the ocean of verbiage which has been poured out around 'the universality of art.'

This purpose being common to the several arts, it correlates them all in the service of the one supreme art of living. Music, painting, sculpture, literature, and so forth, are like the several fingers of a hand, adapted and correlated to help one another out in the service of the purpose to which the hand is addressed. Mr. Van Loon has organ-

ized his whole book around this principle of correlation, and thereby has made it, as far as my knowledge goes, unique. I know of no work which has any structural resemblance to it. It is in place to remark here also that his success in this most difficult achievement is so pronounced as to be quite beyond praise.

In presenting this work, with its homemade illustrations, Mr. Van Loon displays what Cardinal de Retz called 'the terrible gift of intimacy,' and indeed when used unscrupulously, as it so easily may be, a terrible gift it is. Perhaps the strongest impression the book makes — certainly the first impression — is of the unfailing scrupulousness with which he employs his gift of an easy and prepossessing informality. It is a book of great but apparently effortless simplicity; candid, but never presuming; informal, but never condescending; full of homely wisdom and common sense, but never grandmotherly; immensely learned, but never pedantic.

This combination of qualities makes it a book equally acceptable and useful to all degrees of age and proficiency. I venture to say that no practitioner, however eminent, — provided he were an honest practitioner, — could read it without gaining light and encouragement for achieving the purpose of his life. I believe, too, that a fifteen-year-old child with a nascent turn for one of the arts would have an analogous experience. On one occasion, it is said, Phillips Brooks preached in the morning to a congregation of learned men at Har-



HENDRIK VAN LOON

vard, again in the afternoon to a group of school children, and again in the evening to an audience of convicts in the State prison; and he preached the same sermon to all three. Why may one not say that, in this matter of making truth accessible and acceptable to all sorts and conditions of men, Mr. Van Loon resembles Phillips Brooks?

Indeed, although prophecy is a ticklish business and I do not venture on it, one might think it possible that this book would some day, probably in a far future, give Mr. Van Loon something of the peculiar hold on the affection of Americans that Lessing and Herder had on the affection of Germans. Germany had great men in abundance, learned men, but Lessing and Herder were learned men who made learning popular, — I mean good learning, sound learning, like Mr. Van Loon's, — and Germans of all classes never forgot them. As I say, it would be too venturesome to predict that this book will do as much for Mr. Van Loon's memory, but one may certainly say without doubt or hesitation that it should do just that.

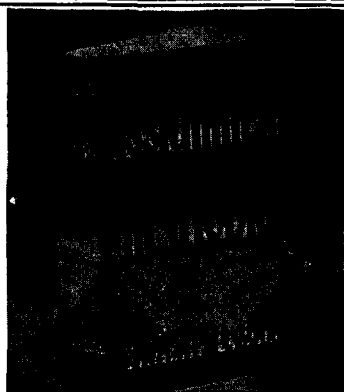
ALBERT JAY NOCK

"A beautiful, earnest, wise, kindly, and sadly
merciless book it is!"—William Allen White.

Eugene Lyons's ASSIGNMENT in UTOPIA

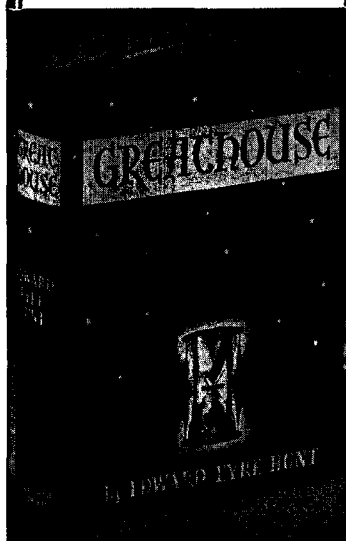
In this timely autobiography Eugene Lyons, who went to Russia
an ardent supporter of the Soviets and returned five years later one
of their most outspoken critics, lays the background for the
current unrest. Here is the whole story of the darker side of
Communism.

\$3.50



E. E. Hunt's GREAT- HOUSE

For perhaps the first time in
fiction the life of a single char-
acter in a single story expresses
the life and color of America. By
an original device, Hugh Great-
house, hero of this novel, ages
only five years every quarter cen-
tury. He lives through ten hysterical
epochs in American life—from
the days of witchcraft down to
the post-war days of madness. He
is the ordinary man with a great
capacity for plunging in—and
then forgetting; the symbol of
the American people as well as a
flesh and blood character. \$2.50



James Reid Parker's ACADEMIC PROCESSION

These unusual stories of the hidden and human aspects of college
life have been popular in *The New Yorker*, and are here collected
with others not previously published. The small world of the
college—from the President and Dean down to the faculty wives
and the press agent—is reproduced with loving, if at times
hilarious, detail.

\$2.00

E. Alexander Powell's FREE LANCE

A life of freedom and adventure such as few mortals can hope for
has been Powell's. This is the story of his life since the War. His
adventures have included a secret mission in the Adriatic for
Italy, making movies in the Dutch East Indies for Samuel
Goldwyn, getting captured by Arabs in Persia (and living, as few
do, to tell the tale), following the footsteps of Stanley across
Africa; traveling to England for the Coronation and Moscow for
May Day.

\$3.50

Mabel Dodge Luhan's EDGE OF TAOS DESERT

The story of Mabel Dodge in the Southwest, and of Tony Luhan
who was to become her husband. Besides being one of the most
fascinating of the "Intimate Memories" volumes, it is a brilliant
picture of New Mexico and of Indian life. "She has lived keenly,
in the mind and in the senses, and writes about it with startling
frankness."—*N. Y. Sun*.

With photographs, \$3.00

**HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.
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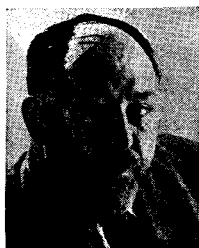
The BOOKSHELF

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN

by Elliot Paul

[Random House, \$2.50]

A VOLUNTARY expatriate, Elliot Paul brings an important book to focus on the beginnings of a civil war and on the contrast between a hideous moment of history and its idyllic yesterday. *The Life and Death of a Spanish Town* falls into two exactly equal parts. The first, '4000 B.C. to 1936 A.D.,' is an intimate picture of Santa Eulalia, a fishing town on the Balearic island of Ibiza, as it was just before the outbreak of the present civil war; and the suggestion of the half-title is that life there had not changed in a single basic essential since prehistoric time.



ELLIOT PAUL

Mr. Paul had made his home on Ibiza because he wanted the tranquillity of life among a people content with forms of life adjusted to their capacities — people with no talent for readjusting their capacities to forms of life imposed upon them from without by doctrinaire interference or from within by competitive ambitions. In July of last year he returned to Santa Eulalia from a mainland visit. In the two months following the day of his arrival — the two months of which his second part is the almost unbearably vivid record — he saw all tranquillity destroyed, his beloved people gored and crushed between equally abhorrent extremes of fascist tyranny and anarchistic fanaticism, their life and their whole moral universe wrecked, death rained upon their innocents from sea and land and sky, their patriots murdered or driven forth to wander homeless, their simple hearts filled with dismay and unfaith. The life that he had shared with them had undergone more of disruption in those few weeks than in the preceding seven hundred years.

It is, I think, a pity that this beautiful and implacably terrible book, a book of transcendent value for our understanding of the deeper human meanings of the Spanish struggle, should be marred by lapses into post-impressionist incoherence and sheer rhetorical hysteria. For example: —

'Now it would never end. . . . The world with seven-day hash beginning, blood steam belching middle, and no end. In silence of hills, no end. In silence of men, no end. In chattering of women, caught, plugged, ripening, yielding, withering — no end. Then symbol of eternal life burst upon us, beauteous young girl *en fleur*. Maria, handsome pearl-flesh daughter of black clothes heap and handsome mariner, coming from well, so glad to see us, smiling. Not knowing the end of all things had been broken off and thrown away.

Any such forcing of the note is not necessary, and happily it is not typical of the book, which organizes its most moving effects with a deadly quietude out of sheer facts. Mr. Paul has written throughout with a deep undercurrent of hatred, the natural obverse and corollary of his love; and no reader with a heart can fail to respect and like him for it. But his hatred means most as that tidal undercurrent, and at the moments when it becomes a frothing turbulence on the surface we are distressed for him, for ourselves, and for this disfigurement of excess upon a great book that might also have been a perfect one.

WILSON FOLLETT

A LETTER TO ROBERT FROST AND OTHERS

by Robert Hillyer

[Knopf, \$2.00]

THE art of letter writing and the craftsmanship of versemaking are so rarely exhibited in these thumping thirties that either is to be welcomed for its own sake. Mr. Robert Hillyer's *A Letter to Robert Frost and Others* encompasses both. That Mr. Hillyer writes with skill, born out of respect for tradition and exercised by constant acquaintance with the classics, has long been recognized; that he should turn to the heroic couplet, after polishing the sonnet and tuning the lyric to the best of modern speech, is sign not only of his versatility but also of his mature equilibrium.

He has handled this form in a way that fits both the rigid demands of rhymed pentameters and the informality of intimate communication. If Pope stands behind him, Horace, as he himself says, 'at one elbow sings,' and, singing, lends him lucidity, urbanity, and the happy use of enjambment to play over the regular pattern of his lines. And Byron is drinking at the other side, suggesting no doubt such mischievous rhymes as 'but,' 'lot,' and 'Connecticut,' and such bland anticlimaxes as



ROBERT HILLYER

My shining acres and the house I built, '
All mine, all earned, all mortgaged to the tilt.

Throughout the letters one detects notes of the eighteenth-century tone and style — a use of invocation, personification, conventional epithet, of balance, precision, and epigram. Professors and reviewers are seldom better impaled than by these lines: —

The critical reviewers, week by week,
Damn poets who command their own technique.
Professor is a title that to them
Begins in laughter and concludes in phlegm.

*A Distinguished New Novel of India by the Author of
"The Green Bay Tree", etc.*

THE RAINS CAME

IN Ranchipur a group of whites and natives are waiting tensely in the terrible heat for the rains. The rains come—and with them disaster. The story of how catastrophe changes each of their lives is told with all the color, skill and power for which Mr. Bromfield is noted. "A magnificent and noble piece of work," says EDNA FERBER, "by far the best Bromfield has done. I shouldn't wonder if it is the best anyone has done in the past twenty years." 600 pages. \$2.75



By
**Louis
Bromfield**



All America is chuckling over it with delight

FOUR HUNDRED MILLION CUSTOMERS

By **Carl
Crow**

One hilarious surprise after another lies in store for readers of this new best seller—all about the delightful, exasperating absurdities of human nature in China, and why they are often not half as absurd as they seem. The author is an American who has spent twenty-five years in China trying to fathom the Oriental mind. Ill. \$3.00



CONVERSATION AT MIDNIGHT

By **Edna St. Vincent Millay**

"Unquestionably her best and soundest book. She is writing vigorously about things that matter now."—*N. Y. Times*. Cloth \$2. Leather \$3.

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By **John Gunther**

The only book that explains fully what is going on inside every country in Europe today—and why! With revealing portraits of the men in power. \$3.50

LET YOUR MIND ALONE

By **James Thurber**

The author of "My Life and Hard Times" writes a riotously funny book to end all books of inspiration. Illustrated by Thurber. \$2.50

THE SEVEN WHO FLED

By **Frederic Prokosch**

HARPER PRIZE NOVEL: 1937-38

"Fervid, beautiful . . . that welcome rarity: a distinguished novel."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books"*.

\$2.50

MAN, THE UNKNOWN

By **Alexis Carrel**

In this world-famous and inspiring volume Dr. Carrel, a winner of the Nobel Prize for science, explores not only the mind and body but the *soul* of man. \$3.50

THE MIRACLE OF ENGLAND

By **André Maurois**

The book that takes you inside England. A dramatic, detailed story of England's rise from a savage island to the world power she is today. \$3.75

The BOOKSHELF

The use of allusion, echo, and direct quotation is both extrovert and introvert. Learning, for Mr. Hillyer, is not 'a mere extraneous possession'; it is part of his mind. Allusions — though they range from Egyptian philosophy to the 'propagandist boys' and those 'camp followers of literature,' the columnists — do not make his poems what, according to Robert Frost, they make of Ezra Pound's — 'bad note-taking in the graduate school.' Rather, they are stretched on the pins of his satire, and glitter in and out of the fabric of his lyrical passages: —

Mere English, mightiest tongue, whose cadences
Roar with the tides and murmur with the trees,
Since I hear living beauty, what care I
What tongues dared frame thy fearful symmetry?

Not that these letters are mere embroidery on an old-fashioned frame. They attack with energy modern war (specifically in the letters 'To My Son' and 'To Peyton Randolph Campbell'), and contemporary affectations in poetry and scholarship (in the letters to Robert Frost, Charles Townsend Copeland, James B. Munn, and, at their best, in the one to Bernard DeVoto). It is the limitation of reason and order that they conflict victoriously with strangeness, beauty, and compassion. It is to Mr. Hillyer's credit that he nevertheless goes on serenely ploughing his own pleasant furrows, with 'adequacy quietly achieved.'

In each of the poems there is at least one lyric passage of delicate and golden beauty — beauty both of image and of music. The play of variation in his lines is subtle and lovely, and, as in Tennyson's poems, the long open-voweled lines fill and satisfy the ear.

The best letter in the book is the last one; it is the only one to a woman. Dramatic portraiture is a thing Mr. Hillyer does remarkably well, and most skillfully when he re-creates the beautiful mysterious queen of the Nile and her noble lord Akhnaten. Here is a whole-hearted giving up of self — the poet's tastes, his wit, his observations — to an impassioned absorption in a great and lovely soul. Never, except perhaps in his early 'Prothalamion,' does Mr. Hillyer write with more felicity and beauty than here: —

Fickle as victory, December sends
False April northward on the winter winds;
Oblivious to inevitable snow
I watch brief sunlight on your statue glow.
Brief interlude of radiance, — though it pass,
And nightfall splinter frost on withered grass,
Still the false Aprils quicken us, as bright
Forerunners swift with tidings of the light.
This is the hint of one who loves to dwell
Within the heart; who never says farewell
To you, or to Akhnaten, or the best
That man has known when he has bravely guessed.

This is the voice that in the end shall sing
In cities of horizons wide with spring.

These lines were alone enough to make the book worth owning and reading aloud.

MILDRED BOIE



For more than a quarter of a century Anne Carroll Moore has had charge of the children's books in the New York Public Library. An idealist, she has fought valiantly to secure for her young audience clearer printing, better illustrations, and above all a text which has both integrity and interest. The *Atlantic* is fortunate in being able to turn to her again for her selection of the better new books in the juvenile field.

NEW BOOKS FOR THE YOUNGER CHILDREN

Books for children of all ages are more plentiful than ever this year. Far too many of them look alike, feel alike, smell alike (like linoleum), taste alike, to become acceptable additions to a child's own library.

The old supplementary reader made no claim to general attention. It was unmistakable in intention and reasonable in price. The new utilitarian type of book growing out of the school project is too often clothed in a format far in excess of the value of its content.

I usually begin my selection of children's books for the *Atlantic* by looking for a book for family consumption. This year I've found two in which the children are satisfyingly real.



ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

The Weans of Rowallan (Coward-McCann, \$2.50), by Kathleen Fitzpatrick, is a new edition of an old favorite published more than thirty years ago. Peggy Bacon's inimitable drawings of the five children — Mick, aged twelve; Jane, eleven; Fly, who is nine; Patsy, eight; and Honeybird, six — are in key with the Irish setting in which they live with a gusto that sets back the clock.

'Literature is not a parasite on the here and now,' says Walter de la Mare in an introduction which defines the quintessence of a good book, with special reference to this one. Whether *The Weans of Rowallan* is a book for children some parents may question. But that it is an enchanting story of children and a vivid reminder of childhood's own country is ample justification of its revival.

In *Do Not Disturb* (Oxford University, \$1.00) Elizabeth Luling, seven-year-old daughter of Sylvia Thompson, the novelist, has written a delightful story of the adventures of the two Teddy Bears belonging to her and her sister. This little book rings true as a child's invention



"Completely relegates the best existing life of Clay, that by Schurz, to the shelf of superseded books."
—ALLAN NEVINS

THE LIFE OF HENRY CLAY

Complete in one volume

By Glyndon G. Van Deusen

"This is a book of remarkable thoroughness. Professor Van Deusen has apparently searched every source of material in the country. By the thoroughness of his research he has given his book a remarkable freshness. It is really a distinguished piece of scholarship. It fills a gap that has become glaring."—Allan Nevins. Illustrated. \$4.00

THE ROAD TO REUNION

1865-1900

By Paul H. Buck

"Would appear to be the most significant contribution of its kind in recent years. It is a good book in both history and literature. It tells the story of cultural conflict and of propaganda more vividly and comprehensively than any other book that has appeared."—Howard W. Odum in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. \$3.25

An exciting, amusing search for

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By Kenneth Gandar Dower

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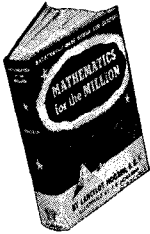


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and accomplishment. Georg Salter has illustrated it with complete understanding and sympathy. Whether the book will appeal to children only children can tell. I think it will, and, what is more, that it will encourage the child who loves to write on her own terms. Nor should it be forgotten that she may need a room of her own to write in.

But what of surprise? Is there no book so completely spontaneous that the American child can take it to his heart on sight? Dr. Seuss, the artist-author of *And To Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street* (Vanguard, \$1.00), has provided one — an American picture-storybook in rhyme, as original in conception, as spontaneous in the rendering, as it is true to the imagination of a small boy. The drawings, in bright color, have the dynamic quality of the comic strip, but are without vulgarity. The verses have a rhythm and swing born of familiarity with good nonsense verse and a sure knowledge of cumulative effect.

We never can have too much good verse. In *Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds* (Stokes, \$1.50) Helen Dean Fish has made a discriminating selection of such classic nursery rhymes as 'The Old Gray Goose,' 'Merry Green Fields of England,' together with the airs to which they were sung. Robert Lawson's spirited full-page drawings make this a delightful picture book, as well as a source book of nursery songs which are uncommonly hard to find.

This Year: Next Year (Holt, \$2.75) is an unusual picture book in four colors by Harold Jones, with verses by Walter de la Mare. From 'Day-break,' with tulips in bloom and nut-brown squirrels in the trees, through all the seasons to the day of the Christmas Pantomime, the poet shares what he sees in each picture in his own inimitable way. To children who have a feeling for design this book will have a special appeal — the artist has had such evident pleasure in every detail of each lovely drawing.

I turn now to two books of distinction presenting contemporary life, the one in South America, the other in Persia, through the personalities of ten-year-old boys.

In *Red Jungle Boy* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00) Elizabeth Steen has given a picture of the life of the Indians of the interior of Brazil in a series of vigorous drawings in color, accompanied by a factual story of an Indian boy who seems real. The book has been given a format in keeping with the subject and the importance of such a record by one of the few living scientists who have explored the region.

In *Ali Lives in Iran* (Holiday House, \$2.00) Caroline Singer and C. LeRoy Baldrige have told a story of a Mohammedan boy living at first in hostility and later in friendship with his ten-year-old neighbors — Cyrus, a Zoroastrian; Isaac,

By JOHN BUCHAN

Augustus

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McGraw-Hill Book Co., 330 West 42nd St., N. Y.

a Jewish boy; and Luke, an Armenian Christian. The rescue of Fatima, the five-year-old sister of Ali, by the boys is vividly pictured in text of unusual clarity and strength. The illustrations are authentic drawings in color from first-hand observations made in Iran.

Searching for books which would have more interest for girls than for boys, I choose first *Riema* (Knopf, \$2.00), by Kathleen Morrow Elliot, the story of a little girl of Java. *Riema* is eight years old, and her series of adventures are not too heavily encumbered with descriptive text. There is atmosphere here, and a real story. Roger Duvoisin's pictures in color are charming.

Petite Suzanne (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00), by Marguerite de Angeli, is a book about life in the Gaspé. Mrs. de Angeli has made drawings in water colors as well as many effective line drawings for a book which is warm with feeling for the people who make up little Suzanne's world.

In *Alice-All-by-Herself* (Macmillan, \$2.00), Elizabeth Coatsworth has created a ten-year-old girl with a lively interest in the people and things about her. Damariscotta, Maine, is the background of the story, and those who are older than ten will enjoy the fine flavor of Maine that Miss Coatsworth gives to these everyday adventures so true to the life she pictures. The verses which hold the episodes together are an integral part of the book, and a reminder that poetry holds its own place in everyday life.

In *Vinny Applegay* (Viking, \$2.00) Ethel Parton has written her best book. While it may be the story of her own childhood in New York of the 1870's, it bears none of the stigmata of reminiscence for the present generation. Vinny Applegay is alive, and so are the other characters of a thoroughly readable and amusing story. Vinny's age is not given, but it is somewhere stated that she is not yet in her teens.

Of *Wet Magic* (Coward-McCann, \$2.00) it need only be said that it has to do with a mermaid and life under the sea, and adds one more to the joys of those who look upon the revival of another title by E. Nesbit as one of the major events in a publishing season.

In *Pigeon Post* (Lippincott, \$2.00) Arthur Ransome has taken his lively party of boys and girls back to the English Lake Country and set them looking for a gold mine on High Topps. What matter that copper rather than gold is found? Mr. Ransome continues to hold the interest of boy and girl readers in his characters and in their adventures. This book was awarded the Library Association Carnegie Medal for 'the best children's book published in England in 1936.'

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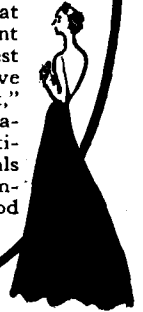
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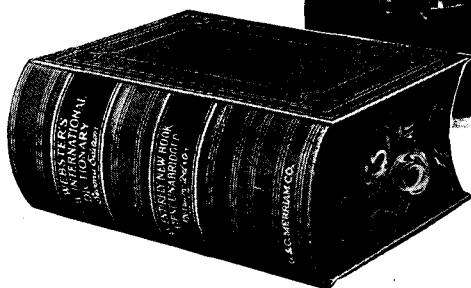
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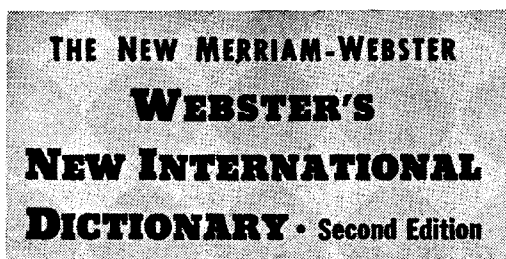
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**ROBERT BROWNING AND
JULIA WEDGWOOD**

Edited by Richard Curle

[Stokes, \$3.00]

WITH few poets are the facts of their private lives less important than with Browning, and few have more strenuously objected to public curiosity about them. He refused to 'sonnet-sing you' about himself, protesting that those interested must divine his soul from his poetry by exercising the 'spirit-sense.' Nevertheless his privacy was long since violated by the publication of the love letters, and after that there is not much that he could object to in the publication of this new discovery, even though the original correspondence was carefully kept secret by both participants.

Readers who find Browning's poetry attractive will, I think, be most interested in the later letters of the series — those written when his friendship with Miss Wedgwood, temporarily broken by her wish, was renewed for a time on a footing less personal and more circumspect. The earlier ones offer a psychological study for those who care more for gossip than for literature; but they are expressed with so much verbal caracoling and curvetting, and contain so many examples of Browning's congenital inability to 'speak like a man of this world,' that they hardly reward the effort to understand them. The situation they suggest is the familiar one of a famous author finding solace and refreshment in the admiration and sympathy of a much younger woman.

Miss Wedgwood, though afflicted with more than a little Victorian earnestness and gloom, was both witty and intelligent. She was quite competent to carry on such a correspondence. She did not lack courage in criticism, and was on the whole a good critic. She well understood her friend's impetuosity, but also relied upon his honesty and good nature. Although, for the sake of decorum, she referred often to the disparity of their ages and mentioned his deceased wife and his son, she did not hesitate to indulge in expressions of regard; nor did she spare his feelings about himself and his work.

The later letters have considerable literary importance, especially those which deal with *The Ring and the Book*, a poem of which Miss Wedgwood's admiration was decidedly limited. Little that has been said about it since, in general, is not anticipated in her strictures. She objected to the subject as not of sufficient dignity, scolded the poet for his absorption in criminal states of mind, argued that he violated dramatic verisimilitude by intruding his own erudition and by making his personages all talk like himself. Browning accepted her opinions with good humor, but refused to admit their validity. His defense must henceforth become a part of the literary history of the poem.



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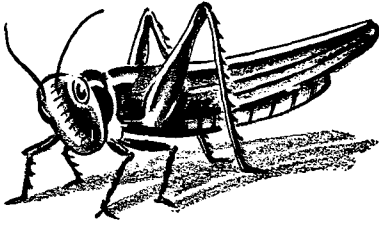
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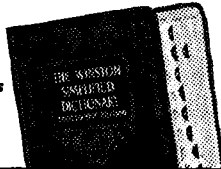
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Besides these letters, which are the most valuable of all, others which refer to Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, Keats, Landor, or to other poems by Browning add interesting details to our conception of his personality. The most amusing letter in the book is that which describes the poet's entertainment at tea by the Queen. As a contribution to biography, the collection may serve to correct the popular notion that after his wife's death Browning was a lonely, dispirited, and melancholy man.

R. M. GAY

MY TAHITI
by Robert Dean Frisbie

[Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown, \$2.50]

THE Golden Age of Tahiti had passed many decades before the arrival of Mr. Frisbie in 1920, but a few lost years remained for him, a few districts unscarred by barbed wire, a few old natives whose dreams retained the glow of the past. And among them Mr. Frisbie lived, a wise young man with a liking for solitude that since has driven him farther and farther to sequestered islands, as readers of his *Book of Puka-Puka* will recall.

Here he has returned to those earlier years, to chronicle an idyl that can now be duplicated only, if at all, among the remoter islands of Polynesia. Tuahu, his Tahitian 'father,' guided him through the intricacies of life in a native village, taught him to fish expertly, to find and carry the mountain bananas (though craftily helping him, to convince the villagers that his 'son' was a champion), and, most difficult of all, to buy land that was usually owned in common by a hundred natives. Little Terii shared his happiness in the bamboo hut, and old Mama-Reretu trusted him literally with her honor, for when he explained that April First was 'Lying Day,' when lies were venial in America, she bought furniture on false credit and was promptly arrested.

Mr. Frisbie had as little use for the Chinese storekeeper of Vaitii as for the rest of his coolie tribe throughout the islands. They were creditors, all of them, 'trusting' the naïve native until his debts became so great they could seize his land. Nor was the missionary much better. Old Solomon and his sort of automobile, the 'lightning wagon,' which was usually drawn by Boulgasse, the horse, gave color if nothing else to the little community. And far inland, their houses perched on mountain peaks, their vision restricted by orange beer and a blank horizon, lived the gentle, psychopathic nature men.

These, with a few others, are the characters of a delightful book, and the scenes which Mr. Frisbie has loved so well that he has drawn and fused them from his experience in other islands, Moorea certainly, and more than likely his own Puka-

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Puka. But they depict the Tahiti of his time as few books have done. The episode of the cinema is Tahiti still: there was more gossip than cinema on that famous night; the strangely casual and yet intense spirit of the village swung worshipfully around Mr. Frisbie when he was discovered cheek by jowl with William Cowboy (*né* William S. Hart) on the antique 'flicker' film. The ethical problems raised by that movie were and still are real to a people but indifferently Christianized; when the villain was pushed over the cliff why was n't the poor man buried, and prayed for, too? Did the hero *marry* the heroine? One could n't be sure.

With the rest of his rich material Mr. Frisbie has included myths and legends which are amusingly, if not always strictly, retailed. He has presented a round picture of those years lost from the Golden Age, and I don't think it rash to say that Oliver Goldsmith in the South Seas, writing a 'Vicar of Vaitii,' would have portrayed no more sensitively the good folk there.

HASSOLDT DAVIS

It is no easy matter to analyze the charm of Clarence Day's writing. His account of life with Father is as refreshing, as natural and unpretentious, as a bed of nasturtiums. The essays seem simply to have grown without artifice of any kind. But this we know was not the case. Here was a man bedridden with arthritis, a man whose writing hours were constricted by his malady, a man who when he could not sleep kept revolving certain scenes over and over in his mind until he had found the perfect word, the most direct sentence, with which to illuminate them for other Americans. These words and sentences he jotted down on small cards at his bedside table. This is not artifice: it is the most painstaking combination of industry and skill.

In *Life with Mother* (Knopf, \$2.00) Mr. Day once more readmits us to that ebullient, normal, and warm-hearted household to which he belonged in the 1880's. This posthumous volume shows us a more rounded picture of the Day family than was vouchsafed us in either of the earlier books: we see a good deal more of those four redheaded Day boys, we grow more fond of Mother with her quick, appealing nature, yet we never lose sight of that ruddy, impatient lord of creation, Mr. Day Senior. I think Clarence Day's three volumes may become a lasting part of our household literature, books read aloud and handed down, first because we recognize in them the idiosyncrasies of our own brood, and secondly because the author achieves his effects with such simplicity and perfection of detail.

What were those idiosyncrasies? Father's magnificent impatience, his contempt for pretense, his insistence on doing things *his way*, his wish to

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own whatever caught his fancy, his unshaken belief that in small matters his wife and children were always wrong. (Will my father and twenty million others please rise and take a bow?) And again Mother, with her loyalty, her pride in her men, her back-seat driving, her timidity which could so easily pass into a kind of stubborn courage, her ability to put Father in the wrong, her delight in the little competitions that sprang up between them — all this set down with a lurking affection within the words. I say *Good!*

Eight years have passed since the publication of *A Farewell to Arms*—influential years for those who write and for those who read. In the twenties a novelist could go his own gait, preoccupied with his art, living, if he chose, in a lighthouse of experience shut off from the surge of events. That is hardly so to-day. In eight years **Ernest Hemingway** has seen the Spain he loved go up in smoke, he has hunted big game in Africa, he has caught big fish off the Florida Keys, and as he weathered the depression here he had driven home to him, as most of us have had, the discrepancy in the country between those who 'have' and those who 'have not.' His blood is just as quick on the trigger as ever, his love of action and of dialogue, his preoccupation with Death (amounting to a kind of fascination, are as they were ten years ago, but he has grown much more aware of the inequalities in the community. So much is clear from reading his new novel, *To Have and Have Not* (Scribners, \$2.50).

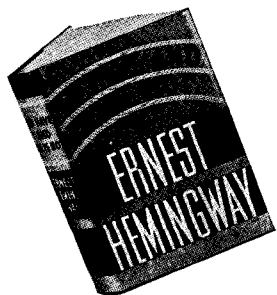
This is the story of Harry Morgan, a Florida boatman, a big man physically, resourceful, playing a lone hand, so hard a driver that he passes for a bully, but a square shooter if he is treated right. When the book opens, Harry is sitting in the Pearl of San Francisco Café in Havana. He has been renting his boat and his services to deep-sea fishermen at \$35 a day; he does not need to bootleg or to run in Chinamen from Cuba — even though the latter come as high as \$1000 a head. Then things begin to hum. There is a gangster killing to show you what does happen to those who run contraband. Harry is cleaned out by 'a gentleman' who loses his tackle overboard and skips without paying a cent. Harry has his wife and daughter to think about. Self-pity is left out of him: he'll do what he has to, however dirty it may be. And the more he handles dirt the more it hurts him.

Three elements are conspicuously present in *To Have and Have Not*. First, action, swift-moving and wholly absorbing while it is on: I think of the shooting of Pancho and the boys; the blue marlin that got away; the beaching of the Chinese; and Harry's roundup of the bank robbers. Action is Hemingway's forte: he writes it better than any American alive. The second element is characterization, whether by word of mouth (listen to the

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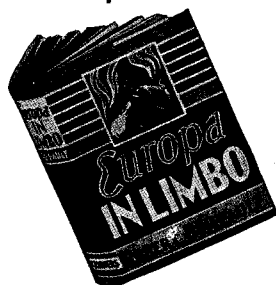
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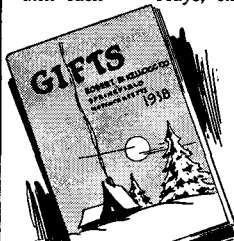


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talk of the rummies, of the Vets, of Harry and old Marie!) or by short flashes of introspection in the idiom of the thinker. And social satire is the third element. His sketches of the retired pirates, the oversexed women, and the literary flabbies of Florida are drawn with a cool contempt. But the contrast between these 'haves' and the 'have not' natives like Harry seems to me too theatrical in its arrangement. It would have hit me harder had it been less obvious.

There are points in the story where many readers will ask whether such brutality as the pitiless killing of Mr. Sing or the excruciating suffering of Harry on his last trip, whether the denunciation of Ruth Gordon or the bed talk of Marie, are defensible or necessary. One does not have to look to Spain or the recent bombings in China to find an answer: we have our own humiliations nearer home—in South Chicago and in Harlan County. This is not always a pretty world, and in mirroring its brutality Hemingway is only doing with his prose what Hogarth did with his brush.

Four years ago, I think it was, a trio of bookstores in Detroit, Pittsburgh, and Cleveland banded together to conduct a series of Book Fairs, and in so doing gave impetus to an idea which I hope will last. The fair was designed not alone for bookworms but for readers young and old. Exhibits were arranged with the assistance of the publishers, lectures were scheduled, and a traveling circus of authors, editors, and camp followers went from city to city preaching books with the zeal of a crusader. The gospel spread because the fairs were enjoyable.

Last year New York carried the idea to its logical development. With some seventy American publishers coöperating (in itself a marvel), an exhibit of manuscripts, bookmaking, and literature in the flesh was arranged in Radio City, which was the talk of the town while it lasted. Over 90,000 spectators milled past the police, pushed through the turnstiles; the auditorium holding close to a thousand was tight-packed an hour before the speakers were due. More than 10,000 copies of Christopher Morley's *Ex Libris* were manufactured on the spot and sold hot from the press. Over 4000 school children trooped in during the day.

This year committees in Detroit, Boston, Cincinnati, and New York have done their best to prepare a still more exciting exhibition. New York's Book Fair (November 5-21) will have a room devoted to the manufacturing of a book (Hendrik Van Loon has designed it), a clinic to test reading skill, a Hobby Room, a model home library, an ideal children's collection. Books may be a luxury, but if such things continue the time may come when a few of them will be a necessity.

Edward Weeks